THE Thirteene Bookes of Aeneidos.

The first twelue being the worke of the diuine Poet *Virgil Maro*, and the thirteenth, the supplement of *Maphæus Vegius*.

Translated into English Verse to the first third part of the tenth Booke, by *Thomas Phaer* Esquire: and the residue finished, and now newly set forth *for the delight of such as are studious in Poetrie: By* Thomas Twyne, *Doctor in Phisicke.*



thomas Smyth

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1596.

TO THE RIGHT

TO THE RIGHT worshipfull Maister Robert Sackuill Esquire, most worthie sonne and heire apparant to the Right honourable Syr *Thomas Sackuill* Knight, Lord *Buckhurst*.

THE reguarde of your manifolde curtesies, whereof you cease not euery day to giue experiment, not only generally, so as all men take notice thereof, but particularly bestowed vpon my poore selfe, not vnknowne vnto many, and which without great note of Ingratitude I cannot cõceale, hath oftentimes driuen me, and yet doth, to deuise the means, wherby in dutie and seruice, I might some way seeme to be thankfull. But finding mine habilitie euermore inferiour to my good meaning, and my selfe euery day farther ouerladen with the debt of your benefits, I haue almost giuen ouer to striue with you in good turnes, contenting my selfe now, since I am much alreadie, to bee more, if it may bee, and altogither beholden vnto you.

Wherunto, neither hath the respect of mine owne priuate commoditie only, so farre induced mee, as I must needes, and that truly acknowledge, rather the singular gifts of Vertue and Nature, whiche are sufficient to induce any to loue and houour those that are absent and vnknowne, so much the more eminent in you, as wisedome and learning haue taught you to know, you were not borne only for your selfe, but to deserue well of your countrey, parents, and welwillers. Of which last sort, as I will not professe my selfe the least willing, but rather yeelde vnto none in respect of dutifull deuotion, so must I not forget the woorthie mention of your honourable parents, vnto whome for great causes, and also to your whole race of Sackuils, for priuate respects, all manner waies I owe my selfe: so that in honouring them I must needes loue you, and in louing them so honour you, as the rare hope, and only expected Imp of so noble rootes, and heire of so auncient a familie. Then, forasmuch as it may not bee, that the dedication of the worke of Aeneidos now at the latter hand can bring any additiõ of credite vnto you, but rather be the more acceptable vnder the title of your worshipfull Patronage, most humbly, with my selfe, I present the same vnto your good liking. Trusting, that as Virgill and Maphæus of themselues, shall bee welcome vnto you, so they neuer the worse for the companie of my poore name, but rather my name

for the preſence of ſo worthy writers the better accepted, as of one that of dutie intermitteth not to ſolicite the Almighty, for the aduancement of your good eſtate vnto all felicitie heere on earth, and alſo hereafter in the euerlaſting kingdome. At my houſe in Lewis, this firſt of Ianuarie. 1584.

Your VVorships moſt bounden, and willing:

Thomas Twine.

To the gentle and courteous Readers.

MAruel not gentle Readers, nor be not moued, that I haue raſhly attempted to ſet vpō the reſidue of *Virgil*, after *M. Phaer*. The manifold examples that commonly are alledged, to deterre men from finiſhing ſuch works as haue beene left vnperfect by notable Artificers in all ſciences, could not make mee afraide: howbeit perchance they may be laid in my diſh. I know there be many yong Gentlemen, and others, whoſe gift this way, ſo much excelleth my poore abilitie: that there is no compariſon betweene them. But peraduenture either they lack good will, which I aſſure you aboundeth in me for my ſimple skill, or elſe leaſure, whereof I haue more at this preſent then I would gladly wiſh: or elſe they pinch curteſie like women, and one looketh vpon an other who ſhall begin. But I, who haue bin brought vp in the Vniuerſitie, and meetly trained in other places, haue learned it to be good maners to bee doing with that which is before me. Wherein though I be vpbraided of ſome for ouer raſh faucineſſe, what remedie? I truſt I haue attained to the Poets meaning, though my verſe be far from fineneſſe. And I know that it is an eaſier matter to find fault withall then to mend it. For in other Poems and Dities of pleaſure, it is of leſſe difficultie to bring a mans own ſenſe to his owne Rime, then in this kinde of tranſlation to enforce his Rime to the neceſsitie of another mans meaning. Which they can not well iudge of, that neuer came where it grew. And whereas there is nowe made an acceſſion of *Maphæus* xiij. Booke, for that the ſame Auctour iudged *Virgils* conceit not to be perfected in the former xij. I haue not done it vpon occaſion of any dreame as *Gawin Dowglas* did it in Scottiſh, but moued with the worthineſſe of the worke, and the neerneſſe of the argument, verſe & ſtile vnto *Virgil*, wherin, as I iudge, the writer hath declared himſelfe an happie imitator. Crauing for my good meaning and trauell, but onely friendly acceptance, whereby ye ſhall bind me as occaſion ſhall be offered to attempt greater matters, as well for profit as pleaſure, if God prolong my dayes with happie ſucceſſe. And to the ende yee may be aſſured where my poore tranſlation enſueth *M. Phaers*, I haue cauſed the Printer to ſet this note in the margine, within a few leaues after the beginning of the tenth booke, whereof I thought it good not to leaue thee vnadmoniſhed. And ſo fare ye well heartily, moſt friendly Readers.

Thomas Twine.

VIRGILS LIFE, SET

forth as it is supposed, by Aelius Donatus, done into English.

VIRGIL surnamed MARO, was borne but of meane parentage, especially on the father side, who was called MARO, whom some suppose to haue beene a potter, but mo thinke that he was at the first, couenant seruant with a trauelling wise man, and afterward for his towardnesse, by mariage of his daughter, became his sonne in lawe: whom when his father in lawe had put in trust with his husbandrie, and his cattell, and buying of woods, and loking to bees, thereby he increased his small substance. He was borne the yeere that Cn. Pompeius, and M. Lucinius Crassus were first Consuls, the 15. day of October, in a village called Andes, not farre from Mantua. His mother Maia, being great with childe with him, & dreaming that she was deliuered of a Lawrell bow, which prickt into ỹ ground grew forthwith to a great tree, replenished with sundrie kindes of fruits, and flowers: the next morning walking foorth into the countrey with her husband, stept aside, and was deliuered thereby in a ditch. The report goeth, that the childe so sone as he was borne, neuer cried, but loked so pleasantly, that he gaue an assured hope, that by his birth some notable thing should chance.

There befell also another strange token, for a Poplar tree branch, which was prickt into the ground, according as the manner of the countrey at womens trauels is, so grew vp in short space, that it matched in bignes many great Poplar trees, that were set there long before, which was afterwarde consecrated, and called by the name of Virgils tree, and had in great reuerence amongst teeming women, and such as were with child, which daily made praiers, and offrings there. His infancie, that is to say, vntill he was seuen yeare olde, he passed in Cremonia, and when he was thirteene yeere of age, he receiued the garment of manstate, when those were made Consuls againe that were when he was borne, and it fortuned that Lucretius the

Poet

Boet departed the same day. But Virgil, from Cremona went to Millain, and shortly after from thence to Naples, where diligently applying the studie of the Greeke, and Latine tongues, at length betooke himselfe to Physicke, and knowledge of the Mathematicals, wherein he surpassed all other in skill, and departing to Rome, fell in fauour with the Maister of the horse to Augustus, and cured the horses of manie and sundrie diseases. Who commaunded therefore that Virgil should haue such allowance of bread, as other of the stable had.

During this time, the Crotoniati sent vnto Cæsar for a present, a goodly Horsecolt, that in all mens iudgement would proue both verie couragious and wonderfull swift. When Virgil beheld him, he tolde the Maister of the stable, that he was foaled of a sicke & infected Mare, and that he would proue neither strong nor swift, as afterwarde it appeared, whereof when the Maister of the stable had infourmed the Emperor, he cõmanded that his bread should be doubled, for reward. Likewise, when there were certaine Dogs sent to Augustus forth of Spaine, Virgil told both what maner ones the sires were, & what stomacke and swiftnes they would be of. Which when he vnderstood, he then commanded againe that Virgil should haue so much more bread as he had before. The Emperour Augustus doubting of himself whether he were son to Octauius, or to some man else, and supposing that Virgil Maro could resolue him, that knew so well the natures and sects of horses, and dogs, remouing all companie aside, Augustus called him into the priuie chamber, & asked him there alone, if he knew what he was, and what abilitie he had to make men happie? I know (qd. Maro) that thou art Augustus Cæsar, and thou hast almost equall power with the immortall gods, and that thou maist make happie whom thou list. Surely (qd. Cæsar) I am of this minde, that if thou answer mee truely to that I shall aske, I will make thée happie, and blessed. I would to god (qd. Maro) that I could answer truly to that thou demaundest. Then said the Emperour, some say that I am son to Octauius, and some suspect that I am some other mans sonne. Whereat Maro smiling, I will soone tell you that (qd. he) if you pardon me in answering that you commaund. The Emperour swore by an oath that he would take neuer a worde in ill part, yea and that hee should not depart vnrewarded. Therewithall Maro fixing his eies fast on the Emperours, it is an easie matter (qd. he) by other liuing

things

things to discerne the disposition of the parents, through skill of Mathematicks and Philosophie, but in men it is not possible. Howbeit I am able to giue some probable iudgement, what trade of life thy father exercised. To this Augustus gaue diligẽt eare what he wold say. Thẽ Virgil, so far as I can perceiue (quoth he) thou art a bakers son. The Emperour thereat was astunnied, and merueiled much in his mind how ỹ could come to passe. Marie then (quoth Virgil) I will tell you why I iudge so. When as I foretold certain things, which could neither be known, nor vnderstood but by such as be very wel lerned: thou that art prince of al the world commandedst that I should haue a certen of bread giuen me for a reward, which is the vse either of bakers, or els of such as are bakers childrẽ. This merie iest, pleased the Emperor wel, but hẽcefoorth (quoth he) thou shalt not be rewarded by a baker, but by a most valiant prince: & estéemed him much, & cõmended him to Pollio. He was of bodie and stature big, of colour tawnie, hard fauored, sickly: for he was manie times grieued with paine in the stomack, iawes, and head, and sometimes he did spet blood. He frequented but little the vse of daintie meates and wine. Some report, that he was prone to the detestable sinne with boyes: but the better sort suppose rather that hee loued them as Socrates loued Alcibiades, and Plato also. Aboue the rest he loued most Cebetes and Alexander, whom in ỹ second Eglogue of his Bucoliks he termeth Alexis, giuen vnto him by Asinius Pollio. When they came vnto him, they were neither of them vnlearned: for Alexander was a good Grammarian, and Cebetes a Poet. Some likewise affirme, that hee had carnall companie with Plotia Hieria: but Asconius Pedianus saith, that hee was wont to declare to some ancient men, that indéed he was requested by Varius ioyntly to kéepe her, howbeit he earnestly refused so to doo. In all other respects, he was of life, language, and conuersation so vpright, that through all *Naples* hee was called commonly Virginitie. And when haply he was séene at *Rome*, (whether as hee came verie seldom) going abroad in the open streets, if anie followed or noted him, he would turne aside into the nert house. When Augustus offred him ỹ goods of one that was banished, he vtterly refused them. He was worth in substance an hundred Sestertia, which were giuen him through the liberalitie of his frends, and he had a house in *Rome* in a place called *Aesquilia* néere to Mecœnaes Gardaynes, although he was accustomed much to withdrawe himselfe into *Campania* and

Sicil. Whatsoeuer he requested of Augustus: he neuer had denial therof. Euery yere he sent monie abundantly to succour his parents, which died when hee was of lawfull yeares, his father being blinde whē he died: & his two brethren the one surnamed Silo, died while he was a child, & Flacchus when he was come to manstate, whose death he bewayleth vnder the name of Daphnis. Among other studies (as I haue sayd before) he chéefly applied himselfe to Phisick, and Mathematickes. He neuer pleade at barre more then one cause, and that but once, whom Melissus reporteth to haue bin verie slow of tongue, & as though he were altogither vnlerned: when he first began Poëtrie, he made this Disthic, or these two verses vpon one Balista a schoolemaister, that for report of théeuerie was couered with an heape of stones.

Vnder this hugie hill of stones *Balista* tombde doth lie,
VVaifarer safe both night and day thy iourney now mayst hie.

After this he wrote Moretum, Priapus, Epigrammes, Diræ, and Culex, when he was yet but fiftéene yeare olde, the argument whereof is this. A shepheard wearied with heate, and slæping vnder a Trée, when a serpent was comming fast towards him, there came a Gnat flying out of the Fenne neareby, and lighted on the shepheards forehead betwéene his temples, and there stung him. Then he lifting vp his hands crushed the Gnat, and when he espied the Serpent, killed him also, and made a tombe for the Gnat with this superscription.

Thou litle Gnat, the shepheard for thy due desert to be,
This buriall, for losse of life, here yeeldeth vnto thee.

He wrote Ætna also, whereof some men doubt. But shortly after when he had begun Romane matters, misliking the sharpenesse, and roughnesse both of the argument, and names, he fel to the Bucolikes, but chéefly to celebrate the name of Asinius Pollio, Alphenus Varus, and Cornelius Gallus, because that in ỳ diuision of land beyond *Padus* amongst the old souldiers after the conquest that Philip made, at the commandement of the Triumuiri, or the thrée conspirators, they had saued him harmlesse. Afterward he made his worke called Georgica in the honor of Mecœnas, by whose meanes, when he was yet scarce knowne vnto him, he was assisted against the old souldiers of Claudius, or rather as some suppose, against the violence of Arius the Centurian, by whome in that hurliburly about diuiding of landes, he was very neare slaine. Last of all he toke the Aeneidos in hand, a worke of a diuerse, and manifold argument, and resembling, in a manner

both

both the workes of Homere. Besides that, it conteineth indifferently both words and matter, as well Greeke as Latine, and that chéefe is which he most endeuoured, it comprehendeth both the originall of the citie of *Rome*, and Augustus the Emperour. When he wrote the Georgica, it is reported, howe that euerie morning hée was accustomed to write a certain number of verses, which he would all the day long ouerlooke, and so abridging them, bring them vnto a very fewe, not vnfitly, saying, that he brought forth verses, as the femall Beare doth her yong, bringing them into due fashion by licking. The worke called Aeneidos, he wrote first in twelue Bookes in prose (as some thinke) and afterwarde digested it into verse. And othersome iudge ỹ if he had liued longer, he would haue lengthned it vnto xxiiij. bookes, euen vnto the time of Augustus, and would haue touched many other things therein, and with great diligence haue set forth Augustus time, since that in writing, least hee should be vainly troubled with any thing, he left some things imperfect. And some things hée wrote in very slender verse, which (as he was wont, to least) hee sayd he put in for leasters, and Minstrels, to hold vp the worke, vntill the sound pillers were framed. He absolued his Bucolicks in thrée yere, at Asinius Pollios request. The same at that time ruled the Prouince beyond *Padus*, by whose meanes and sute, when the Cremonenses, and Mantuans lands were distributed vnto Augustus auncient souldiers, yet notwithstanding Virgil lost not his. This Pollio, Virgil loued entirely, and was likewise of him very wel beloued again, and greatly rewarded, for when he was vpon a time desired by him to supper, and there sodainly surprised with the singular beautie, and diligence of Alexander, Pollios boy: he receiued him of gift. Likewise he loued dearely C. Asinius, Pollios sonne, and Cornelius Gallus a noble Orator and a singular Poet, who translated Euphorion into Latine, and wrote in foure bookes his loue of Cytheris. Who at the first was in good credite with the Emperour Augustus, but afterward vpon suspition of conspiracie against him, he was slaine. Of whom Propertius speaketh thus:

VVhilst *Gallus* in the tents, the ensignes doth defend:
Before the Eagle bloodie signe, he found his fatal end.

Virgil loued this Gallus so well, that the fourth booke of Georgicks from the middle to the ende, contayned his prayse, which afterward at Augustus commandement he chaunged into the fable of Aristæus.

ſtæus. He finiſhed his Georgikes in ſeuen yere at *Naples*, and the Aeneidos he made partly in *Sicilia*, partly in *Campania*, in eleuen yeare. And his Bucoliks he made with ſo good ſucceſſe that they were oftentimes ſung openly by Muſitians in plaies. When Cicero had heard certen of the verſes, and by and by through ſharpe iudgement perceiued that they proceeded from no common veyne: hee willed that the whole Eglogue ſhuld be read from the beginning. Wherto when he had attended diligētly, in ẏ end he ſaid theſe words, Of mightie *Rome* a ſecond hope, as though himſelfe were the firſt hope of the Latine tongue, and Maro would be the ſecond, which words alſo he reciteth in the Aenidos. The Georgikes, when Auguſtus returned from the Actiacan victorie, and for recreation ſake ſoiourned at *Atella*, he read there vnto him continually the ſpace of foure dayes: and when his voyce failed him at anie time, Mecoenas ſupplied his roomth in reading. He pronounced with meruailous ſweetnes and great delectation. Seneca writeth, that Iulius Montanus the Poet was wont to ſay, that he would take away by force ſome things from Virgil, if he could ſet them forth with the ſame voice, countenance, and ieſture: and that the ſelfe ſame verſes if he pronounced them, would ſound well, but without him, would be drie and dumbe. Of the Aeneidos ſcarce yet begun, there was ſpread ſuch a fame, that Sextus Propertius doubted not thus to foretell.

Giue place you *Romane* writers all, and *Greekes* giue place likewiſe,
I can not tell what greater worke than *Ilias* doth ariſe.

When Auguſtus by fortune was abſent from the Cantabrick expedition, and partly by requeſting, and partly by menacing Letters, merely required of Virgil that he ſhuld ſend to him if it were but the verie title or ſome one full ſentence of Aeneidos, for thoſe were his words: hee refuſed ſo to doo. To whom yet not long after when the matter was fully perfected, he recited three bookes, namely the Second, the Fourth and the Sixt. And that eſpecially becauſe of Octauia, who being there preſent at the recitall, at thoſe verſes of her ſon, Marcellus thou ſhalt be, it is reported ſhe fainted for ſorrow, & when by much labour ſhee was recouered againe, ſhee commaunded that Virgil ſhould haue to the value of fiue pounds for euerie verſe. Hee read his bookes alſo to diuers, but not oft, & thoſe places onely whereof he ſtood in anie doubt, thereby to heare the iudgement of men. It is ſaid that Erotes his ſecretarie, whom he alſo made free, when he was

verie

very aged was wont to report, that once in the reading of his work he made two of his halfe verses out of hand, and that Misenus Aolides added, was better none then he.

Likewise vnto this verse, In kindling men with noyse. with like heate he adioined, And fighting fieldes to cheare with brasse, and that he was commaunded straitwayes to write those two additions so in the worke. He perused both his Bucolikes and Georgickes. And when he was 52. yeares old, to the intent to finish the Aeneidos, he was determined to withdraw himself into *Greece*, and *Asia*, and there to employ whole three yeares in correcting and perusing, that he might bestow all the residue of his life only in the studie of Philosophie. But when he was in his iourney, and met with Augustus at *Athens* who was returning forth of the East countreys towards *Rome*: he purposed to goe home againe with him. And trauelling to *Megara*, a towne nigh *Athens*, only to see it, toke there a sickenesse, which continuall trauails on sea augmented, and encreasing more and more vntill he came to *Brundusium* within few daies after died there, the xi. day of September when Cn. Plautius, and Q. Lucretius were Consuls. And when he felt himselfe mortally assaulted with the maladie: he called often, and very earnestly for his deske, that he might burne the Aeneidos. Which being denied him, he willed notwithstanding by his last testament that it should be burned, as a worke both faulty and vnperfect. But Tucca and Varrus told him, that Augustus would in no wise suffer that. Wherevpon he bequeathed the same worke, and his other writings vnto Varrus and Tucca vpon this condition, that they should set forth nothing but that which he woulde haue set forth, & such verses as were vnperfect, they should so leaue them. He willed also that his bones should be borne to *Naples*, whereas he had liued long time, and merily. His bones therefore were translated to *Naples* at Augustus commandement, as he appointed, and were buried in the way to *Puteoli*, at the second stone, and vpon his Tumbe was written this desthick, which he made himselfe.

Mee *Mantua* bred, *Calabres* tooke, *Parthenop* now doth hold,
Of pastures I haue sung, of fields likewise of captaines bold.

He made heires of halfe his goods, Valerius Proculus his halfe brother by another father, & of the fourth part, Augustus, of ỹ twelfe part Mecoenas, of all the remainder L. Varrus, and Plocius Tucca, who after his decease, as he requested, at Cæsars commaundment corrected

the Aeneidos. For no man iudged the Aeneidos worthie to be burned, whereof these verses of Sulpitius the *Carthaginian* are extant.

These verses into flaming fiers commaund for to be flung
Virgilius did, wherein the deedes of *Troyan* Duke he sung.
But *Tucca* nilles, and *Varrus* eke, thou *Cæsar* dooſt forbide,
And *Latine* stories to preserue, dooſt better meanes prouide.
Vnhappie *Pergame* twise in duble fier welnigh was roſt,
And *Troy* by second flame to smoking duſt was brought almoſt.

There remaine also many noble verses made by Augustus vpon the same matter, whose beginning is this.

And shall a wicked word so vile a deed in finall voice
Commaund? and shall it into fier be throwne, is there no choice?
And shall the noble *Muse* of learned sounding *Maro* die?

And shortly after.

But faith of lawes must needes bee kept, and what laſt Will dooth say,
And what it doth commaund be done, that needs we muſt obay.
Nay, rather let the sacred force of lawes be broken quight,
Then that so many trauels great sustaind by day and night
One day should quite consume. And as thereafter followeth.

Wherfore Varrus at Augustus commandement did set forth nothing, as Virgil willed he should not: but generally perused all, leauing also those verses as they were, still vnperfect. Which verses diuers afterward toke in hand to make vp, but they could not for the difficultie therof, for they be all Hemistichia, that is to say half verses, besides this: Whom *Troy* vntimely bare thee, which seemeth to carry with it perfect sense. Nisius the Grammarian sayd that he had heard of his elders, that Varrus had chaunged the order of two bookes, and that which was then the Second, he transposed into the third place. And that hee chaunged also the beginning of the first booke, taking these verses cleane away:

I that my slender Oten pipe in verse was woont to sound
Of woods, and next to to that I tought for husbandmen the ground
How fruit vnto their greedie luſt they might constraine to bring,
A worke of thanks: loe now of *Mars* and bloodie warres I sing.

Virgil also emongſt other, being one of the pillers of the Latine tongue, lacked not slaunderers. In his Bucolickes, Paro, but very foolishly, mocketh at two Ecloges, and thus he beginneth to floute.

If

If *Tityrus* thy Gowne be warme, vnder what beechen ſhade?

And in the next.

Whoſe Beaſts are theſe Damætas, tell, is this good *Latine* ſpeach?
No, but tis *Aegons*, for our clownes in countrey ſo do teach.

Another alſo when he read this place out of the Georgikes: Eare naked, naked ſowe: he added, then cold, and feuer thou ſhalt take. There is alſo extãt a booke made by Carpilius Pictor vnder this title, The Aeneidos ſcourge. M. Vipranus ſayd, that Mecœnas had ſet vp a finder out of an euill imitation, and that he was neither loftie in Stile, nor low, but that he made that worke with common vulgare words. Herennius only gathered togither his faultes, and Perilius Fauſtinus, that which he ſtole of others. There are alſo certaine volumes of Quintus Octauius Auitus, in the which are obſerued what verſes, and from whom he toke them. Aſconius Pedanus in his booke which he writeth againſt the ſlaunderers of Virgil, ſetteth downe a fewe thinges which were obiected againſt him, and this chiefly, that he tied not well his hiſtorie togither, and that he borrowed much of Homere. But this fault (as they ſay) he was wont thus to defende, ſaying, why do not they likewiſe attempt the like theft? But they if they weyghed it vprightly, ſhould vnderſtande that it were an eaſier matter to pull the clubbe out of Hercules hand, than to take a verſe away from Homer, and that notwithſtanding he determined to withdrawe himſelfe for a time to amend euerie thing that his ill willers founde fault withall.

Pedianus alſo reporteth, that he was verie courteous, and a louer of all good and honeſt men, and ſo farre from Enuie, that if he ſawe any thing done, or ſpoken learnedly by any, he reioyced thereat, none otherwiſe than if it were his owne: that he diſpraiſed no man, praiſed good men, and was of ſo gentle nature: that there was no man, vnleſſe he were ouer ſtubborne and malicious, that not onely fauoured him, but alſo hartily loued him. He ſeemed to haue nothing priuate to himſelfe. His Libzarie ſtood as readie open to other men as to himſelfe, and he oftentimes vſed the ſaying of Euripides: All thinges amongſt friendes are commune. He hadde all the Poets of his time ſo friendly, and beholding vnto him, that although they much enuied one another, yet him they all reuerenced, as Varrus, Tucca, Horace, Gallus, Propertius. But Anſer, becauſe he toke not part with Antonius, did not regarde him. Cornificius

could not abide him, such was his froward nature. He so much contemned glorie, that when some ascribed to themselues certaine of his verses, and therefore were accounted the better learned, hée toke it not only not displeasantly, but he much reioyced therat. And making a couple of verses containing the praise and felicitie of Augustus, which were set vpon the gates without name, the verses were these.

All night it raines, the sights at morning tide returne againe,
And *Cæsar* with almightie *Ioue* hath march and equall raigne.

For authour of these verses, Augustus long made enquirie, but hée could not finde him. At length when none came, Bathyllus an indifferent good Poet, ascribed them vnto himself, and was therefore encouraged, and rewarded by Cæsar, which Virgil not taking well, set vpon the same gates this beginning foure times: So you, not for your selues. Augustus required that these verses should bee by some finished, which many assaying in vaine: Virgil thus replied, to the forewritten Disthic.

These verses I did make, thereof another tooke the praise.

So you not for your selues, poore birds, your neasts do build in trees.
So you not for your selues, ye sheepe, do beare your tender flees.
So you not for your selues, your hony gather, litle Bees.
So you not for your selues, your neckes poore beasts with harrowes (squees.

Which being once knowne: Bathyllus for a time was all the iesting stocke to the whole Citie of *Rome*. When on a time he had the workes of Ennius in his hand, and being demaunded by one what he did with them: answered that he gathered golde out of Ennius dung. For that author expressed worthie sentences & matter, vnder words not of the finest. Vnto Augustus that demaunded of him how a Citie might best bee gouerned: he answered, if the wisest men did holde the helme, and good men were set in authoritie ouer euill, and so that the best men may haue their due honour, and the rest bee not iniuriously dealt withall. Then Mecoenas, what thing is it (q he) that neuer bringeth loathsomnesse to man? The likenesse, answered Virgil, or the abundance of euery thing, annoyeth vs, except of vnderstanding. He asked moreouer, how a man might alwayes preserue his happie and fortunate state? To whom then Maro, if by how much he excell other in Honour and Riches: he endeuour to excell them in Liberalitie and Iustice. He was wont also to say, that there was nothing more méete nor commodious for a man than Patience, and that

there

there was no fortune so sharpe, which by wisely tollerating a valiant man might not ouercome. Which opinion of his, he hath expressed in the fift of the Aeneidos.

O Goddesse sun, where destnies drawes & driues: let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune will, must fortune beare.

There was familiar with Augustus, one named Filistus, an Orator, and meetely well learned in Poetrie, and had a pleasant, and variable wit, and vsed to carpe the sayings of all men, not to the intent therby to learne the truth (for so Socrates was wont to do) but therby to appeare the better learned. The same, wheresoeuer he had occasion to meete with Virgil or be in his companie, vsed to prouoke him with reproches, and floutes. Wherfore, either he departed commonly with silence, or else with blushing held his peace. Then when as in presence of Augustus, he saide that Virgil was dumbe, and that if he had a tongue, he could not defend himself: hold thy peace babler (q he) for this taciturnitie of mine, causeth Augustus and Mecoenas, to bee the patrones of my cause, and when I list, I will speake with such a trumpet, that shall euery where, and verie long be heard. And thou with thy prating doest not only breake mens eares, but walles also. Then the Emperour loked vpon Filistus with a fierce countenance, and rebuked him. And Virgil, Cæsar (q he) if this man knew a time to holde his peace, hee would sildome speake. For a man ought alwaies to be silent, vntil such time as his silence shall either hurt himselfe, or his talke may profit others.

When Augustus had obtained the Empire, he debated with himself whether it were better to resigne vp the Dominion, and commit the state to yearely Consuls, and the gouernment of the Commonwealth to the Senate. In which case he called to counsell twaine, of two seuerall opinions, Mecoenas, and Agrippa. Agrippa in long discourse shewed, that although it were not very decent for him to do, yet would it bee profitable, which contrary, Mecoenas very much dissuaded him from. By occasion wherof, Augustus minde was brought into great perplexitie, for their sundrie opinions, were confirmed by sundrie reasons. Wherefore hee demaunded of Maro, whether it were expedient for a priuate man, to vsurp a gouernment in his common wealth or not? Then Virgil, vnto all (q he) that haue vsurped the state of their common wealth, the gouernment hath bin wearisom both vnto them, and to the subiects, because that of necessitie through

hatred

hatred of the people, or suspition growing to them of their own great iniustice: they do liue in much feare. But if the citizens could finde anie one, whom they do loue entierly: it should bee profitable to the citie, if he were set in authoritie. Wherfore, if you do continue to execute iustice to all men, without regard of any person, as you haue alreadie begun, it shall be most profitable both for your selfe, and all the world, that you ruled, for you haue so much the good will of all men, that they honour you, and repute you for a God. Whose opinion Cæsar allowing: retained still the Empire.

But since we haue now briefly spoken of the Authour, it seemeth good we speake of the kind of verse, which commonly is handled two maner waies, that is to say, before the worke, and in the worke. Before the worke, are, the Title, the Cause, the Intention. The Title, in which is asked, whose it is. The cause from whence it rose, and for what cause chiefly the Poet toke this in hand to write. The Intention, in the which is knowne his drift, & where about the Poet goeth. In the worke three things are marked, the Number, the Order, the Explanation. Although therefore by falsification, many workes are carried abroad vnder other mens names, as the Tragidy of Thiestes made by this Poet, which Varrus set forth for his owne, & many such like: yet we cannot doubt but that clerly the Bucolicks are Virgils, especially since the Poet, doubting some such matter, both in the beginning of the Aeneidos, and in another place witnesseth that they are his, saying:

I that my slender Oten pipe in verse was wont to sound. Likewise
I that rimes of shepheards sung, and rash in tender yeares,
Thee *Tytirus* &c.

That they be fitly termed Bucolickes, and so accounted, if nothing else declared, yet this might be prowe sufficient, that in Theocritus they be called by the same name. But we must shew also some reasõ. There be three kindes of shepheards that are famous in Bucolickes. Whereof the vilest sort are tearmed *Caprarij*, or Goatheardes. The Opiliones, or shepheardes are next of dignitie, but the Bubulci, or Cowheards are the best and chiefest. Whereof therefore was it most conuenient that the shepheards verse should be named, but of that degree which is found most excellent amongst shepheards?

The cause may be two waies considered, of the beginning of the verse, and of the minde of the writer. Of the beginning, and Origi-

nall

nall of the Bucolick verſe: diuers haue aſſigned diuers cauſes. There are ſome that ſaye this kinde of verſe was firſt inſtituted to Diana, by the Shepheardes of *Lacedæmonia*, when through occaſion of warre, which at that time the Perſians mave vpon all *Greece*, the virgins could not do ſacrifice according to their cuſtome. Others ſome ſaye, that the ſame kinde of verſe was made to Diana by Oreſtes, when he wandred about *Sicilia*. What euer they all ſaye, this is moſt certain, that the Bucolick verſe, take beginning of great antiquitie, when men ledde onely Sepheardes liues, and therefore the ſimplicitie of ſuch perſonages doth repreſent a ſhewe of the golden worlde. Wherefore Virgil begunne very commendably with thoſe verſes, as it were, with that life, which was firſt in the earth. For afterwarde the fildes were tilled, and laſt of all, for earable and fertile grounde: contention roſe, and warres enſued, which Virgil, that he would expreſſe: ſange firſt of Shepheardes, next of Huſbandmen, and laſt of warriours. It remaineth now that we conſider what cauſe moued the Poet chiefly to write the Bucolickes. Either he was entiſed by the ſwéetenes to haue Theocritus verſe in admiration, or elſe for others ſake hee ſought to expreſſe the life of man as we haue ſaide before. Or rather that Virgil would ſet forth the thrée kindes of Elocution, which the Greekes call Carecters, Iſchnon that is, lowe, Adron which is loftie, Meſon, that is the mean or middle. Wherefore being likely that he which was right cunning in all the kindes: endited his Bucolickes in the firſt, the Georgickes in the ſecond, and the Aeneidos in the third. Or therefore it is to be ſuppoſed we wrote the Bucolickes firſt, to th'intent in that kind of verſe which is moſt frée and rough then the reſt, he might take opportunitie to currie the Emperors fauour, and to recouer his land which he had loſt, for this cauſe. The third day of the Ides of March, whē C. Cæſar was ſlaine and the old ſouldiours had taken vp Auguſtus *Cæſar* being but a child to be their captaine, the ſenate not much repugning, againſt it, a ciuile war riſing thereof, the Cremonenſes with other of the ſame faction, aided the aduerſaries of Auguſtus *Cæſar*. Wherby it came to paſſe that when Auguſtus had the victory he commaunded ȳ the old ſouldiours ſhould be brought into the Cremonenſes fieldes, to deuide, and poſſeſſe them. And when their fieldes were not ſufficient for them all: theire neighbours the Mantuans, amonge whome was Virgil, loſt a great part of their landes, becauſe they lay

neare

neare vnto the *Cremonenses*. But Virgil, presuming on the familiaritie which he had with Augustus, and on his owne verses: durst resist Arius the Centurian. He straitwaies, like a souldiour, put his hād to his sword. And when Virgil had betake himselfe to flight, he left not of following him, vntill Virgil had cast himselfe into a riuer, and so escaped. But afterward through the fauour of Mecœnas, & Pollio, and Augustus himself, he was restored to his landes. The Intention of the booke which the Grætians cal Scopus, is grounded of the imitation of Theocritus the Poet, who was both a Sicilian and a Siracusian. The intention also is to be reduced into the praise of Cæsar, & other princes and noble men by whose meanes he was brought againe into his former seate & liuing. Whereby that the end might containe both delectation, and profit: he did al thing according to order, and precept.

This question is sometime asked, why he wrote no moe then ten Ecloges, which wilbe no maruaile vnto him that shall waigh the antiquitie of the pastorall Scenes, which cannot be stretched beyond this number, and since this Poet more circumspect thē Theocritus, as the matter it selfe declareth, seemeth to doubt least that Ecloge which is intituled Pollio, will not appeare rusticklike enough, which hee beginneth after this maner, saying:

Sicilian Muses, of thinges sumdeale greater let vs singe.

And so likewise doth he in other twaine. And this we forget to be obserued in all the Bucolikes of Virgil, that they are neither wholy destitute of figures, neither altogither ful of figures, that is to say Allagories. These thinges are scarce to be graunted vnto Virgil, for the praise of Cæsar, and to recouer his landes, since Theocritus, whom Virgil sought by all indeuour to imitate: wroate altogether plainly and simply.

As touching such thinges as accustomably are handled in the verse are these: Number, Order, Explanation. The number of the Eclogs is apparant, for there are Ten, of which, seuen are thought properly to deserue the name of Bucolickes. For the last three ought not to be called Bucolickes, namely Pollio, Silenus, and Gallus. The first therfore containeth a publique complaint, and a priuate thankesgiuing for land, and is called Tityrus. The second, the loue of a boy, and is termed Alexis. The third, a contention of Shepheards, and is called Palœmon. The fourth, Genethliacum, and is named Pollio. The fift, Epitaphium, and is termed Daphnis. The first, Metamor-

phosis,

phosis, and is called, Varus and Cilenus. The seuenth Pharmaceutria. The eighth, the loues of diuers seres, and is named Damon. The ninth containeth a complaint for his lost landes, and is termed Moeris. The tenth, the desire of Gallus, and is called Gallus. As touching the order of them, we must vnderstand this, that only in the first and last Eglogues the Poet would kéepe due order: for in the one he began, as he witnesseth in the Georgikes:

O *Tityrus*, of thee I sang, vnder the broad Beech tree.

In the other he shewed the end, when he saith:

This final trauaile mine, grant *Arethusa* vnto me.

But amongst the Eglogues, that ther is no shepheardly or prescript order obserued, it is most certaine. Wherefore there are some that say, the Bucolikes begin not at Tityrus, but:

Our Muse in *Syracusian* verse vouchsafed first to play.

There remaineth now explanation, vnto which before wée come, I must admonish this, that the verse of a Bucolike is but a slender verse, and so farre differing from the style of the Heroike, that this kinde of verse hath his peculiar diuision, and cuttings, and is distinguished by his owne proper lawes. For since a verse is proued by thrée things, cutting, scanning, and tuning, it is no Bucolike verse, vnlesse the first foote bo containe a full part of the sense, and the third foote be Trochæus and a cutting, and the third being rather a Dactile than a Spondeus: bo finish a parcell of sense, the fift and sixt fæt consist of whole words. Which being obserued by Theocritus, yet wearied at length through difficultie of ỹ work: he neglected it, & only in the beginning it is vncertaine whether diligence, or chance did kéepe these cuttings. For Tityre, a Dactile finished part of the Oration: tu patu, læ re cu, cleased vp the third Trochæus, though in a compound word: bans sub, and when he had put the fourth Spondeus for a Dactile, tegmine fagi, when he had ended the parts of the oration, he absolued the whole Comma, wherin the diligence of Theocritus almost in all his verses is wonderfull. And hee that shall diligently with sharpe iudgement consider the aboue written, shal easely vnderstand what is the intention of the Georgikes, and what the ende, and likewise also in the Aeneidos.

There are thrée kind of stiles in a Poeme, either Actiue, either Imitatiue, which *Grecians* call Dramaticum, wherein are persons brought in speaking, without speaking of the Poet, such as Trage-

dies

dies, and Comœdies are. For Dran in Greeke, signifieth to do. In which kinde, first Tityrus was written, then next, Quo te Mœri. Or else Enerratitiue, which the Greekes call Diegematicon, in which the Poet himselfe speaketh without interpretation of person, as the first three bookes of Georgikes. Likewise Lucretius verses. Either else commune, and mixt, which the Greekes doe tearme Micton, where both the Poet himselfe doth speak, and persons likewise are brought in, such as is the Aeneidos of Virgil.

FINIS.

THE ARGVMENTS OF THE THIRteene Bookes of Aeneidos, expressed in verse.

1. ÆNEAS, *in the first, to* Liby *land arriueth well.*
2. *The fall of* Troy, *and wofull dole, the second booke doth tell.*
3. *The third of wandrings speakes, and father dead, and laid full low.*
4. *In fourth* Queene Dido *burnes, and flames of raging loue doth show.*
5. *The fift declareth plaies, and how the fleete with fire was cought.*
6. *The sixt doth speake of ghosts, and how deepe* Plutoes *reigne was sought.*
7. *The seuenth booke,* Aeneas *brings vnto his fatall land.*
8. *The eight prepareth war, and power how foes for to withstand.*
9. *The ninth of battels telles, and yet the captaine is away.*
10. Aeneas *greeuous wrath* Mezentius, *in the tenth, doth slay.*
11. *The eleuenth in vnequall fight* Camilla *casts to ground.*
12. *The twelfth with heauenly weapons giues to* Turnus *mortall wound.*
13. *The thirteenth weds* Æneas *wife, and brings him to eternall life.*

A GENERALL SVM

whereof all the twelue Bookes of *Aeneidos doo entreate.*



HEN *Troy* was destroyed by the *Greekes*, and most of their Nobilitie slaine, *Aeneas* being sonne to Prince *Anchises*, and begotten of *VENVS*, a man of most valiant courage & vertue (after great slaughter made on his enemies) was forced to flee his countrey, and taking with him his Images and Goddes, whom he then worshipt for his auouries, withdrewe himselfe to the Sea, with his sonne *Ascanius*, and his old father *Anchises* and family, to whom a great number of *Troians*, from euery quarter resorted, and ioyning togithers, vnder him, erected a Nauie of twentie shippes and departed to seas, perswaded by their Goddes, that they should come to a lande, where their kingdome should flourish. First he arriued in *Thracia*, and would haue remained there, but vnderstanding that yoong *Polydorus* his cosin was murthered there by the King thereof, for his Golde, hee forsooke that couetous land, after he had builded a citie called by his name *Aeneas*. From thence he sailed into *Candie*, where hee was setled a while, but hee felt his prophecie wrong expounded, and was put from thence by a pestilence. Then remembring that his auncient forefathers came out of *Italy*, and being better instructed by his Gods, that *Italy* should bee his place and kingdome appointed: hee cut another course to the land of *Chaonia*, where one *Helenus* raigned, being his kinsmā a *Troiā*, of whome hee learned many things touching his Prophecie, and was newly refreshed with men, armour, and treasour. Hee passed from thence to the yle of *Sicil*, and was there well receiued of king *Acestes* his cousin, and there he buried his old father *Anchises*, by which time, vij. yeares were almost expired. Then hauing but a short iourney to *Italy*, he went thitherwardes out of *Sicil*, and by the way was taken with an horrible tempest, and driuen from *Italy* an extreame course, to the Countrey of white *Moores* in *Affricke*, and after extreame desperation, was honourably there enterteined of the Queene *DIDO* a widowe, with whom he ioyned in loue, and remayned till his Gods com-

commaunded him forth, and thence he returned in all haſt into *Sicill.* There for his fathers honor he deuiſed games of actiuitie, & ſet forth his Obite or yeares minde, with great ſolempnitie and triumph, building a Citie called *Aceſta*, where he left much of his people, and with the reſidue arriued in *Italy* at *Cumas*, but by the waie he loſt *Palinurus* his chiefe maſter and Pilot. At *Cumas* that time vnder a gorgeous temple, *Sibly* the Propheteſſe inhabited deep in the ground, of whom at length he obtained to bee conducted to *Limbo*, and to ſpeake with the ſoule of his father *Anchiſes*, and paſſed with her through all the places infernall, and at laſt to the fields of bliſſe, which the Pagans tooke for their Paradice: where he conferred with his father, and of him was inſtructed of all his predeſtinations and fortunes: but before hee deſcended with *Sibly*, hee buried his noble Trumpetter *Miſenus*. At his comming vp he buried his Nurſe, and called that Coaſt of her name *Caieta*. Then he came ſafe into *Tyber* with all his ſhips, & landed his people, and ſhortly compounded to marry *Lauinia* the daughter of King *Latinus* there raigning, who before time was promiſed to king *Turnus*: vpon which occaſion aroſe war betweene the two kings, wherein moſt of all *Italy* conſpired againſt *Aeneas*: but he with help of a poore king called *Euander*, and of one *Tarchon* captaine of a great people of *Etruria*, who had expulſed *Mezentius* their king for his tyranny, did ſo valiantly behaue himſelfe, that after moſt greeuous conflicts, he ſlew king *Turnus* in combat, & wan the Ladie and the kingdome by conqueſt. Of whoſe iſſue afterward proceeded the greateſt Princes of the world, by whom *Rome* was founded, that ſomtime was ruler of vniuerſall earth, and yet among all Chriſtian kingdomes beareth no little ſway of authoritie and dominion.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE

Of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

When Troy was taken, Aeneas the sonne of Anchises and Venus, a man endued with singular godlinesse, and like valiancie, whilest in the seuenth yeare of his wandring, hee sailed vpon the Tyrrhene sea from Sicil, towards Italy, a mightie tempest being raised by Aeolus the king of windes at Iunos requeſt: was driuen to the shore of Afrike, where entring on the land, he slew with bow and arrowes seuen great Stags, & diuided them equally to each ship one, for so many saile he had gathered togither of his dispearsed fleete, and hartned his souldiers ouerwearied now with trauaile, with the hope of future rest: manfully to endure the labours that were yet to come. In the meane while Venus pleadeth her sonne Aeneas, and all the Troians cause before Iupiter, and imputeth all those calamities vnto Iuno: but Iupiter on the other side, discloſing all the order of the destinies, recomforteth his daughter with hope of happie posteritie, and power of the Romanes, wherewith Venus being well satisfied, meeteth with her sonne Aeneas, being ignorant of the place, and running vp and downe in the country, and sheweth him how that his dispersed ships be safe, and telleth him that Carthage is not farre off, a citie which Dido builded in that place, wherfore Aeneas by his mothers meane being shrowded in an hollow cloude accompanied with Achates: entreth into Carthage, where both he findeth his mates safe, and is curteously entertained of Dido the Queene. Venus notwithstanding not ouermuch trusting to Iunos entertainment, nor the vnconstancie of women, laying Ascanius a sleep in the woods of Ida: addresseth Cupid in his steed, who amõgst imbracings, and kisses, priuily inspireth the Queene with the loue of Aeneas.

I That my slender Muse Pipe in Verse was wont to sounde
Of woods, and next to that I taught for husbandmen the ground,
How fruite vnto their greedie lust they might cõstrain to bring,
A worke of thankes: Lo now of Mars, and dreadfull warres I sing,
Of armes, and of the man of *Troy*, that first by fatall slight
Did thence arriue to *Lauine* land, that now *Italia* hight.

Other bookes made by Virgil before that great work.

But shaken sore with many a storme by seas and land ytoss,
And all for Iunos endles wrath that wrought to haue had him loss.
And sorrowes great in warres he bode, ere he the walls could frame
Of mightie Rome, and bring the gods t'auuance the Romane name.
He calles for diuine power. Now Muse direct my song to tell for what offence and why:
What ayled so the Queene of gods to driue thus cruelly,
This noble prince of vertue milde from place to place to toile,
Such paines to take? may heauenly minds so sore in rancour boile?
There was a towne of auncient time Carthago of old it hight,
Against Italia and Tybers mouth lay loose at seas aright:
Both rich in wealth and sharpe in war, the people it helde of Tyre:
This towne aboue all townes to raise was Iunos most desire,
Forsoke her seate at Samos yle and here her armes she set,
Her chare, and here she mindes to make (if all gods do not let)
An empire all the world to rule: but heard she had before (tome,
Affricke otherwise called Lybia, did worship Iuno which was enemie to Troyans. From Troy should rise a stock, by whom their towres should all be
That far and wide should beare the rule, so fearce in war to feele:
That Lyby land destroy they should, so fortune turnes the wheele.
For feare of that, and calling eft the old war to her minde,
That she at Troy had done before for Greekes her friends so kinde.
Ne from her heart the causes old of wrath and sore disdaine
Was slaked yet, but in her brest high spite did still remaine.
How Paris Venus beautie praised, and hers esteemed at naught.
She abhors the stock & Ganimede whom Ioue to heauen had raught,
The entent of this work is only to tell the beginning of Rome. Thus flamed in her mode, she kest through all the seas to throw
The silly pore remaine of Troy that Greekes had laide so low.
And them that wilde Achilles wrath had spared aliue at last
From Italy she thought to keepe, till destinies should be past.
And many a yeare they wandred wide, in seas and sundry pine,
So huge a worke of weight it was, to build of Rome the ligne.
Scant from the sight of Sicil yle, their sailes in mery aray
Went vnder wind, and through the seas, & salt some made their way:
When Iuno her bethought againe of her immortall wound
Iuno fretting with her selfe. Vnto her selfe. And shall I thus be conquerd, and confounde?
And shall I leaue it thus quoth she? shall yet this Troian king
For all my worke to Italy this people safely bring?
I trow the destnie wils it so, but did not Pallas burne
A fleete of Greekes, and in the seas them all did ouerturne

For

For one mans sinne, and for the fault of Aiax made to fall?
She threw the fiers of mightie Ioue from skies vpon them all.
And drownd their ships, and he himselfe with whirlewind set a fier
All smoking on the rocks she kest his carkasse to expier.
But I, that quæne of gods am calde and sister of Ioue in throne
And eke his wife, how long I war with this poore stocke alone?
So many a yeare? and who shall now dame Iunos godhead know,
Or shortly vpon mine aultars who due honors will bestow?

Thus rolling in her burning brest she straight to Aeolia hide, Aeoli a windie countrey.
Into the countrey of cloudie skies where blustring windes abide.
King Aeolus the wrastling windes in causs he locks full low:
In prison strong the stormes he kæpes forbidden abroad to blow.
They for disdaine with murmour great at euery mouth do rage,
But he aloft with mace in hand their force doth all asswage.
If he so did not: lands and seas and skies they would so swæpe
Within a while, that all were gone. Therefore in dungeons dæpe
Almightie Ioue did close them vp and hilles hath ouerset,
And made a king, that should know when to lose them, when to set.
Whom to intreat this Iuno came, and thus to him she spake:
King Aeolus, for vnto thæ the great god hath betake
And giuen thæ leaue to list the flouds and calme to make them still:
On Tyrrhen sea there sailes a flæte that beares me no good will.
To Italy they minde to passe, a new Troy there to bilde.
Let out thy winds and all their ships do drowne with waters wilde. An angrie goddesse.
Disperse them al to sundry shores or whelme them downe with dæp.
Of goodly Ladies seuen and seuen about me I do kæp,
Whereof the fairest of them all that cald is Deiopey,
Shall be thine owne for euermore, my minde if thou obey,
And of a godly sonne (quoth she) she shall thæ make a fier.

To that said Aeolus: O Quæne what nædes all this desier?
Commaund me dame, I must obey, my dutie it is of right,
By you this kingdome first I gat, and grace of Ioue on hight.
You make me sit among the gods at bankets this ye know,
You gaue me might these stormy winds to straine, or make to blow.
He turnd his sword when this was said, and through the hill he pusht
And at that gap with throngs atones the winds forth out they rusht.
The whirlewinds to the land went out, and then to seas they flew,
Both East & West, and from the sands the waues aloft they threw.

A sodaine storme.

The stormie South againe the clines the waters driue so hie,
That cables all began to cracke and men for dread to crie.
Anon was taken from Troyans eyes both sight and light of sunne,
And on the sea the grim darke night to close all in begunne.
The thunders road, and lightning lept full oft on euery side:
There was no man but present death before his face espide.
Aeneas than in euerie limbe with cold began to quake,
With hands vp thrōwē to heuens aloft his mone thus gan he make.
O ten times treble blessed men that in their parents sight,
Before the lofttie walles of *Troy*, did lose their liues in sight.

Drowning is miserable.

O Diomedes, valiant Lord, and guide of Greekes most stout,
Could I not of thy force haue fallen, and shed my life right out:
In *Troyan* fields? where Hector fierce lieth vnder Achilles launce
King Serpedon and many a Lord, how blissfull was their chaunce?
Whose bodies with their armes and shields in *Simois* waters sinkes.

A piteous tempest.

As he thus spake, the Northern blast his sailes brake to the brinkes,
Vnto the skies the waues them lift, their ores bene all to torne,
Away goeth helme, and with the surge the ship side downe is borne,
In come the seas, and hie as hilles some hang in flouds aboue,
Some downe the gaping water sends against the sands to shoue.
There thrée at once the Southerne winde into the rocks hath cast.
(So they call stones that in the seas like altars lie full fast)
And thrée the Easterne winde also (that pitie it is to thinke)
Out of the deepe into the sholdes, and quicksands made to sinke.
And one that men of *Lycia* land, and trustie Orontes holde,
Afore his face there fell a sea that made the puppie to yelde.
And headlong downe the maister falles, and thrise the keele aground
The water whirld, and at the last the wilde sea swallowd round.
Then might you see both here & there, men with their armor swim,
The robes and painted pompe of *Troy* lay fleeting on the brim,
And now the ships where Ilioneé, and where Achates strong,
And where as Abas went, and where Alethes liuing long,
The weather had won, and through the ribs the seas came wondrous

A friend in extremitie.

When sodeinly the god Neptune vpstart him all agast. (fast
With wonder how so great a rage shsuld hap to him vntold,
And forth his noble face he put the waters to behold,
There saw he how Aeneas ships through all the seas be spred,
And *Troian* folkes vpround with flod, and stormes falne ouer head.
Anon the craft thereof he knew, and Iuno his sisters yre.

Strait

Strait by their names he calls the windes, who than began retire.
Are you so bold you blasts (quoth he) without my licence here
The lands and skies and seas also with such a storme to stere?
I will be quite: but first is best the flods to set in stay,
And after this for your deserts be sure I shall you pay.
In hast begone, go tell your king the seas is not his charge,
But vnto me that lot befell with mace thrée forked large.
Not here, but in his caues of winde, his court go bid him kéepe.
There let him if he list, you blasts enclose in prison déepe.
This spoken with a thought he makes the swelling seas to cesse, Obedience of waters.
And sunne to shine, and clouds to flée, that did the skies oppresse,
The Mermaids therwithall appeares, and Triton flétes aboue,
And with his horke they all the ships from rocks do softly moue.
Then lets he lose the perlous sands that ships away may slide,
And on the sea full smoth his chaire with wheéles he made to ride.
And like as in a people stout when chaunceth to betide
The multitude to make a fray of wit full often wide,
That stones, and weapons flies abroad, and what come first to hand,
Some sad man comth, that for his right is loued of all the land:
Anon they cease and silence make, and downe they late their rage,
To harke at him, and he with spéech their wood mindes doth asswage.
So fell this deadly fray at sea, when Neptune had controlde
The waters wilde, and through the seas his chaire abroad had rolde.
The men of Troy vnto the shore that next was in their sight
Made haste to draw, and on the coast of Affrica they light.
Far in the shore there lieth an yle, and there besides a bay, They were driuen to Affrike.
Where from the chanell déepe the hauen goeth in and out alway.
On either side the reaches hie, to heauen vp clime to grow,
And vnder them the still sea lieth, for there no breath can blow.
But gréene wood like a garland grows, and hides them al with shade
And in the midst a pleasaunt caue there stands of nature made,
Where sits the Nimphs among the springs in seates of mosse & stone
When ships are in, no cables néede nor ankers néede they none.
Then from the ship to walke a land Aeneas longed sore,
And chose of all the number seuen and brought with him to shore.
There by a banke their weary limmes of salt sea did they stretch, Ease after trauaile.
And first Achates from the flint a sparke of fier did fetch,
Which he receiued in matter méete, and drie leaues laide about.

Then victailes out they laid a land, with seas welneare ymard.
And come to dyte they set, and some with stones they bruised hard,
Ther-whilest Aeneas vp the rocke was gone to walke on hie,
To see where any ships of his astray he might espie,
If Caicus armes vpon the saile, or Capis haps to showe.
No boat in sight, but on the shore three Harts there stood arowe:
And after them the heard behinde along the valley fed.
He stayed, and of his bow and bolts Achates strait him sped.
The chiefe that hiest bare their heads, adowne with darts he kest,
And to the woods he followed then with like pursuite the rest.
He left them not till seuen of them were falne with bodies great,
To match the number of his ships that now had need of meat.
Than to the hauen he doth the flesh among his men diuide,
And pipes of wine departed eke that was abord that tide,
Which good Acestes had them giuen when they from Sicile went.
Good comfort of a captaine. And than to cheare their heauy harts with these words he him bent.
O mates quoth he, that many a woe haue bidden and borne ere this.
Worse haue we seene, and this also shall end when gods will is.
Through Scilla rage (you wot) and through the roring rocks we past,
Though Ciclops shore was full of feare, yet came we through at last.
Pluck vp your harts & driue from thence both thought & feare away,
To thinke on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.
With paines and many a danger sore by sundry chaunce we wend,
To come to Italia where we trust to finde our resting end,
And where the destnies haue decreed Troys kingdoms eft to rise,
Be bold, and harden now your selues, take ease when ease applise.
Thus spake he tho, but in his hart huge cares him had oppress.
Vnder the name of Aeneas, is described in Virgil the part of a perfect wise man and valiant captain if ye marke it. Dissembling hope with outward eyes, full heauie was his brest,
Then all betird them to the praie, the bankets gan begin,
The skinnes from of the flesh they pluckt, and eke the entrails within.
Some cut their shares and quaking yet on broaches gan to broyle,
Some blew the fier to burne, and some their kawdrons set to boyle.
Good cheare they made and fed them fast as on the grasse they sat,
With wine and victailes of the best, and red deare good and fat.
When meat was done and hunger past, and trenchers vp were take,
Great search & talking for their friends that were behind they make.
In hope and dread of them they stand, and whether aliue they bee,
Or what is else of them become, or shall they them euer see.

But

But chiefly good Aeneas did the case full sore lament
Of stout Orontes and Amicus whom the seas had hent,
And otherwhiles he sighed sore for Licus pitteous fall,
And mightie Gias and Cloanthus mourned he most of all.
And now an end thereof there was, when Ioue himselfe on hie
Beheld the seas where ships do saile, and broad londs vnder skie.
And from the tops of heauens aboue he cast his eyes adowne,
And staid to loke on Affrike land and who there beare the crowne.
And vnto him as to and fro his carefull minde he cast:
Came Venus in, and sad she was vnlike her custome past.
With teares about her eyes so bright she thus began to plaine:
O king (quoth she) that ouer vs all both gods and men dost raigne
For euermore, and with thy dints of lightning makest a fright:
What hath my sonne Aeneas wrought or spoken again thy might?
What hath the simple Troians done? that after torments all,
From Italy to keepe them of the world is made so small?
Sometime ye said there should arise (when yeres were comen about)
The men of Rome that of the ligne of Troy should be so stout,
That seas and lands should to their rule both far and nie suppresse.
What makes O mightie father now your will away to dresse?
In hope therof ywis I toke the fall of Troy so light,
And thought amends should now be made and pleasure pain to quite.
But now I see the same mischance the poore men yet to chase.
What ende thereof shall we await at your almightie grace?
Antenor through the mids of Greece had fortune safe to steale,
And to Lyburnus kingdome came as destnie list to deale.
Euen to the mids thereof, and head whereout Tymauus springs,
Where issues nine the sea makes in, for noise the mountaine rings.
Yet for the men of Troy to dwell a citie bilt he there,
Padua by name, and gaue them lawes and armes of Troy to beare.
Now lieth he there in pleasant rest, no wight him doth disease,
But we your stocke whom to the starres of heauen admit you please,
Our ships destroyed (I abhor to thinke) and for the cruell spight
Of one alone, we be betraied and spoyled of our right,
Ne to the coasts of Italy for ought we can attaine.
Is this the fathers loue we finde? so stablish you my raigne?
The maker of the Gode and men to her all swetly smiles
With countnance such as from the skies the storms & clouds exiles.

And ſweetly koſt his daughter deare, and therewithall he ſpeakes:
Fear not (quoth he) thy mens good hap, for none their fortune breaks,
Thy kingdome proſper ſhall, and eke the walles I thée behight,
Prophecies ſpoken by Ioue to Venus, of things that after enſued.
Thou ſhalt ſée riſe in Lauine land and grow full great of might.
And thou thy ſonne Aeneas ſtout to heauen ſhalt bring at laſt,
Among the gods be ſure of this, my minde is fixed faſt.
And now to thée diſcloſe I ſhall (for fore I ſée thée dout)
The long diſcourſe of deſtenies that yeares ſhall bring about.
Great war in Italy haue he ſhall, ere he the people wilde
May vndertread, and learne to liue, and then the citie bilde.
That ſommers thrée, ere he ſhall ſit as king them ſhall renew,
And winters thrée, before he can the Rutyls all ſubdew.
Then ſhall Aſcanius (now a childe) whoſe name Yulus hight,
(Was Ylus cald when Troys eſtate and kingdome ſtood vpright)
Till ſpace of thirtie yeares expire his kingdome ſhall obtaine,
And he from Lauine ſhall tranſlate the olde ſtate of the raigne,
And ſtrongly fortifie the towne of Alba longe ſhall hée,
Where whole thrée hundred yeres the ſtock of Hector kings ſhal bée.
Romulus and Remus were nouriſhed of a ſhe wolfe.
Till Ilia Quéen, with child by Mars two twinnes to light ſhal bring,
Whom wolues ſhall nurſe, & proud therof he grows that ſhalbe king.
He Romulus ſhall take the rule, and vp the walles ſhall frame
Of mightie Rome, and Romanes all ſhall call them of his name,
No ende to their eſtate I ſet, ne termes of time or place,
But endles ſhall their empire grow, and Iunos cruell grace
That now with feare ỹ ground beneath turmoiles, and eke the ſkies,
Shall leaue her wrath, and work with me, and take more ſad auiſe,
To loue the Romanes Lords of peace, and people clad in gowne.
Let it be ſo: let time roll on, and ſet forth their renowne.
Then ſhall be borne of Troian blood the Emprour Cæſar bright,
Whoſe empire through the ſeas ſhal ſtretch ỹ fame to heuen vpright.
And Iulius his name it is of mightie Iule derived:
Him laden full of Eaſtern ſpoiles by him in wars atchiued,
In heauen thou ſhalt beſtow full glad, and vows men ſhal him hight.
Then down goth war, men ſhal be milde, in armes ſhal not delight,
Then truth and right and Romane gods ſhal ſit with lawes in hand,
The gates of war with bolts and bars of hard ſteele faſt, ſhall ſtand.
And there within on armour heapes ſits Batail rage, and wailes
With brazen chaines an hundred bound, his wraſtling not auailes.

Thus

Thus much he said, and downe anon the sonne of May he sent,
That new Carthage, and all the coasts of Affrike should be bent
The Troians to receiue a land, least Dido there the Quæne
Might from her shore expell them of, ere she the cause had sæne.
And downe he flies him through the skies, with winges as swift as
And on the land of Lyby stood, and did his fathers minde. (winde,
With that the Moores laid downe their rage (as god did bid) and eke
The Quæne her selfe gan turne, and to the Troians wared mæke.
But good Aeneas all that night his minde about he tost,
And in the morning went him out to search and sée the cost,
To learne what land they were come to, what people dwelt theron,
If men or saluage beasts it hold, for tild he could sée none.
This would he know, and to his men the truth of all to tell.
There whilest within a water caue his ships he made to dwell,
Whom trées & woods with shadows thick and eke the rock doth hide.
Then forth he goth, and toke but one Achates by his side.
And launces two they bare in hand of mettall sharpe and light,
And as they went amid the wood he met his mother right,
Most like a maide in maidens wéede, she maidens armour beares,
As doth Harpalicee the Quæne that horses wilde outweares.
So wight of foote, that Heber streame so swift she leaues behinde,
For hunterlike her bow she bare, her locks went with the winde
Behinde her backe, and tuckt she was that naked was her knée.
She cald to them and said, good sirs, I pray you did you sée
To straie this way as ye haue come, my sisters any one?
With quiuer bound that in the chase of some wilde beast are gone?
Or with a crie pursueth a pace the foamie boze to paine?
So Venus said, and Venus sonne her answerd thus againe.
None of thy sisters haue I séene nor heard, I thée assure
O maide, what shall I make of thée, thy face I sée so pure.
Not mortall like, ne like mankinde thy voice doth sound, I gesse
Some goddesse thou art, and Phebus bright thy brother is doubtles,
Or of the noble Nymphes thou comest, of grace we thée beséech
What euer thou art, and helpe our néed, and now vouchsafe to teach
What land is this? what coast of heauen be we come vnder here?
Where neither man nor place we know, so straied we haue in fere,
Out of our course we haue bene cast with windes and floods yshake.
Afore thine altars many a beast to offer I vndertake.

Mercurie, the sonne of May.

As

As for mine altars (quoth she tho) no such estate I beare,
The maner is of virgins here this short aray to weare.
In purple wæde we vse to walke with quiuer light vnbound,
The realme of Affrike here thou seest, and men of Tyrus ground.
Here is the citie of Agenor, fearce be the lands about,
Quéene Dido rules and wears the crown, from Tyrus she came out,
And lately from her brother fled, the cause is long to lere.
The storie long, but touch I will the chiefe and leaue it there.
Sicheus was her husband tho: the richest man of ground
In all that coast, and dæpe (good hart) in loue with her was drownd.
For her to him her father gaue a virgin yet vntwight,
And to her brother came the crowne of Tyrus than by right
Pigmalion, a sinfull wretch of all that euer raignde,
Whom couetise did blinde so sore, and rage of furie straindc,
That vnaware, with priuie knife before the altars pure
He slew Sicheus, and of his sisters loue he thought him sure.
And long he kept the dæde in close, and she good soule full sad,
The craftie thefe made wondrous means & tales her minde to glad.
But in a dreame (vnburied yet) her husband came t'appeare
with visage pale, and wondrous hewes, full deadly was his cheare,
And told her all, and wide his wound disclosing she wde his brest,
How he before the altars was, for what intent oppressi.
And bad her flæ the wicked soile ere worse might her befall.
And treasure vnder ground he shewd to helpe her therewithall,
Both gold and siluer plentie great vnknowne till than, and so
This Dido did, and made her friends and ordeind forth to go.
Then such as for his wicked life the cruell tyrant hates,
Or bene afraid of him for ought, them gets out of the gates
In ships that readie laie by chaunce, the gold with them they packt
They spoild also Pigmalion, this was a womans act.
Then past they forth and here they came, where now thou shalt espie
The hugie walles of new Carthage, that now they rere so hie.
They bought the soile and Birsa it cald whan first they did begin,
As much as with a bull hide cut they could inclose within.
But what are you faine would I know, or what coast come ye fro?
Where would you be? demaunding thus he answerd her vnto
With sighing dæpe, and from his brest heauie his tale he set.
O Ladie mine (quoth he) to tell if nothing did me let,

And of our paines ye list to heare the stories out at large:
The day were short, and ere an end the sunne would him discharge.
Of auncient Troy (if euery Troy beside your eares hath past)
Of thence be we: by sundry seas and coasts we haue ben cast.
And now the tempest hath vs brought to Lyby land by chaunce,
My name Aeneas clepid is: my countrey gods (t'aduaunce)
In ships I bring: vnto the starres well blased is my fame,
Of Italy I seeke the lond, and Ioues of-spring I am.
A Troian fleete I toke to sea with twentie vessels wide,
My mother goddesse taught my way, as destnie did me guide.
Now seuen therof do skant remaine, the rest with wethers gone,
And I vnknowen in wilderneste here walke and comfort none.
From Asia and from Europa quite thus driuen I am: with that
Shée could no longer bide him speake, but brake his tale thereat.
What euer thou art (quoth shée) for well I wot the gods aboue
Doth loue thée much to saue thy life to this place to remoue,
Go forth to yonder Palais straight, assay the Muéne to sée,
For safe thy company a land be set beléeue thou mée.
And safe thy ships are come to shore, with Northen winde at will,
Onles my cunninge failes me now whom wont I was to skill.
Behold the flocke of fire and fire that yonder chéerly flies
Of Swannes, whom late an Egle fierce did chace through al the skies,
Now toward lond, or on the lond, they séeme their course to keepe,
And as for ioy of danger past their wings aloft they swéepe
With myrth and noise: right so thy men and all thy ships a row
Be come to hauen, or neare the hauen in safegard, this I know.
Now get thée forth, and where the way thée leades hold on thy pace.
Skant had she said, and therwithall she turnd aside her face,
As red as rose she gan to shine, and from her heauenly heare
The flauour sprang, as Nectar swéet, downe fell her kirtell there,
And like a goddesse right she fled. Whan he his mother wist,
He followed fast and calde (alas) what meane you, thus to list
In fained shapes so oft to me begiling to appeare?
Why hand in hand imbrace we not, and iointly speake and heare?
Thus plaining fore he still his pace vnto the citie holdes.
But Venus as they went, a wéede about them both she foldes,
Of mist and cloud and aire so thicke, that no man should them spie,
Ne do them harme, nor interrupt, nor aske them who nor why.

An old superstition of diuination by birds, caled augurium.

Venus inclosed them both in a cloude.

Her

Her ſelfe by ſkie to Paphos yéde where ſtonds her honor ſeates,
And temple rich, and of encenſe a hundred altars ſweates,
And where of flowres and garlands freſh her floze is alway ſpred.
They in that while went on their way wherto the path them led.
And now come vp they were the hill that neare the citie lies,
From whence the towres and caſtles all bene ſubiect to their eies.
Aeneas wondred at the worke where ſometime ſhéepe were fed,
And on the gates he wondred eke, and noiſe in ſtrétes eſpred.
The Moores with corage went to worke, ſom vnder burdens grones,
Some at the wals & towres with hands were tumbling vp ẏ ſtones.
Some meaſurde out a place to build their manſion houſe within,
Some lawes and officers to make in parlament did begin.
An other ſort a hauen had caſt, and deepe they trench the ground.
Some other for the games and plaies a ſtately place had found,
And pillers great they cut for kings to garniſh forth their halles.
And like as bées among the floures, when freſh the ſommer falles
In ſhine of ſun appie their worke, when growen is vp their yong,
Or when their hiues they giu to ſtop, and honie ſwéete is ſprong,
That all their caues and cellers cloſe with dulcet liquor filles,
Some doth onlade, ſome other brings the ſtuffe with ready willes,
Sometime they ioyne and all at once do from their mangers fet
The ſlothfull drones that would conſume, & nought will do to get.
The worke it heates, the hony ſmelles of floures and Tyme ywet.

O happie men whoſe fortune is your walles now thus to riſe
Aeneas ſaid, and to the tops of all he keſt his eies.
Encompaſt with the cloude he goth (a wondrous thing to ſkill)
And through the mids of men onſéene he comth and goth at will.
Amids the towne a groue there ſtood full gladſome was the ſhade,
Where firſt the Moores by wether caſt, and ſtormes into that trade
Had made a marke, and digde the place, where ſhortly they had found
A horſes head of courage bie, ſo Iuno did compound,
That by that ſigne they vnderſtood their ſtocke ſhould proſper ſtout
In wars and fame, and light to finde in time by lands about.
And in that place Quéene Dido had a gorgeous temple ſet
With riches great, no ſpare of coſt ſhould Iunos honor let.
The brazen grées afore the dores did mount, and eke the beames
with braſſe are knit, and vaults & dores of braſſe and mettal ſtreames.
There in that wood a ſodaine ſight his feare began to ſlake,

At the foundation of Carthage a horſes head was found, like as at the building of Rome the head of a man.

And

And there Aeneas first him dares to trust, and comfort take.
For, as within that temple wide on euery thing he gazed,
And waited when the Quéene should come, and stood as one amazed
To sée the worke, and how to state so sone the towne was brought,
And wondred at ỹ precious things the craftsmen there had wrought:
He seeth among them all the iests of Troy, and stories all,
And wars that with their fame had filde all kingdoms great & small.
King Priame and Atridas twaine, and wroth to both Achille.
He staide with teares, and said alas, what land hath not his fille
Of our decay (Achates mine) what place is void? behold
Where Priam is, lo here some praise is left him for his gold.
Here is a sight for man to mourne, and sample take in minde.
Cast off thy care, for of this fame some comfort thou shalt finde.
So said, but yet with picture vaine a while his minde he fed
With many sighs, and largie streames out from his eies he shed.
For there he saw, how in the fight the walles of Troy about
Here fled the Greekes, and them pursued the youth of Troian rout.
Here they of Troy be chased afore Achilles wilde in chare.
Not far alofe was Ryses campe that white in banners bare.
He mourned to thinke how sone betraide they were, and fast a sléepe
Tytides them in bloodie fight destroied with slaughter déepe,
And brought away their horses stout, ere once they had assaid
To taste of Troian pastures, or their féete in water laid.
Another way was Troylus séene to run with armour broke,
Unluckie lad, and match unméete Achilles to prouoke.
His horses fled, and he along in chare was ouercast.
Yet held he still the raines in hand, and ere a while is past,
By haire and head vnto the ground Achilles hath him hent,
And with his speare to cruell death in dust he hath him sent.
Therewhiles vnto the temple great of angry Pallas went
The wiues of Troy, with haire vnfold a veill they did present
With humble tears, and on their brest to knock they nothing spares.
She turnes her face, and fast her eies vpon the ground she stares.
Thrée times about the walls of Troy was Hector haled on ground,
His carkasse eke Achilles had for gold exchaunged round.
Then from the bottome of his brest a hugie sigh he drew,
When of his friend the cruell spoile, and chare, and corps he knew.
And Priamus he saw to pray with hands abroad on knée.

The battels and siege of Troy painted at full in the temple.

And

And eke himselfe among the lords of Greece he saw to be.
And armies out of Inde there came and Memnons blacke aray,
And from the realme of Amazon with thronges and targets gay
Penthasilee Virago fiers, amids the millions standes
In armour girt, her pappe set out with lace of golden bandes,
A Quéene of war, though maide she bée, with men she likes to trie.
While thus about this Troian duke Aenea, led his eie
With maruel much, and ernest stode him stil in one to vew,
To temple comes his *Dido* to, the Quéene so faire of hew.
Of lords and lusty yonkers fine about her many a rout.
Most like vnto Diana bright when she to hunt goth out
Upon Eurotas bankes, or through the cops of Cynthus hill,
Whom thousands of the ladie Nimphes await to do her will,
Shée on her armes her quiuer beares, and all them ouershines,
And in her brest the tickling ioy her heart to mirth enclines.
So Dido came, and freshly glad among the prease she past.
And forward she their worke set forth and chearly bids them hast.
Whan shée into the temple came, before the goddesse gate
Amids her gard, her downe shée sat in seate of great estate.
There iustice, right and law she gaue, and labours did deuide
In equall parts, or else by lot let men their chaunce abide.
Whan sodenly Aeneas séeth with great concourse to throng
Both mightie Anteas and Serestus, and Cloanthus strong.
And other Troians many one, whom wethers wide had spred
And driuen abroad in sudry sortes to diuers coastes sled.
Alsoind with him Achates was, for ioy they would haue lept
To ioyne their hands, but feare again them held and close ykept.
They loked on, and through the cloud they hid, did all beholde
What chaunce they had, & where their ships, & what shore might them
What make they there, for men yeulde of all the nauy chéese (holde,
With cries into the tempel came, to séeke the Quéenes relése.
Whan they were in, and license had before the Quéene to speake,
The greatest lord sir Ilioneé, thus gan the silence breake.
O Quéene, to whome is giuen of god to bilde this citie new,
And for your iustice peoples proud and saluage to subdue,
We Troians pore, whom through the seas all tempests tossed haue.
Beséeke your grace our séely ships from wicked fier to saue,
Haue mercy vpon our gentle stocke, and graciously reliene

Shee would be knowen for a woman.

The oration of Ilioneus to Dido.

Our

Our painfull case: we come not here with wepons you to greeue,
To spoile the coast of Lyby land, nor booties hence to beare.
We conquerd men be not so bolde, our pride neede none to feare.
There is a place the Greekes by name Hesperia do call,
An anncient land and stout in war, and fruitfull soyle withall.
Out from Enotria they came that first did till the same,
Now Italy men say is calde so of the captaines name,
To that our course was bent,
When sodainly there rose at south a winde and tempest wood
That toward shore enforst to fall, and so toke on the flood,
That in the rockes we be diperst, wrecke this coast haue caught.
What kind of men be these of yours? what maners wild ytaught
This countrey keepes? to lodge in sand we cannot suffred bee,
They fight, and none to tread a land they can content to see?
If mortall men you do despise and care for none in fight:
Yet haue respect to gods aboue that iudge both wrong and right.
We had a king Aeneas calde, a iuster was there none
In vertue, nor in feates of war, or armes could match him one.
Whom if the destinies keepes aliue (if breath and aier of skies
Hee drawes, nor yet among the goasts of cruel death hee lies)
There is no feare it shalbe quit the fauour now you showe,
You first his kindnes to prouoke shall neuer repent I know.
In diuerse yles some cities be that Troian armour beares,
Of Troians blood there is also Acestes crowne that weares.
Now giue vs leaue our shaken ships to lay a land we pray,
And timber to repare them eke, and ores to passe our way:
That with our king if that we meete, and eke our fellowes moe:
To Italy by your leliefe with glad chere we may goe.
But if that comfort all bee past, and mightie father thee
The Lyby seas hath had, nor of Ascanius hope may we:
Yet at the least to Sicilyle, and seates that wil not swarue,
From whence we came let vs depart, and king Acestes serue.
So said sir Ilionee, the rest of Troians cried the same
At once with murmour great.

Than Dido shortly full demure her eies downe set, and thus
Cast of your care you Troians, set your harts at ease for vs.
Great neede, and yet the raw estate of this my kingdome new,
Compels me thus my coast to keepe, and wide about mee view.

Who

Who knowes not of Aeneas? who? or hath not heard the name
Of lustie *Troy*: and of the men and all that war the flame?
The further from the sun, the duller witts The common people imagined the sun to be caried about in a charet with horses.
We Moores be not so base of wit, ne yet so blunt of minde,
Ne from this towne the sunne his stædes so far away doth winde.
Go where you please, to *Italy* to old Saturnus fieldes,
Or get you into *Sicile* land that king Acestes wældes.
I will you helpe, and sæ you safe, and giue you goods to go.
Will you remaine euen here with mæ? can you content you so?
This towne is yours, I haue it made, set vp your ships anone:
A Troian and a Moore to mæ indeffrent shalbe one.
And would to God your king had hapt this way also to bend,
And were him selfe Aeneas here, for sooth I wil out send
Along the coastes and wilderneſſe, perhapes he may be found,
If any where in townes hæ straies, or woodes of *Affrike* ground.
With this the Troians comfort toke, and now Achates strong,
And lord Aeneas through the cloud to breake they thought it long.
Achates to Aeneas first him drew and to him said:
Thou goddesse son what meanst thou thus: how long shal we be staid?
All thing thou seest is safe and sure, our fleete, our frtendes, and all.
We misse but one whome in the mids of floods we saw to fall
And drownd, but in the rest I sæ your mothers tale is trew.
Skant had he spoke, and sodainly the cloud from them withdrew,
And vanisht into aire alone, and left them bare in light.
Aeneas stood and freshly shinde, all men behold him might,
Most like a god with face and hew, for than his mother deare
Set forth her sonne with shoulders faire, and comly shind his heare.
And with a roset youth his eies and countenance ouer cheard,
And white as burnisht Iuerie fine his necke and handes appeard.
Ful like the siluer cleare, or peareles are put in gold.
Than to the Quéene he steps and said (all sodainly) beholde
Hæ that you seeke, lo here I am, Aeneas Troian I:
Escaped from the *Lyby* seas where lost I was welnie.
O Quéene that in our woes (alone) such mercy dost ertende
To vs the pore remaine of *Troy*, that welnie brought to an ende
By seas and lands are tost and tierd, of all thing bare and peld,
Our towne, our house, our peoples eke: you worthy thankes to yeld
It lieth not Dido in our power, nor what is euery where
Of Troian blood, not all that through the wide world scattred were.

The

The almightie gods (if pitie they regard, or if there be
Of iustice any whit, or soule that vertue loues to see)
Do pay thy méed: what happie world forth such a treasor brought?
What blessed father thée begat, and mother such hath wrought?
While flods into the seas do run, while hilles do shadowes cast,
And while the stars about the skies doth turne and tarrie fast:
Shall neuermore with me thy name thy praise and honor end,
What land soeuer calth me to. So said, and than his friend
Sir Ilionee by hand he toke, and than Serestus strong,
And Gias and Cloanthus eke, and other his Lords in throng.
The Quéene astonied gan to be, when first she saw the sight,
And waied the chaunce of such a Lord, and thus her words she dight.
Thou goddesse son, what fortune thée through al these dangers driues?
What force vnto this cruell shore thy person thus arriues?
Art thou not he Aeneas whom from Dardanus the king,
Anchises gat on Venus hie, where Symois doth spring?
Ere this I well remember, how that Teucer from his raigne
Expulsed was, and to the towne of Sidon flée was faine,
Some helpe at Belus hand to paine, his kingdome to restore.
Than ward my father Belus wide in Cypres land so sore,
And conquerd all and kept the state, that time I heard the fall
Of Troy, and eke the name of thée, and kings rehearsed all.
Their enmies of the Troians than great praise abroad did blow,
And of the auncient race of Troy to come he would be know.
Wherefore approach, and welcome all, my houses shall you host,
For like mischaunce with labours sore, my selfe sometime hath tost.
And fortune here hath set me now, this land thus to subdew,
By proufe of paine I haue bene taught on painfull men to rew.
Thus talked she, and than Aeneas to her pallais brought,
Whan on their altars they had done such honors as they thought.
Yet ceassed not the Quéene to send vnto his men that tide
A score of bulles, and eke of brawnes a hundred rough of hide,
And with the dammes a hundred more of lambes both good and fat,
The gladsome gifts of God.
The inner court was all beset with riches round about,
And in the mids the feasts they gan prepare for all the rout,
With precious clothes & cunning wrought, & proudly enbroderd wide.
And on the bords the mightie piles of plate there stood beside,

Whereon was grauen in golden worke the stories all by rew,
And déeds of Lords of antike fame a long discourse to knew.
Aeneas than, for in his minde could loue not let him rest:)
His friend Achates for his sonne Ascanius hath him dreſt
Unto the ships, and bad him tell the newes, and bring him there
As fast as may, for in Ascanius first was all his feare.
And gifts with him he had to bring from Troy destroied yfet.
A royall pall, that all with gold and stones was ouerset,
And eke a robe with borders rich, sometime it was the wéede
Of Helene bright, when Paris her from Greece to Troy did léede.
Her mother Ledas gift it was, a wondrous worke to vew.
A scepter eke that Ilionee king Priams daughter trew
was wont to beare, and more a brooch that from her neck went downe
with precious pearles, and double set of fine gold eke a crowne.
These things to set Achates hast vnto the naue makes.
Venus trāſformeth Cupide her ſonne into the likenes of Aſcanius. But Venus straunge deuises new, and counsailes new she takes,
That Cupide shall the face and hew of swéete Ascanius take,
And beare the presents to the Quéene her heart a fier to make
with feruent loue, and in her bones to fling the priuie flame.
Suspect she doth the Moores, that haue of double tong the name,
And Iunos wrath her frets, and in the night her care returnes.
Therefore she thus exhorts her sonne Cupide that louers burnes,
My sonne, that art my staie alone, my great renowne and might,
My sonne, that of the thunderblasts of hie Ioue setst but light,
How through the seas Aeneas mine thy brother hath bene throwne
By cruell Iunos wicked wrath, to thée is not vnknowne.
And often mourn'd with me thou hast therefore, but so it is.
with Dido Quéene he lodgeth now, and faire he flattred is.
But whereto Iunos Iannes will turne, is matter hard to know,
In such a time of daunger great thou maist not be to slow.
Wherefore preuenting all mischaunce, I list to worke a wile,
And with the flame of loue I meane the Quéene now to begile,
Lest by some misaduenture bad her minde she haply turne,
But for Aeneas loue with me somedeale I like she burne.
And how this thing ywrought shalbe, giue eare and know my mind.
Now goth the child, my cheefest care vnto his father kinde
Into the towne, and from the seas the presents forth he brings
That from the flames of burning Troy was kept as worthie things,

Him

Him purpose I slæpe to make, and into hie Cithire,
Or to my seates in Ida mount, all vnaware to beare,
That from this craft he may be far, ne let herein do make,
Thou for a night, and not beyond, his forme and figure take
Her to beguile, and of a childe thou childe put on the face,
That when within her lappe the Quéene thée gladly shall embrace,
Among the royall pompe of meate and wine of Bacchus blisse, Wanton-
And clippes thée swæt, and on thy lips doth prelle the pleasant kisse: neſſe after
Dispearse in her the secret flame and poyson swæte inspier. good fare.
Loue doth obey, put off his wings, and after her desier
Puts on Ascanius shape forthwith, and like the same he went.
But Venus on Ascanius swæte a restfull slumber cast,
And in her bosome vp the beares, and forth with him she past
To Ida woods, where beds of Tyme and Maioram so soft,
And lustie flowres in grænwood shade him breathe and comforts oft.
And now is Cupide on his way, Achates with him yeid,
The royall presents to the court they bare as they bidde.
When in they came, the Quéene her set in chaire on carpet gay,
Of kingly state, with hangings rich in gold and proud aray.
And now the Lord Aeneas eke and youth of Troian rout
Togither came, in purple seates beslowd they were about.
The waiters gaue the waters swæte, and princely towels wrought,
And eke the bread in sundry guise on baskets fine they brought.
And fiftie Ladies far within there was, that had the charge
Of all the feast to be set forth and fiers on altars large.
A hundreth more to wait and carue, and like of age and trade,
A hundreth gentlemen, the bords with daintie fare to lade.
And many Lords of Moores among, at enery bord to dine
Came in, and were commaunded sit on pictur'd carpets fine.
They wondred at the presents there, they wondred at Iule,
His countnance quick, and well that god his eyes a tong could rule.
But specially the Quéene was caught in maruell to beheld
Vpon the child, vpon the pall, the gifts and robe of gold.
No sight her eyes could draw therefrom, and as she loked more:
The more she fell into the flame, that after paind her sore.
But chiefly to the noble boy she moues, who in a while
When he his father faine with loue and kissing did begile:
Vnto the Quéene he drew, and her with eyes and brest and all

About her necke embraceth sweete, and whole on her doth fall.
She on her lap somtime him sets, good Dido nothing knowes
How great a god vpon her sits, what cares on her he throwes.
He thinking on his mothers art, by small and small doth make
The Queene forget her husband dead, and him from minde to shake.
And where of loue she nothing seles her heart she kepes so true:
Her wonted heate and old desires he steers and doth renue.
Whan men from meate began to rest, and trenchers vp were take,
Great boles of wines along they set, and crounes on them they make.
Great chere in all the chambers wide, of noise the hall it ringes,
And tapers toward night they burne hie hangd with golden stringes.
And with the light of torches great the darke ofdriue atones.
The Queene commaunds a mightie bole of gold and precious stones
To fill with wine, whome Belus king and all king Belus line
Was wont to hold, than through them all was silence made by signe.
O Ioue, quoth she, for thou of hostes and gestes both great and small
Den say the lawes hast put: giue grace I pray, and let vs all
Both Moores and also Troians here this day for good be met,
That all our offspring after vs this time in ioy may set.
Now Bacchus maker of the mirth, good Inno goddesse deere,
And you O Moores go do your best these Troians for to cheere.
Thus said she, and whan the grace was done, the boll in hand she sipt.
And in the liquor sweete of wine her lips she skantly dipt:
But vnto Bitias she it raught with charge, and he anon
The fomy bolle of gold vpturnd, and drew till all was gon.
Than all the lordes and states about: And on his golden harp
Iopas with his bushie locks in sweete song gan to carpe,
Of stories such as him had taught most mightie Atlas olde.
The wandring Mone, and of the Sunne the daily toyle he told.
How mankind was begun & beast, wherhence the fier and shoures
Procéeds, and how the stars arisen and fallen in certain howres.
The wain, the plough stars, & the seuen ỹ stormes & tẽpest loures.
What meanes the sunne that to the seas he westward hieth so fast
In winter daies, and why the nightes so short in sommers wast,
The Moores with cries cast vp their hands, so doth the Troians eke,
And all that night of them the Queene new talke began to seke.
Full eft of Priam would she know, of Hector eft enqueres,
In what aray Aurotas son came in, she gladly heres.

Songs of astronomie for princes.

What

What horses Diomedes brought, how great Achilles was
She learned all too soone, and of loue she bibbes (alas.)
And from the first (quoth she) my gest, vouchsafe I pray to tell
The treasons of the Grecekes, and how your towne and people fell.
And of your chaunce and trauailes all, for thus these seuen yére
About the lands and all the seas thou wandrest as I héere.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 25. Maij finitum. Inchoatum 9. eiusdem. 1555. in foresta Kilgerran South-wallie. Opus 11. dierum.

THE SECOND
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

Aeneas at the requeſt of Dido, declareth the deſtruction of Troy, which was after this maner. The Greekes in the tenth yere of their ſiege, when their force was quailed, and diſtruſting their owne abilitie: fell vnto craftes and ſubtilties, and counterfaiting a flight the night before the towne was burned, hid themſelues in the Ile of Tenedos, leauing in the Troians fields a woodden horſe of ſuch ineſtimable bigneſſe, that it could not bee receiued in at the cittie gates, in whoſe wombe they had encloſed the moſt valiant ſouldiers of all their nobilitie. The Troians perſwaded partly through the ſubtiltie of Sinon, and partly afraide by Laocons puniſhment: pull downe part of their towne wall, and ſo bring in this horſe into their Caſtle. But in the dead time of the night, the Grecians returning from Tenedos, entred into the citie through the ſame breach which was made to bring in the horſe. Sinon openeth the wombe of the horſe and letteth forth the armed men, who immediately ſpoyle all with fire and ſword. Whilest theſe things were doing, Aeneas is warned in his dreame by Hector to prouide for himſelfe by flight, and to deliuer his country Gods from the fire. But he preferring an honourable death, before a cowardly flight, in vain betaketh him to armes, wherein at the firſt aſſault the Troians had the vpper hand, vntil, following the counſell of Choroebus, they put on Greekiſh armour, and ſo one of them ſlew another. Then Priamus pallace is beſieged, and Priamus ſlaine by Pyrrhus, Achilles ſonne. Thus, when Aeneas had aſſaied all things in vaine, when he was now quite out of hope, betaketh the reliques to his father Anchiſes, and taking him vp on his ſhoulders, with Aſcanius his ſonne, and Creuſa his wife, committeth himſelfe to flight. The Grecians follow faſt after, and in that tumult he loſt his wife Creuſa, vpon occaſion to ſeeke whom, when as he wandred about all the towne, he met with her ghoſt, who certified him that ſhe was dead. He returnes againe to his companie, whither as now were gathered a great number of men and women, readie to follow him whither ſo euer he would carrie them.

THey whiſſed all, and fixt with eyes ententiue did behold.
When Lord Aeneas where he ſat from hie bench thus he told.
A doleful worke me to renew (O Queen) thou doſt conſtraine,
To tell how Greeks the Troian wealth, and lamentable raigne

Did

Did ouerthrow, which I my selfe haue sæne and bin a part
No small therof, but to declare the stories all, what hart
Can of the Greekes or soldiour one of all Vlisses rout
Refraine to wepe? and now the night with hie heauen goth about,
And on the skies the falling stars do men prouoke to rest:
But if such great desire to know, such longing haue your brest
Of Troy the latter toyle to here, to speake or yet to thinke
For all that it my minde abhors, and sorowes make me shrinke:
I will begin. Forsaken of Gods, and tried with warres at last,
The Lordes of Greekes, whan all in vaine so many yeres had past,
A Horse of træ by Pallas art most like a Mount they frame
With timber bourds, and for a vow to leaue they blow the fame.
There is an yle in sight of Troy and Tenedos it hight,
A wealthy land while Priams state and kingdome stood vpright,
But now a bay, and harber bad for ships to lie at roade,
To that they went, and hid them close that none was sæne abroade.
Wee thought them gon, & with the winde to Greece to haue ben fled,
Therfore all Troy for ease of labours long, abroad them spred,
With open gates they runne to sport and Greekish campes to sée,
And places long of souldiours kept whereof they now be frée.
Here lay the men of Dolop land, here fearce Achillis fought,
Here stood their ships, and here to trie were wont the armies stout,
Some gazed at the straungy gift that there to Pallas stood,
And wondred at the Horse so great: and first for councell good,
Tymetes straight would into towne and market haue it brought,
God wote if craft or whether so of Troy the fortune wrought.
But Capis and a few beside that wiser were of skill,
Bad throw the treasons of the Greekes and giftes suspected yll
Into the seas, or with a fier ymade to burne outright,
Or hew the ribs and search within what thing yhid be might,
The commons into sundry wits deuided were and stood,
Till from the town Laocon came in hast as he were wood,
And after him a number great, and ere they gan to throng
He cried, O wretched citizens, what rage is you among?
Beléeue ye gone the Greekes? or do you thinke that any giftes
Of them be good? so know you well that false Vlisses drittes?
In this træ (for my life) is hid of Greekes an hideous rout,
Or this is but an engin made to skale our walles without:

Pallas goddesse of wisdome and inuẽtion, whom the Greeks & Troians did honor.

And ſodeinly to ſlip them downe and on the citie fall,
Or other worſe deuiſe there is, take heede ye know not all.
What euer it is, I feare the Greeks, and truſt their gifts as ſmall.
He ſaid, and with a courage good his mightie ſpeare he driues
Againſt the ſide beneath his ribs, that where it hits it cliues.
It ſhakes aloft, and ſtill it ſtood that through the belly round
The bauts within and croked caues of noiſe did all rebound.
And if the will of gods had not, had not our hearts bene blinde:
Ynough was done all vp to breake, and all the craft to finde,
And Troy ỹ ſhuldſt haue ſtond as yet, & Priams toures haue ſhinde.

Cauſed him ſelfe of purpoſe to be taken.

Behold the ſhepheards in this while a yongman haue ycaught,
And piniond with his hands behinde vnto the king him braught.
That for the nonce had done himſelfe by yéelding to be take
To compaſſe this, and to the Greeks, Troy open wide to make.
A fellow ſlie, and ſtout of minde, and bent in both to trie,
To win by guile, or if he faile with certein death to die.
On euery ſide about him drew the Troian youth to ſée,
And ſome of them to ſkorne him gan, but now take heede to mée:
You ſhall perceiue the treaſons falſe of Greekes, and of this one,
Coniecture all.
For as vnarmed in the mids all vered there he ſtoode,
And with his eies on Troian men did loke with pitious moode:

Sinons lamentation.

Alas (quoth he) what ground may mée, what ſea may mée receiue?
What ſhall I catif miſer do? what hope may I conceiue?
That neither with the Greekes dare bide, and now the Troians here,
(as worthy is) my blod to ſhed for vengeance do requére.
With mourning thus our mindes gan turne, our force we left alone
And bad him tell what man he was, what ment he thus to mone,
What newes he had he ſhould expreſſe, and forth his mind to breake.
Hée at the laſt ſet feare aſide, and thus began to ſpeake.
All thing (quoth he) O king, what euer it is I will confeſſe,
Nor me a Greeke I can denie among them borne doubtleſſe.

A fine diſſimuler.

This firſt: for though that fortune fals hath Simon captiue brought,
Yet lyer ſhall ſhe neuer make, nor faine nor flatter ought.
In ſpéech if euer to your eares the name of Palamede
Hath come, and of the glory great that of his time did ſpréde.
Whom by a treaſon falſe the Greekes in ſpite by wicked law
Vnguiltie did condemne (alas) for he from war did draw,

To

To death him put, and now him dead they mone to haue againe.
His squier I was and kinsman nere, my father (to be plaine)
To him for pouertie me put in armes my youth to frame,
Whiles yet his kingdome stood on twight and (truth to say) some name
And honor eke wee bare with men: but whan through false enuie
The wicked wretch Vlisses had betraid and done him die:
For wo my life in corners darke, and wailing forth I drew,
Lamenting sore the fall of mine vngiltie friend so trew.
And sole I could not hold my peace, but if that fortune serued,
If euer to my countrey come I might, as he deserued,
With him I threatned to be quite, and great thinges did I cracke.
Here was the cause of all my wo, this did Vlisses make
New crimes against me to inuent, and cause me be suspect
To all the camp, as one by Troy of reason then infect.
Nor would not rest till Calchas had by his vngratious wit,
But what do I rehearse these things to shew that be not fit?
If all the Greekes in one estate you hate, if I it wist
It is ynough: you haue me here, take vengeance if you list,
Vlisses and Atridas twaine great goods for that would spend.
Than kindled be we more to know the circumstance and end,
Not thinking of so great a craft, and Greekes deuise so fell.
All trembling on his tale he goth with fained hart to tell.
Full oft the Greekes would haue bene gon, and Troy haue left at last,
For weary of the war they were, that long in vaine had past.
And gon they had, but often times rough seas, and cruell tide,
And winter storme, and southerne winde them staied & made to bide.
But chiefly whan this timber horse was raised and stood on ground,
Such noise among the clouds was hard that all the skies did sound.
Euripilus to Phœbus straight for counsell all amaasd
We sent, and he retourning home this heauie answere blaasd.
With blod (O Greekes) ye wan the winds and with a virgin slaine,
Whan first the seas to Troy ye toke, and now through blod againe
Seeke to retourne, a Greekish soule for wind you must bestow.
That word whan to the commons eares was sone abroad yblow,
All men agast, and trembling feare on euery person falles
To thinke who now this death should die, and whom Apollo calles.
Vlisses here his time espied, and Calchas forth he drew
The prophet great, and him before the states of Greekes anew

He tooke vpon him to bee kinsman to Palamedes a Grecian that always did fauour the Troians,

Agamemnon slew his doughter to haue good winde.

Bad

Bad vtter plaine what man it was Apollo ſo deſierd.
And here and there men murmurd mée: for priuily enſpierd,
Den ſmeld the compaſſe of this wretch, and ſome me warning ſent.
Ten daies in ſilence Calcas was and ſéemed not content,
That by his tale ſhould any man to cruell death be drest:
Till at the laſt Vliſſes cries him forſt withouten reſt
As couenant was, with open voice, and me to death they name,
All men agréed, for of him ſelfe eche one did feare the ſame,
And to be ſure with glad aſſent they all cried out on mée.
And now the day was néere at hand whan offred I ſhould bée.
The garlands on my head were ſet, and frutes (as vſage is.)
From death my ſelf I drew, and brake my bondes I knowledge this,
And in a ſlimy lake of mud all night lay hid in woſe,
Till they were paſt and vnder ſaile, I durſt me not diſcloſe.
And now my native countrey deare for euer haue I loſt,
Nor ſée my children ſwéet I ſhall, nor father loued moſt,
Whom they perhaps for mine eſcape all giltles put to paine,
And with the death of them poore ſoules this fault redéeme againe.
That I thee, by the mighty gods, and heauen that truth doth beare,
By (if there doth among mankind remaine yet any where)
Unfained faith: (O king I pray) haue mercy on mine eſtate,
Relieue my woe whom cares oppreſſe that all men kindly hate.
Than pardon we for pitie gaue, this wailing ſmartes vs ſo,
King Priam firſt his men commaunds to vnbind him frée to go.
What euer thou art forget the Greekes, from hence ỹ néede not care,
Thou ſhalt be ours, and now the truth of my requeſt declare.
What meane they by this monſter big, this horſe who did inuent?
Wherefore? religion ſake? or for the warres ſome engin bent?
Thus ſaid: and he with Greekiſh wiles and treaſons fals yfreight,
His loſed hands to heauen aboue with great cry held on height.
O euerlaſting fiers of god, whoſe wrath no wight can beare,
You altars, and you ſwords alſo (whoſe force I fled) I ſweare,
And you to witnes now I call, and by the garlandes gay
That like a beaſt to ſlaughter brought (quoth he) I bare that day:
Not by my will, I am compeld great ſecretes here to ſpreade,
Not by my will my countrey I hate, but ſince their cruell déede
Hath forſt me thus, it lawfull is, all gods me pardon ſhall,
Though miſtries hie whome they conceale, I blaze and vtter all.

Thou

Thou Troy therefore (which I preserue) with like faith saue thou me,
Performe thy word, if treasures great, great fortune bring I thée.
The hope of Greekes and comfort all since first the war began,
In Pallas ayde was euer set, and not in vaine, till whan
Tydides, and of mischief all the father Vlisses, had
By treason Pallas temple take, by night like people mad.
They slew the watch, and in they brake, and all with blood embrued.
Away they brought with sinfull hands her signe with bliss endued.
From that day forth good fortune flew, nothing to minde enlaces,
No hope ne force they finde, the goddesse quite doth them refuse.
Nor by no doubtfull signes of wrath them Pallas did affright,
For skant her ymage to the campe was brought, and there ypight:
A fliyng flame from out her eies vpstart, and ouer all
Her body ran with swet, and from the ground (we wandred all)
Thrée times alone she leapt, & thrise her shield and speare she shooke.
Anon to flight, and to the seas bids Calcas men to looke.
This hope is lost (quoth he) by Greekes shall Troy not now be teard,
But least this goddesse from our campe they fetche, is to be feard.
And now that to their countrey land the long seas they haue past:
Tis but a wile, for their a new their gods to win they cast,
And with a fresh force gods and men, whan winde may serue to driue,
All vnawarre anew they come, thus Calcas can contriue.
And for amends to Pallas wrath so vext with sore offence:
By visions warnd this ymage here they set ere they went hence,
But yet so huge in timber worke, so nere the skie to list,
For feare of you did Calcas make, for this was Calcas drift:
That to your town, ne through your gates ye might it not receaue,
Nor yet the people worship should, but Pallas honors leaue.
For if by chaunce ye should attempt this gift of hers defile:
Destruction great and long (the god on his head whelme therwhile)
Withouten doubt on Priams blood, and all his empier falles.
But if by your deuotion great it had stand on your walles:
All Greekes shuld for your fortune quake, and conquests far and wide
Ye should obtaine, and we and ours those destinies must abide.
By this deceit, and through the craft of Sinon false perie wrd,
This to beléeue vs falshood taught, and we with teares allewrd,
Whome neither all Tydides force, nor fearce Achilles fame,
Not ten yeres war, nor yet of Greekes a thousand ships could tame.

Some time they caried their ydols to the warres.

Pitie destroied them.

An

An other monster worse than this, and worse to dread, our eies
Amazed made, and quite from doubt confounds our harts so wise.
For as by chaunce that time a priest to Neptune chosen new,
Laocoon a mightie bull on the offring alter slew:
Behold from Tenedos alwse in calme seas through the dæpe
(I quake to tell) two serpents great with foldings great do swæpe.
And side by side in dragons wise, to shore their way they make.
Their heads aboue ỳ stream they hold, their fiered manes they shake,
The salt sea waues before them fast they shouen, and after trailes
Their vgly backes, and long in linkes behind they drag their tailes.
With rushing noise the fome vpspringes, and now to land they past
With blod red lookes, & glistring fiers their sparkling eies out cast,
Where hissing out with spirting tõgs their mouths they lickt for yre.
We dead almost for feare do flée, they straight with one desier
On Lacon set, and first in sight his tender children twaine
Ech one they toke, and winding wraps their tender lims to strain,
And gnawing them with grædy mouths (powre wretches) fed they fast.
Than he himselfe to their defence with drawn sword making hast,
In hold they caught, and wrething gripte his body about at twise,
And twise his throte with rolles they girt thẽselues in compas wise,
And than their heads and scalebright neckes him ouer aloft they lift.
Whã frõ their knots himself to untwine, with hãds he sought to shift,
Their poisons rancke al ouer him runnes, and lothsom filth out flies.
Therwith a grisly noise he castes, that mounts vp to the skies.
Like wise as from the mortall stroke some wounded bull at stake,
The slaughtring axe hath fled by chance, and roaring loud doth make,
But they anone the dragons twaine all gliding swift they leapt,
And to the goddesse sacred seat in Pallas temple crept,
There vnderneath her shæld and fæte they touching close thẽ kept.

Laocon that smote the Horse was killed with his children by serpents.

Than trẽbling feare through al our harts was spred, & wonder new
We thinke how Lacoon for sinne was paid with vengeance dew,
For hurting of that holy gift, whom he with cursed speare
Assailed had, and worthy was (men said) that plage to geare.
Bring in the holy horse they crie, this goddesse wrath to appeas,
And her of mercy great beseke.

They open their walles to bring in the horse.

Than wide abroad we breake the wals, away through thẽ we make.
With courage all men fall to worke, some sort doth undertake,
His fæte on sliding whéles to slip, some thwart his necke begin

The

The cables binde, and on the walles now climes the fatall ginne
With armour fraight, about him runnes of boyes and girles the skul
With songs and himpnes, and glad goth he that hand may put to pull.
It enters, and a front the towne it slides with thretning sight.
O countrey soyle: O house of gods: thou Ilion, O the might
Of doughtie Troian walles in war, for there foure times a ground
It swaied, & four times through ỹ wombe was harneis hard to sound.
Yet we went on, and blind with rage our worke we would not let,
But in this cursed monster brought, by Pallas tower to set.
Than prophecies aloud to preach Cassandra nothing spares
As god enspired, but neuer of vs beléued who nothing cares.
And wretches wée that neuer day beside that day should bide,
The temples strowd, & through the towne great feasting made ỹ tide.
This while the firmament doth turne, and darke night vp doth rise,
And ouerhides with shadow great both londs, and seas, and skies,
And saished of the Greekes withall: and now along the walles
The wery Troyans laid at rest the deade sléepe on them falles.
Whan with their fléete in goodly aray the Greekish armies sone
From Tenedos were come (for than full friendly shone the Moone)
In silence great their wonted shore they toke, and than a flame
Their Amral ship for warning shewed, whan kept all gods to shame
Sir Simon out by stelth him stirs, and wide he sets abroade
His horses paunch, and he disclosed straight laith out his lode,
Thersander, Stelenus, and false Vlisses, captaines all,
And Athamas, and Thoas eke, by long ropes down they fall.
Neptolemus Achilles brode, Machaon chiefe of pride,
And Menelae with numbers moe full gladly forth they slide.
And hée himselfe Epeus there this mischiefe first that found,
The towne inuade they do forthwith, in sléepes and drinking dround.
They slew the watch, and than the gates broad vp they break, & stands
Their fellowes ready to receiue, and thicke they ioyne their bands.
That time it was, whan slumber first and dead sléepe déepe oppresst
On wery mortall men doth créepe, through gods gift swéete at rest.
Vnto my sight (as dreame I did) all said with dolefull chére
Did Hector stand, and large him weepe with sobs I might wel here,
With horses haled, as bloody drawn somtime he was in dust,
And al to swolne his worthy fete where through ỹ thongs wer thrust.
Alas to thinke how sore beraied, how from that Hector sore

Cassandra a prophetesse, doughter to king Priam.

The inuenter of the horse was in it himselfe.

Midnight.

Yee

Be chaunged was, that in Achilles spoyles came home before,
Or when among the ships of Greece the fiers so fierce he flong.
But now in dust his beard bedaubd, his haire with blod is clong.
With naked wounds, that in defence of Troian walls sustainde
Be often had: and me to weepe for pitie woe constrainde,
With heauie voice me thought I spake, and thus to him I plaind.

Aeneas to Hector in vision.

O light of Troy, O Troian hope at neede that neuer failde,
What countrey thee so long hath kept? what cause hath so preuailde?
That after slaughters great of men, thy towne, thy people tierd,
With sundry paines and daungers past, thee long (so sore desierd)
At last we see? what chaunce vnkind thy face before so bright
Hath made so foule alas? and why of wounds I see this sight?
Be nothing hereto spake, nor me with vaine talke long delaid,
But heauie from his brest he fet his deepe sigh, than he said.
Flee, flee, thou goddesse sonne, alas, thy selfe saue from these flames,
The wals are won (quod he) the Greeks of Troy pul down ỹ frames.
For Priam and our country deere our dutie is done, if hand
Or mans reliefe might Troy haue kept, by this hand had it stand.
And now religions all to thee with Gods doth Troy betake,
New fortune thou and they must seeke: thou vnto them shalt make
More mighty wals, whē through ỹ seas long iournies hast ỹ take.
So said, and with his hands me thought he from their altars drew
The mightie gods, and all their fiers aye lasting out he threw.
By this time diuers noyse abroad through all the towne is steerd,
And wailings loude, and more and more on euery side appeerd.
And though my father Anchises house with trees encompast round
Stood far within, yet him we heare the noyse, and armours sound.
Therewith I woke, and vp the towre I climbe by staires on hie.
And laied mine eare, and still I stood about me round to spie.
And euen as fier in boystrous winde some countrey ripe of corne
Doth burne, or as a mountain flod with great force down hath borne
The grain, ỹ grasse, the toyl of men ỹ plowes & beasts haue wrought,
And trees it headlong drawes withall, for stones it forceth nought,
The plowman wayling from the rock beholds and heares the sound:
Right so this wofull sight I saw, and Greekish treasons found.
And now the great house downe was falne by fier that wild doth flie
Of Deiphobus first, and next, his neighbour burnes on hie
Vcalegon, and shores and strondes with blazings shines about.

And

And shryking shoutes of people rise, and Trompets blowen are out.
Amazed I mine armour toke, nor what to do I wust,
But hedlong ran, and through the thrõgs to fight I thought to thrust,
And to the castle ward I hied more aide to call me nie.
With anger wood, and faire me thought in armes it was to die.
Behold where scaping from the Greekes, through their weapõs past
Doth Panthus runne, that of the towre was Phœbus prœst, and fast
His relikes with his conquerd gods he bare, and him beside,
His Neuew smal he haling drew, and swift to shoreward hied.
Panthus? where goth ý worst? what shift? what towre is best we take?
Skant had I said, whan he all straught in cries this voice out brake.
Our vtter houre is comen alas, fell destnies death hath brought.
We haue ben Troyes whan Ilion was, our glories great to nought
The spiteful gods haue ouerturnd our pomp, our town our toures,
The city burnes, and who but Greekes are lords of vs and oures.
The hougy horse abroad his men in harnes poureth out,
And Sinon ouer all triumphes, and fiers he throweth about
With conquest wide, and euery gate is fild with peoples armde,
With thousands such as out of Greece so thick they neuer swarmde:
The straits in euery street they kẽpe, the waies with weapõs pight,
And stout in rankes they stond with stæle fast bent to death in fight:
Skant doth the watch that kẽps the towres, resist with feeble might.
This whan I heard, no lenger hold my selfe I could, but right
Into the flames and weapons flew, where most resembling hell
Den roaring made, where with cries to heauen the people yell.
Than Ripheus himselfe adioind, and mightie most with launce
Came Iphitus vnto my side, by monelight met by chaunce.
And Hipanis and Dimas eke, and about me flocke they more,
With yong Choroeb duke Migdons son, that few daies than before
To Troy was come, Cassandras loue with wode desire to win,
And socour than for Priam brought to assist her Troian kin.
Vnhappie man, that what his spouse him rauing told in traunce,
Would not regard.
Whom as I saw to battell bent, thus bold me cluster about
I thus began. O lusty youth of valiant hartes and stout,
In vaine, if into dangers most attempting after mee
You minde to run, the state of things and fortune here ye see:
The temples left and seates alone, and altars quite forsake,

Aeneas to his company about him.

The

The Gods whereby this empire ſtood are gone, you vndertake
A citie burnt to ſéeke to ſaue, what ſhall we do? but die
Like men, and in the mids of armes and weapons let vs flie.
One chiefe reliefe to conquerd men is deſperately to trie.

Whan this the yong mẽ heard me ſpeak, of wild they wared wood,
And than like wolues whom hunger driues to rauine for their food,
In cloudie miſts abroad to raunge, their whelps with hungry iawes
Them bides at home, and they for rage do run to fẽde their mawes.
Euen ſo through thick & thin we flang, through foes & wepons pight
To doubtles death, right through ẏ ſtréets encompaſt all with night.
Who can the ſlaughters of that night with tong declare? or who
With worthie teares can tell the toyle that death men draue vnto?
The citie falth, that auncient long and many a yeare the crowne
Hath borne, and euery ſtréet is ſtrowed with bodies beaten downe,
And heapes in euery houſe there lieth, and temples all are filde
With bodies dead, and not alone the Troians powre are kilde.
Somtime when tried bin their harts their manfull ſtomacks ſtéeres,
And downe their conquerors they quell, on euery ſide appéeres
The fearefull dréed, and wailing wide, and face of death at hand.

There firſt againſt vs of the Greekes with men a mightie band
Androgeos vs met, and thought his countreymen we were,
All vnaware, and like a friend hs cald vs boyd of feare.
Set forwards ſirs: what trifling thus ſo long you linger makes?
When other men the burning towne doth ſacke, our fellowes takes
The ſpoyls of Troy while you for ſloth ſcant from your ſhips can pas.
He ſaid, and ſtraight (for anſwer none that liked him giuẽ ther was)
All ſodeinly amids his foes himſelfe betrapt he knew,
He ſhranke therwith, and ſtopt his tale, and ſote he backward drew,
As one that vnbethought hath hapt ſome ſnake among the briers
To tread, and quickly ſtarting backe with trembling feare retiers,
When ſwolne with angry téene he ſeeth his blew neck bent vpright.
So quaking when Androgeos vs ſpied, he toke his flight.
But we purſued, and thicke with armes them all encompaſt round
On euery ſide, and them affraied (and nothing knew the ground)
With ouerthrew, and fortunes lucke our firſt aſſay ſucceeds.
For ioy whereof, triumphing fierce Chorœbus nothing dréeds,
Now mates (quoth he) wher fortune firſt hath ſhewed relief, & where
Our valiant hands our aide hath well begun, proceed we there.

Androgeos a Greecke.

Yoong men proude of the firſte good lucke.

And

And Let vs change our shields with Greekes, & armd in Greekes aray
Let vs set on, what skilles it force or falshood enmies slay?
Our enemies lo their weapons yeldes against them selues to fight,
So said, and on his head he puts Androgeos helmet bright,
And with his gorgeous shield him selfe he clad full gay to beare,
And on his side the Greekish sword hee comely girte did weare. Policy in aparaunce
So Ripheus, so Dymas doth him selfe, and therwithal
The youth of Troy with Greekish spoils thē decks both great & smal.
Than mirt among the Greekes we gon, our selues vs doth not gide, God led them.
And many a skirmish sore that night we blindly fought and tride.
And many a Greeks to Hell we sent, some other way for feare
To shipboard ran, and some to shores with coursing here and there.
Some foule afraide their hougy horse agayn do clime, and take
Their wōted seates, & in his paunch their harbrow old they make.
Alas, what may mankinde preuaile whan gods him doth forsake?

Behold, where halde by haire and head from Pallas temple sure,
King Priams daughter drawen we see Cassandra virgin pure.
And vp to heauen in vaine for helpe her glistering eyes she cast,
Her eyes: for than her tender hands with boltes were fettred fast.
That sight Chorœbus raging wood could not him hold to see,
But euen among the mids he lept, with will to die, and wee
Him after sued, and thicke in throngs of armes our selues we thrust. Passion of loue and wrath.
There from the temples top aloft, with Troians weapons first
Our own men vs did whelm, where doth most pitious slaughter rise,
Our armours fals mistake, and Greekish shelds deceiue their eyes. Craft hath ill ende.
Than all the Greekes whan from them take the virgin was, for yre
By flockes on euery side with cries inuade as wilde as fier.
Atridas twaine, and Aiax chief, and eger in armies stout,
And after them their battailes all, and youth of *Dolop* rout.
None otherwise than whan sometime the whirlewinds out are brast,
And sondry stormes from sondry coasts are met, and strugling fast,
Conflicts, both east, & west, and south, ỹ woods with cracking quakes,
And Neptunes forke the fomy seas from bottoms wild vp rakes.
And they also whom through the darke, that night we chased had,
And ouercame by chaunce before: they first with courage glad
Appeard in sight, and first our shields and armours fals eskried.
They knew, and marking by our soundes our seuerall tongs espied,
There downe by heaps the number vs threw, Chorœbus first of all

At mightie Pallas seat of Peneleus hand doth fall.
And fall doth Ripheus to ground, the iustest man that was
Of Troian kind, and one that most of right and law did pas.
But God of them did otherwise than dispose: and them beside,
Both Hipanis, and Dimas eke were lost and slaine that tide.
Their own men through thē wepons threw, nor thée Panthus pure
Thy vertues great, nor Phœbus crown, from death could thee assure.
Yet by the flames extreme I sweare that all Troy brought to dust,
At your decaies I witnesse take (if truth protest I must)
I neuer man ne weapon shund of Greekes, ne from you swarued,
If Gods will were, my death I sought, and sure my hand deserued.
Than out we brake, both Iphitus and I, and Pelias kinde,
The one for age, the other Vlisses wound made come behinde.
And by the cries to Priams court our king forthwith enclinde.
There now the battaile great was vp, as if no place elsewhere
Had felt of war, as die did none through all the towne but there.
So raging Mars and Greekes vp run to houses tops we see,
And postes puld downe and gates vp broke beset, that none shuld flée.
The walles with scaling ladders laide, and sculps of scaffolds hie,
And vp by staires they clime, and backe they driue the darts that flie
With shields: and battilments aboue in hands they catch and hold.
Against them Troians downe the towres and tops of houses rold,
And rafters vp they reaue, and after all attempts at last
Those toles for shift at death extreame, to fend themselues they cast.
The golden beames, their auncient father frames of comely sight
They tombled downe, some other alow with wepons pointed bright
At gates and euery dore doth ward, and thick in rancks they stand.
Anon the pallace of our king to helpe we take in hand,
Our aide to put, and adde relefe to men with labours spent.
A wall there was, and through the same by postern gate there went
An entry blinde, that secret serued Priams lodgings wide.
Wherthrough somtime whan yet in state their kingdoms did abide,
Full oft Andromache was wont her selfe alone to passe
Into the King and Quéen her father and mother in law that was,
And yong Astianax her childe his grandsier to she brought.
Therthrough I scope, and vp the tops of houses hie I past,
Where downe the silly Troians darts in vaine for fainting cast.
A towre that steepe vpright did stand and hie to skies vpreard

Gods will must bee done.

The great assault at the kings pallace.

Andromache was Hectors wife.

Aboue the roofes from whence all Troy full broad in sight appeard,
And whence the ships and camps of Greekes & tents in times of wars
Men wonted were to vew, that towre with ginnes and mighty bars
We vnderheaued, and where the ioynts and timber beams it bound,
Beneath togither at once we lift, at last it lose from ground
We shogd, and with the shog for heft, with ratling noyse and fall
Downe ouer along the Greeks it light, and far and wide withall
Great slaughter makes, but other vpsteps for them, nor stones this
Nor kindes of weapons cease thereon. (while,

Before the porch all ramping first at thentry dore doth stand
Duke Pyrrhus in his brazen harneis bright with burnisht brand.
And glistring like a serpent shines whom poisoned wæds hath fild,
That lurking long hath vnder ground in winter cold bene held.
And now his coat off cast all fresh with youth renewd and pride
Vpright his hed doth hold, and swift with wallowing back doth glide
Brest high against the sunne, and spits with tongs threforked fier.
And hugie Periphas with him, with him Achilles squier
Antomedon, his maisters stæds that wonted was to chace.
Than all the youth of Scyrie land ensues, and to the place
They enter thicke, and fiers about on houses hie they fling.
Himselfe in hand among the chiefe a twyble great doth bring,
And therwithall he through the gates & dores with dints doth driue,
And downe the brazen postes doth pull and timber planks doth cliue.
And now the bars asunder brast, and ioysts vp hewed doth fall,
An entry broad, and windowe wide is made now through the wall.
There houses far within appeares and hals are laid in light,
Aperes king Priams parlors great that auncient kings had dight.
And harneist men they see to stand at thentry dores to fight.

But the inner lodgings all with noise and woful wailing soundes,
With bounsing thick and larums lowd the buildings all rebounds.
And howling women shoutes, and cries the golden stars do smite.
Thã wãdring here & ther with dred through chãbers wide affright
The mothers clip their cõtrey postes, and kissing hold with might.
But Pirrhus with his fathers force on preaseth, neither walles
Nor kæpers him therout can hold, with rammes an engins falles
The portal postes and threfholds vp are thrown & dores of halles.

Than forcing forth they shoue, & through they push, & down they hal
Them first that næres, and euery flore with souldiours fast they fil,

Pirrhus the sonne of Achilles.

A wonderful brief discription of a city inuaded.

Not halfe ſo fierce the fomie flod whoſe rampier bankes are torne
With rage outrunnes, when diches thwart and piers are ouerborne
With waues, and forth on fields it falls, and waltring down ỳ vales,
And houſes downe it beares withall, and heards of beaſts it hales.
Neptolemus my ſelfe I ſaw, with ſlaughters wood to rage,
And brethren twaine Atridas fierce, their furies none could aſſwage.
Quéene Hecuba and her hundred daughter lawes, and Priam there
With blod I ſaw defile the fiers, himſelfe to God did rere.
And fiftie paramours he had, and childrens iſſue, told
No number leſſe: the ſtately ſpoiles and poſtes full proud of gold
Abroad are thrown, and what ỳ fier doth leaue ỳ Greeks doth hold.

The fatall end of Priam now perhaps you will requier.
Whan he the citie taken ſaw and houſes tops on fier,
And buildings broke, and round about ſo thick his foes to rage,
His harneis on his ſhoulders (long vnworne till than) for age
All quaking, on (good man) he puts, to purpoſe ſmall, and than
His ſword him girt, and into death and enmies thicke he ran.
Amids the court right vnderneath the naked ſkies in ſight,
An altar huge of ſtie there ſtod, and by the ſame vpright
An auncient Laurell træ did grow, that wide abroad was ſhed,
And it, and all the carued gods with broad ſhade ouerſpred.
There Hecuba and her daughters all (poore ſoules) at the altars ſide
In heapes togither affraid them drew, like doues whan doth betide
Some ſtorme them hedlong driue, & clipping faſt their gods did hold.
But whan ſhe Priam thus beclad in armes of youth ſo bold
Eſpied: what minde alas (quoth ſhe) O wofull huſband you
In harneis dight: and whither away with weapons run ye now?
Not men nor weapons vs can saue: this time doth aſke to beare
No ſuch defence, no not if Hector mine now preſent were.
Stand here by me, this altar vs from ſlaughters all ſhall ſhelde,
Or die togither at once we ſhall. So ſaid ſhe, and gan to welde
Him aged man, and in the ſacred ſeat him ſet, and helde.

Behold were ſcaping from the ſtroke of Pirrhus fierce in fight
Polites, one of Priams ſonnes, through foes and weapons pight,
Through galeries along doth run, and wide about him ſpies
Sore wounded than, but Pirrhus after him ſues with burning eyes
In chaſe, and now welneare in hand him caught and held with ſpere,
Till right before his parents ſight he came, than feld him there

To death, and with his gushing blod his life ouright he shead.
There Priamus, though now for wo that time he halfe was dead,
Himselfe could not refraine, nor yet his voice nor anger holde.
But, vnto thée (O wretch) he cried, for this despite so bolde,
The gods (if any iustice dwels in heauen or right regard)
Do yéeld thée worthy thankes, and thée do pay thy due reward,
That here within my sight my son hast slaine with slaughter vile,
And not ashamd with lothsome death his fathers face to file.
Not so did hée (whom falsly thou beliest to be thy sier)
Achilles with his enmie Priam deale, but my desier
Whan Hectors corpes to tombe he gaue for golde, did entertaine
With truth and right, and to my realme restorde me safe againe.
So spake, and therwithall his dart with fæble force he threw,
Which sounding on his brasen harneis hoarce, it backward flew,
And on his target side it hit, where vntlesse downe it hing.
Than Pirrhus said, thou shalt go now therefore and tidinges bring
Vnto my father Achilles soule, my dolefull dædes to tell.
Neptolemus his basterd is, not I, say this in hell.
Now die, and (as he spake that word) from the altar selfe he drew
Him trembling there, & dæpe him through his sons blod did embrue.
And with his left hãd wrapt his locks, with right hãd through his side
His glistring sworde outdrawen, he did hard to the hiltes to glide.
This end had Priams destnies all, this chaunce him fortune sent,
Whan he the fier in Troy had sæne, his walles and castles rent,
That somtime ouer peples proud, and lands had reignd with fame
Of Asia empzour great, now short on shore he lieth with shame,
His head besides his shoulders laid, his corps no more of name.
Than first the cruell feare me caught, and sore my spirites appalde,
And on my father deere I thought, his face to minde I calde:
Whan slaine with grisly wound our king, him like of age in sight
Lay gasping dead, and of my wife Creusa bethenght the plight
Alone, forsake, my house dispoild, my child what chaunce had take
I loked, and about me vewd what strength I might me make.
All men had me forsake for paines, and downe their bodies drew
To ground they leapt, and some for wo them selfs in fiers they threw
And now alone was left but I, whan Vestas temple straier
To kæpe, and secretly to lurke all couching close in chaier
Dame* Helen I might sée to sit, bright burnings gaue mæ light

Neptolemus and Purthus were brethren.

* Helen ỹ was cause of all this war and slaughter.

Where euer I went, the waies I paſt, all thing was ſet in ſight.
She fearing her the Troians wrath, for Troy deſtroid to wreake,
Greeks torments, & her husbands force whose wedlock she did breake,
The plauge of Troy, and of her country monster most vntame:
There sat she with her hated head, by the altars hid for shame.
Straight in my brest I felt a fier, deepe wrath my hart did straine
My countries fall to wreake, and bring that curſed wretch to paine.
What shall she? into her country ſoile of Sparta, and hie Micene?
And safe shall she returne? and there on Troy triumphas Quéene?
Her husband, children, country, kin, her house, her parents old
With Troian wiues and Troian Lords, her slaues shall she behold?
Was Priam slaine with ſword for this? Troy burnt with fier so wood,
Is it herefore that Dardon strondes so oft haue swet with blood?
Not so: for though it be no priaſe on woman kinde to wreake,
And honour none there lieth in this, nor name for men to speake,
Yet quench I shall this poiſon here, and due deſerts to dight.
Men shall commend my zeale, and ease my mind I shall outright.
Thus much for all my peoples bones, and country flames to quite.

Venus letted him to kil Helene.

These things within my selfe I toſt, and fierce with fore I ran.
When to my face my mother great, so brim no time till than
Appearing shewed her selfe in sight, all shining pure by night,
Right goddeſſe like, with glorie such as heauens beholds her bright.
So great with maieſtie she ſtood, and me (by right hand take)
She staied, and red as rose with mouth these words to me she spake.
My sonne, what fore outrage so wilde thy wrathful mind vp ſtéres?
Why fretſt thou? or where away thy care frō vs withdrawn appéers?
Not first vnto thy father seeſt? whom feéble in all this wo
Thou hast forsake? nor if thy wife doth liue thou knoweſt, or no,
Nor yong Aſcanius thy childe? whom throngs of Greekes about
Doth swarming run, and were not my reliefe, withouten doubt
By this times flames had vp deuourd, or ſwordes of enmies kilde.
It is not Helens face of Greece this towne (my sonne) hath spilde,
Nor Paris is to blame for this: but gods with grace vnkinde,
This welth hath ouerthrowne, & Troy from top to ground ontwinde.
Behold, (for now away the cloud and dim fog will I take
That ouer mortall eies doth hang, and blind thy ſight doth make)
Thou to thy parents heſt take heede (dread not) my minde obey.
In yonder place where ſtones from ſtones, and bildings huge to ſwey

Thou

Thou seest, & mixt with dust and smoke thick stremes of reckings rise:
Himselfe the God Neptune that syde doth turne in wonders wise
With forke thrætinde the walls vprootes, foundations all to shakes,
And quite from vnder soil the town with groundworks all vp rakes.
On yonder syde with furies most dame Iuno fiercely stands,
The gates she kæpes, & from their ships ỳ Greekes her frendly bands
In armour girt she calles.
Lo there againe where Pallas sits on foytes and castle towres,
With Gorgons eies in lightning cloudes inclosed grim she loures.
The father god himselfe to Greekes their mightes and courage steres
Himselfe against the Troian blood, both gods and armour reres.
Betake thée to thy flight (my son) thy labours end procure,
I will thée neuer faile, but thée to resisting place allure.
Thus said she, & through ỳ darke night shade her selfe she drew from
Appeares the grisly faces than, Troyes enmies vgly dight (sight.
The mighty powres of Gods.
Than verily right abroad I saw whole Ilion castles sinke
In fiers, and vpsodown all Troy from bottom turne to brinke.
And like as on the mountaine top, some auncient oke to fall
The plowmen with their axes strong do striue, and twibles tall
To grub, and round about hath hewd: it thretning from aboue
Doth nod, and with the branches wide al trembling bends to moue,
Till ouercome with strokes at last, all cracking down to fall,
One wound it ouerthrowes, and ground it drawes and rocks with al.
Than down I went as god me led through flames and foes to trie.
All weapons as I passe, giue place, and flames away do flie.
But whan into my fathers mansion house I came, and there
Him first I thought to shift, and vp the mountaines next to bere:
My father after Troy destroyed no longer life deffers,
Nor outlaw would he none become. O you whose youth requiers
To liue, and blood in lust vpholds (quoth he) your limmes to wælde
Take you your flight.
For as for me, if Gods aboue would life haue had me led,
This place they would haue kept mé: ynough to much, and ouerhed
Of slaughters haue we séene, our citie brent, we do suruiue.
Go forth, let me remaine (I pray) for mé do you not striue.
Mine owne hand shal my death obtein, my foe will rue my plight,
My corps he can but spoyle, for of a graue the losse is light.

Gorgon was a monster, that kild men with looking only.

His father would not flee.

This many a yere to Gods abhord vnwieldy life I finde,
Since time whan mée the father of Gods and king of all mankinde
Beblasted with his lightning winde, and fiers on me did cast.
Anchises was stricken with lightning in his youth. Thus spake hée, and in his purpose still he first remained fast.
We theragainst with streaming teares, my wife also shée stood,
Ascanius, and our household all, we praied that in that mood
Al things with him good father turnd he hold, nor slaughter make
Outright of all, nor vs to death and destnies fell betake.
Ye still denied, and stif his minde nor purpose would forsake.
Againe to weapons forth I flew, and death most miser call,
For counsell what? or what relefe, or fortune now can fall?
Thinke you that I one foote from hence, you father left behinde
Cau pas? or may there such a sin escape your mouth vnkinde?
If nothing of so great a towne to leaue the Gods be bent,
And first in minde you haue decréd Troyes ruines to augment
With losse of you and yours, agréd, at this dore death doth stand,
And here anon from Priams blood comth Pyrrhus hote at hand,
That children in their fathers sight, and father on their altar killes.
For this O mightie mother mine, through fiers and focs and billes
Haue you mée kept till now for this? that in my parlour flores
Mine enmies I must see to kill my folkes within my dores?
Ascanius my childe? my wife Creusa? my father olde?
All sprauling slaine with blood in blood imbrued shall I beholde?
Weapons seruants, bring me wepõs, our last houre doth vs call,
And yeld mée among the Greekes to fight, let me to battaile fall
Afresh, for never shall wée die this day vnuenged all.
Than me with sword againe I girt, my left arme vnder shéld
I put, out at dores I ran with rage to fight in fielde.
Behold at the entry gate my wife, embracing both my féte,
A pitifull meeting. Doth kneele, and vp to mée she holdes my child Ascanius swéte.
If toward death thou goest, take vs with thee to chaunces all,
If socour ought or hope thou findst in armes, than first of all
Defend this house, to whom forsakst thy childe Iule alas?
To whom thy father leauest, and mée sometime thy wife that was?
Thus wailing al our house she fild, thus cried she through the halles.
Whan sodeinly (right wonder great to tell) a monster falles.
For euen betweene our hands and right before our face in sight,
Behold, from out Ascanius top a flame ariseth bright,

And

And harmeles lickes his lockes, and soft about his temples fæde,
We straight his burning hair gan shake, al trębling dead for dred,
And waters on the sacred fiers to quenche anon we shæde.
A vision of fier came out of his sons head.

But than my father Anchises glad, to heauen doth lift his eies
With hands vpthrowne against the stars, and voice exalted cries.
Almighty Ioue (if mans respect or praiers dost regard)
Behold vs now this ones, and (if our dædes deserue reward)
From henceforth father helpe vs send, & blesse this grace with more.
Skant from his mouth the word was past, whan skies aloft to rore
Begin, and thunder light was thrown, & down from heauen by shade
A streaming star descends, and long with great light makes a glade.
We loking, brim behold it might, and ouer our house it slips,
And forth to Ida woods it went, there downe it selfe it dips,
As pointing out the way to flée, than straking light along
Doth shine, and broad about it smokes with sent of sulphur strong.
A token frō heauen to bid him flee.
Than straight my father ouercome, him selfe aduaunceing welds.
And prayeth his gods, and worship to that blessed star he yélds.
Now now no more I let, leade where ye list, I will not swarue.
O countrey gods our house behold, my neuew sake preserue.
This token yet is yours: yet Troy in your regard remaines.
I yeld me son, nor further stay with thee to take all paines.
So spake he, and now about our walles the fiers approching sounds
At hand and nere and nere the flames with feruent rage redounds.
Deare father now therefore your selfe set on my necke to beare,
My shoulders shall you lift, this labour me shall nothing deare,
What euer chaunce betides, one daunger both we must abide,
In safety both a like we shalbe sure, and by my side
My childe Iule shall go, my wife shall trace alofe behinde.
Your seruauntes what I say take hæde, imprint it well in minde.
He appointed where they shall meete.
There is a hill whan out the towne ye come, and temple old
Of Ceres long vnused, there beside ye shall behold
An auncient Cipers trée to grow, that for religions sake
Our fathers there did set, and there long time did honor make.
In that place out of diuers waies we all shall sérke to méete.
You father take your countrey gods in hand, our comfort swéete.
For mé, that from the battailes fresh am come and slaughters new,
I may not them for sin presume to touche, till waters drew
With flods hath washt mee pure.
Tooke his ymages with him.

Thus ſaid I, and on my ſhoulders broad and thwart my necke I keſt
A weede, and in a lions ſkin full read my ſelfe I dreſt.
And vnder burden faſt I fled, my childe my right hand kept
Iule, and after mee, with pace vnlike in length, he ſtept.
My wife enſued, through lanes & crookes and darknes moſt we paſt.
And mee, that late no ſhoutes, nor cries, nor noyſe, nor weapons caſt
Could fear, nor cluſters great of greeks in thrõgs againſt could make:
Now euery winde and puffe doth moue, at euery ſound I quake,
Not for my ſelfe, but for my mate, and for my burdens ſake.
And now againſt the gates I came, which out of daunger found,
I thought I well eſcaped had, whan ſodenly the ſound
Of feete we heare to tread, and men full thicke my father ſkand.
Flee flee my ſon (he cried) lo here they come, lo here at hand,
Their harneis bright apeares, and gliſtring ſhields I ſee to ſhine.
There what it was I not, ſome chaunce or God (no freend of mine)
Amazed than my wit, for while through thick and thin I paſt,
And from the accuſtomd waies I drawe to ſeeke to ſcape (alas)
My wife from me moſt wofull man Creuſa beloued beſt,
(Remaine ſhe did, or loſt her way, or ſat her downe to reſt,
Vnknowen it is) but after that in vaine her all we ſought,
Nor of her loſſe I knew, nor backe I loked or bethought:
Till vnto Ceres temple old and auncient ſeate, eche one
Was come, and there together met we all, but ſhee alone
Did lacke, and there her friends and childe and huſband did begile.
What man or god (for anger mad) did I not curſe that while?
Or what in all that towne vpturnd ſaw I ſo ſore befall?
My father and my childe Iule and Troian gods withall
Vnto my men I toke, and in a crooked vale them hidde,
Againe vnto the citie-gyrt in gliſtering armes I yede,
All chaunces there againe to trie my minde I fired faſt,
All Troy for her againe to ſeeke, my life to daungers caſt.
Firſt backe vnto the walles and gate I turne, and thentry blinde
Whereout I came I ſought, and ſteps of feete I marke behinde,
Where night to ſee, could ſerue, and fiers that gliſtring ſhines about.
Great feare on euery ſide I ſee the ſilence makes me doubt,
My houſe at home, if haply there, if haply there ſhe hilde,
I went to looke, the Greekes were in, and houſes all they filde.
Deuouring fier doth all conſume, from houſe to houſe it flies.

Anchiſes eſpied enemies comming after.

He loſt his wife.

The

The winde encreaseth flames, and vp the rage to heauen doth rise.
To Priams court I turne, and to the Castle view I cast.
The temples great were spoilde, and Iunos holy dores were brast.
Amids the flore the keepers stood, the chiefe of captaines stout,
Both Phenix and Vlisses false with them their traine about
The prate did keepe, and Greekes to them the Troian riches brought,
That from the fiers on euery side was raught: all temples sought
And tables from the gods were take, and basons great of gold,
And precious plate and robes of kingly state, and treasures old,
And captiue children stood, and trembling wiues in long aray
Were stowed about and wept.

I ventred eke my voyce to lift, and through the glimsing night
The waie with cries I filde, and Creusas name full loude I shright.
In vaine I cald and cald, and oft againe and yet I cried.
Thus seeking long with endelesse paine and rage, all places tried,
At last (with wofull lucke) her spite and Creusas ghost (alas) Her sowle appeared anto him.
Before mine eyes I saw to stand, more great than wonted was.
I stoined, and my haire vpstood, my mouth for feare was fast.
She spake also, and thus fro me my cares she gan to cast.
What meane you thus your raging mind with labours sore to moue
O husband sweete: these things without the powers of gods aboue
Hath not betide: me now from hence to leade, or by your side
You shall see neuer more, he doth resist that heauens doth gide.
Long pilgrimage you haue to passe, huge field of seas to care.
On to Hesperia land you shall arriue do you not feare,
Where Tyber flood through fertill soyle of men doth softly slide.
Their substance great, and kingdom strong, and Queen to wife beside She propheried to him of an other wife.
You shall enioy, for me thy Creusa deare do weepe no more.
To Mirmidons nor Dolop land shall I not now be bore,
Nor to the Ladies proud of Greece shall I be seruant seene,
Of Dardan and of goddesse Venus daughter law.
But me the mightie mother of gods wil not from hence to moue.
And now fare well, and of our childe, for both, keepe thou the loue.
Thus whã she said, I weeping there, & more things wold haue spoke,
She left me, and with ỹ winde she went as thin from sight as smoke,
Three times about her neck I sought mine armes to set, and thrise
In vaine her likenesse fast I held, for through my hands she flies
Like wauering wind, or like to dreames that men ful swift espies,

Than

Than to my company at last when night was gone I drew.
And there a multitude of men full huge and number new
I found, with maruell much, both men and women yong and old
A rable great exilde, and piteous commons to behold
From euery coast were come, and with their goods and hearts assent,
What lond or sea so euer I would them lead they were content.
And now from vp the mountaine tops the dawning star doth rise,
And brings againe the day, the Greekes (as best they could deuise)
The gates possest and held, all hope and helpe was gone: at last
I yelded, and my father toke, and vp the hill I past.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran
mense Iulij. Anno. 1555. Opus
viginti dierum.

THE

THE THIRDE

Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶When Troy was vtterly ſubuerted, Aeneas hauing gathered togither in flight his company, that remained after the great fire and ſlaughter, and hauing obtained of Atander a fleete of twentie ſaile: arriueth firſt in Thracia. Whereas, when he began to build a citie, being terrified through the prodigious tokens of Polydorus that was ſlaine by Polymneſtor: hee departeth to Delos, and there taking counſell of the Oracle of Apollo, and aduertiſed that hee muſt go to the lande from whence his auncеſtors firſt deſcended: through the falſe interpretation of Anchiſes his father, arriued in Creta, where he began alſo to laie the foundations of a citie. And being there afflicted with a great plague of peſtilence, was warned by his houſhold gods in his ſleepe, that he ſhould leaue Creta, and go to Italy. In which iourney, by a tempeſt he was driuen to the Ilands Strophades, and much troubled by the Harpyes, and ſhortly after arriuing at Actium, made plaies in the honor of Apollo. From thence he ſailed by Corcyra into Epyrus, whereas Helenus the ſon of Priamus raigned, that married Andromache after the death of Pyrrhus. By whom he was curteouſly entertained, and admoniſhed of the perils which he ſhould ſuſtaine both by ſea and land. From thence hee ſaileth to Terentum, and paſſing along by the firſt ſhore of Italy, arriueth on that ſide that lieth neare to the Mount Aetna, and there he receiueth Achæmenides who was left in the Cyclops den by Vliſſes: anon from thence he hoyſeth ſaile as Helenus commanded & paſſeth by Scylla & Carybdis. And coaſting along the ſhore of Sycily taketh land at Drepanus, where Anchiſes partly weakened by age, and partly by trauell ended his life. From thence ſailing towards Italy, he was driuen into Affrike by a tempeſtuous weather raiſed by Aeolus, as is expreſſed in the firſt booke.

WHē Aſia ſtate was ouerthrowne, and Priams kingdome ſtout (out,
All gitles by the power of gods aboue was rooted
And downe the fortreſſe proud was laine ỹ glorious Ilion hight,
And flat on ground all Neptunes *Troy* laie ſmoking broad in ſight.

To diuers londs and diuers coasts, like outlawd men, compeld
By tokens of the Gods we were, to seke from thence expeld,
And vnderneath Antander hill, and mounts of Ida name,
In Phrygi lond our nauie great we wrought and vp did frame,
Uncertain whereupon to stay, where destnies vs doth gide,
And power of men assembleth fast. Scant sommer first we spide:
Whan sailes vnto the windes to set my father Anchises cries.
Than parting from my country shores & hauens with weping eies,
The fields wher Troy did stād I leaue, forth outlaw fare I right,
My son, my mates & frends wō me, throgh deep seas took their slight
My saints my countrey Gods also that are full great of might.

Thracia. There lieth a land far lofe at seas, where Mars is lord, and wheare
The largie fields and fertil soyle me Thracia cald, doth eare.
Sometime Lycurgus fierce therein did raigne and empier hold.
An auncient stay to Troy, and like in faith and frienship old
While fortune was. To that I went, and on the crooked shore
Foundations first of walls I laid with destnies lucke full sore.
And of my name their name I shope, and Aeneads them call.
Unto the mother of Gods that time, and heauenly persons all
Great sacrifice I made, for lucke my workes to prosper new,
And to the king of heauen himselfe a bright bull downe I slew.

A tree called a Mirtill. A banke by chaunce by me there stood, where bright as horne of hew
With rods vpright and branches thick a Myrtill bush there grew.
I drew me neare, and from the ground the greene brush vp I pull,
Mine altars to adorne therwith with bowes and shadowes full.
A dreadfull sight and monster (marueil great to tell) I found.
For from the twig that first I brake and rotes I rent from ground,
The black blod out doth break, & downe with trickling drops it trils
Defiling foule the soyle, with that for feare my bodie chils.
My limmes do quake, my blod for dread doth shrink with frosty cold.
Another braunch againe to pluck with force I wared bold,
The cauſe therof to learne, and see what thing thereunder lay.
Fielde Nymphes otherwise called Faieries. What other braunch againe doth bleede, and blacke doth me beray.
Great things in mind I kest, and straight the field Nymphs I adore,
And Mars the father great that prince is of that land and shore,
God fortune me to send, and turne that sight to good they shuld.
But whan the third time twigs to take with greater might I puld,
And knees against the sand I set with force, what shall I do?

Speake

Speake out, or silence kéepe? a piteous wailing vs vnto
Was heard from out the hill, and voice thus groning spake me to.
Why dost thou thus Aeneas mée most wofull miser teare?
Abstaine thy graue to file, from sin thy gentle hands forbeare.
I am to thée no straunger borne, nor thus deserue to spéede,
This blod thou seest from out this stub ywis doth not procéede.
Flée, flée (alas) this cursed shore, flée from this grédy land,
For I am Polidore, in this place slayne I was with hand,
Whis bush of darts is grown, & sharp with pricks on me they stand.

A voice to Aeneas made by Polidorus his neuew there slaine.

Than more with doubt and dread oppresst my mind frō me was past.
I stoinid, and my hear vpstart, my mouth for feare was fast.
This Polidore sometime, with gold of weight full huge to tell,
His father Priam king (good man) by stelth had sent to dwell
Unto the king of Thrace, whan first to Troy he gan mistrust,
Whan he the citie sieged saw, that néedes defend he must.
But he whan Troys decay began and fortune forth was past,
The stronger part he toke, and (Agamemnon ayding fast)
All truth he brake, and Polidore of chops, and than the gold
By force into his hands he caught, and held. What can be told?
Or what is it that hunger swéete of gold doth not constraine
Men mortall to attempt? whan feare my bones forsoke againe
Unto the peoples lordes I went, and first vnto my sier,
The monsters of the Gods I shew, their counsels I requier.
All they with one assent do bid that cursed lond forsake.
To leaue that hostrie vile, and ships to windes at south betake.
Anon therfore to Polidore a herse we gan prepare,
And huge in heyght his tombe we reare, all altars hanged are
With wéedes of mourning hewes, and Cipres trées and blacke deuise,
And Troian wiues about with hear vnfold as is their gise.
Great fomy bolles of milke we threw luke warme on him to fall,
And holy blod in basons brought we powre, and last of all
We shright, and on his soule our last with great cries out we call.

They make Polidorus obyt.

Than whan the seas we sée to trust and winde with pipling swéete
Is out at south, and to the seas to saile doth call the fléete:
My mates their ships set forth, and shores with mē they mustred all,
To seas we flée, and as we flée, both townes and hilles do fall.
There is a lond in mid sea set whom Neptune déere doth loue,
And mother of the Mermaides eke, that lond sometime did houe

They went to the yle of Ortigia.

In

In flods, and to and fro did stray, till Phœbus it did binde
With lands about, and first it fast, and bad defie the winde,
With Giarus and Miconee (two countries) strongly staied.
When in we came, our weary ships in hauen at rest we laied.
And went to worship Phœbus towne, and gifts with vs we beare.
Kings that time were priests. King Anius, king of men and Phœbus priest against vs there,
His head with holie labels laide and crowne of Laurell grēne
Came out, and welcome bad his friend Anchises long vnsēne.
He maketh his praier to Apollo for knowledge whither to go. Than hand in hand we set, and lodging toke in houses hie.
I worship eke the temple there that to that God I spie
Of auncient stone: O Phœbus bright giue me some house to dwell,
Giue walls to wery men and towne from whence may none expell,
Haue mercy vpon our blood, and saue of Troy this last remaine,
The leauings of Achilles wilde and Greekes abiects vnslaine.
Who shall vs leade? or where appoint our place it may thē please?
Our rest to take, giue token God, enspier our hearts with ease.
Scant this I said, when trembling fast with sodein shew to shoue.
The Laurel trēs gan quake, and dores, and thresholds all do moues,
The mount therwith doth bend, and vp ẏ gates with roring breake
Adowne to ground all flat we fall, and strait a voice there speakes.
Ye Troians tough, the ground that you first bare from parents bold:
The same shall you receiue againe, seeke out your grandame old.
For there Aeneas house shall stand, whom countries all shall drēd.
Apollos answere doubtfull. And childrens childe and all their ligne that of them shall procēde.
This Phœbus said, end we for ioy great noyse and murmure make,
And what those walls should be we scan, and counsel great we take
What place it is that Phœbus bids to seeke, and where to finde.
My father than the stories old of auncient men to minde
Doth call, and than, you Lords (quoth he) laie now to me your eare,
Anchises enterprets the prophecie to leade to Candie. And marke me well, for now of me your great hope shall you leare.
Candie from hence in mid sea lieth, Ioues yland great it is,
Where Ida mount doth stand, ẏ where first sprang our stock ere this.
A hundred mightie townes they keepe, most fruitfull soile to till:
From whence our auncient grandsir great (if true report I skill)
King Teucrus issued first, and on the coast of Rhoeta hit.
And there his kingdome first began, Troy was not vp as yet,
Cibele a goddesse. For Ilion toures did stand, but there in low vales did they dwell.
Cibele wilderneſſe doth haunt therein with sounding bell.

And

And Coribantes beat their brasse the moone from clips to cure.
From thence we haue that seruice time we kæpe with silence pure,
For Lions in that ladies chaire their yokes to draw do beare.
Come on therfore,and where the Gods do call let vs go there.
Please we the windes,and forth to Candy kingdomes let vs wend,
The course is not so long (if Ioue vs lucke vouchsaue to send)
Our ships on Candy shore to stand the third day shall we sée.
So speaking,on his altars there due honours kill did hée,
A bull to thée O Neptune first,a bul to Phœbus bright,
A blacke beast to the winter storme,to western flaws a white.
There flieth a fame that of his fathers kingdoms quite forsake,
Idomeneus duke therof erpelde his flight hath take.
And all the coastes of Candy lieth wide open for their foes,
Unfenced,and the townes of people voide,so rumour goes.
Anon therfore our hauens we left,and through the seas we flie,
By grœne Donisa and Naron hills where men to Bacchus crie.
Olearon,and Paron white as snow,and scattered wide
Of Cicladas we compasse lands,that rough seas makes to ride.
The mariners their shoutes vp set,eche man his mate doth bold,
To Candy let vs chærely fare,to sœke our granfiers old.
A mery cole of winde them fast pursueth,and forth doth driue,
And at the length on Candy coast our ships we do arriue.
My town therfore(with great desier)and walls I gin to frame,
And Pergam I the citie call,right glad they take that name,
I courage them that land to loue,and towres and temples byld.
And now welneare our ships vp set,drie land our nauy hyld,
With weddings and with tillage new the youth themselues applies.
And houses eke and lawes I gaue : whan sodenly doth rise
Among them(foule)a plage,and piteous murreyn to be thought,
The skies corrupted were,that trées and corne destroied to nought
And limes of men consuming rottes,such yeare of death them beares,
That swœte life of they leaue,or long their grœuous wo thẽ weares,
The Dog star vp doth rise,the soyle for heat of sunne doth frie,
That grain and grasse vp dries,and fieldes of fode doth men denie.
Again to Phœbus holy seat,yet backe again our way
Through seas my father bids vs turne,and Phœbus merry pray.
What end of wo to wery men he puts,and how from paine
Our selues we may relieue,and where from thence to turne againe.

Coribantes people that beat basins whan the moone is in the clips.

They heare that Candy is voide of a King.

Their course to Candie out of Thracia

He bildeth a towne in Candy.

A pestilence.

Than was it night, and on the ground all creatures laid a sléepe,
His images gaue him answere. The gods of Phrygi land, whom I with me full deare did kéepe,
Whom from the mids of burning Troy with me I brought in slight
Before mine eyes (as dreame I did) I saw to stand vpright,
All shining in their glory bright behold I might them cléere,
The way that through my window than the ful Mone did apéere,
They spake also, and thus from me they lighten gan my chéere.
The thing that of Apollo now to know you do entend,
He speakes it here, and vs to thée with glad will doth he send.
We from the flames of Troy with thée thine army came to gide.
We vnder thée with nauie great the salt seas broad haue tride.
We be the same that to the stars thy ligne shall lift with pride,
And empier great we shall thee giue, and citie great to reare,
For mightie men make mightie walles, long slight do thou not feare,
Chaunge yet thy place, not here it is that Phœbus bids thée bide,
It is not here to Candie shore Apollo thée did guide.
There is a place the Greekes by name Hesperia do call,
An auncient land and fierce in war, and fruitfull soile withall.
Out from Oenotria they came, that first did till the same,
They apoint him to Italy. Now Italy men saith is cald so, of the captaines name.
There be our dwelling seats frō thence king Dardan self was borne,
And Iaseus the prince from whom our ligne descends before.
Arise, go to, and tell this thing vnto thy father deare,
Séeke out Italia land, the shores of Corit coast enqueare,
Be bold, proceed, for Ioue doth thee from Candie countries take.
Astoned I with this was made whan gods to me so spake.
For slumber was it not (me thought) but plaine their faces knight,
And folded haire be wrapt I saw, and knew them sure by sight.
With cold swet all my bodie than did runne, and therewithall
From out my bed I leapt, and strait on knées there downe I fall.
My hands to heauen I held, and praied, and gists and offrings pure,
In fiers to them I threw, and all my dutie done with cure:
Than they knew they had expouded the prophecie wrong. Anchises I assertaine than, and him declare the caas.
Anon the doubtfull ligne he knew, how he beguiled was,
By graunsirs twaine and children twaine, and places old mistake.
Than said he thus, O son whom Troy by destnies tough doth make.
Cassandra alone, of all mankinde, these things to me did tell,
These chaunces of our stocke she sang, I now remember well.

M

Of Italy full oft the spake, oft of Hesperia shore.
But who could euer thinke that time, or this beleeue before?
That Troians to Hesperia land should come to dwell at last?
Of prophecies, or who that time of mad Cassandra past?
To Phœbus let vs yéeld, and after warning take the best.
So spake he, and anon with ioy all we obeyed him prest.
That seat also we than forsake, and (fewe folke left behinde)
With beames through hugie seas we cut, and sails set vp for winde.
When to the deepe our ships were come, and now on neither side
Appéares no land, but seas and skies about vs broad are spide:
A shoure aboue my head there stood all duskie blacke with blew,
Both night and storm it brought, e rough the waters dark their hew. A storme.
Strait all the seas with windes are tost, and mightie surges rise,
And through the deeps we to and fro be throwne in wondrous wise.
The clouds enclosed haue the day: dim night hath hid the heauen:
And from the skies the lightning fiers do flash with grisly steauen.
From out our course we be dispersst, and blinde in waues we stray.
Eke he himselfe our maister there can scant the night from day
Discerne he saith, so troubleth him the tempest Palinure,
Nor in the waters wilde his way to hold he can be sure.
Three daies therefore vncertaine where we go, withouten sun
In seas we wander wide, and three nights like in darke we run
Withouten star: the fourth day land to rise we spied at last,
And mountaines far in sight are séene, and smoke do séeme to cast.
Our sailes forthwith do fall, and vp with ores, and than anon
The mariners do sweep the seas, and through the fome they gon.
Escaping so the streames on shore at Strophades I light,
At Strophades, for so their names in Greecish tong doth hight. They arriue at Strophades.
For Ilands in the salt sea great they stand, wherein doth dwell
Celeno foule mishapen bird, and Harpies more right fell: Description of mōstrous foules called Harpies.
Since Phines house from them was shut, their former feare they fled.
A monster more to feare than them, nor plague was neuer bred.
Nor from the pit of hell vp start the wreake of God so wilde.
Like foules with maidens face they bin, their paunches wide defilde
With garbage great, their hooked pawes they spred, and euer pale
With hungrie tokes.
When there we came, and first in hauen we entred, lo we sée
The heards of beasts full fat to fede on euery side full free,

And Goats also to grase, and keeper none there was to vew:
Our weapons on them fast we laie, and downe them thick we slew.
And bankes vpon the shore we make, and gods to part we call,
And Ioue himselfe to blesse the pray, and fast to meate we fall.
But sodeinly from downe the hilles with grisly fall to sight,
The Harpies come, & beting wings with great noise out they shright,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes they all defile,
And fearefull cries also they cast, and sent of sauour vile.
Againe into a priuie place where rockes and caues doth hide,
With trees and shadows compast darke our tables we prouide.
And altars vp againe we make, and fiers on them we tinde.
Againe from out a diuers coast, from holes and lurkings blinde,
The preas with crooked pawes are out, and sounding foule they flie,
Polluting with their filthie mouthes our meate, and than I crie:
That all men weapons take, and with that vgly nation fight.
They did as I them bad forthwith, and in the grasse from sight
Their swords by thē they laid, & couching close their shields they hide
Than whā the third time from ỹ cliues with noise again they glide:
Misenus from aloft with brazen trompet fets a sound.
My mates inuade them than, and felt the fight but newly found,
And on the filthie birds they beat, that wilde sea rocks do brēde,
But fethers none do from them fall, nor wound nor stroke doth bleed,
Nor force of weapons hurt them can, their backs & wings no speare
Can pierce, but fast away they flie, full hie from sight, and there
The praie to vs halfe maunched, and begnawne full foule they leaue.
Celeno a Harpie. But one of them, Celeno, than her selfe on rocks doth heaue
Vnhappie tale to tell, and thus her loathsome voice she brake.
And is it war (quoth she) with vs? war Troians do you make?
And for our cattell slaine, do you with vs to battell bend
Poore Harpies, and our kingdome take from vs that nought offend?
Take this with you therefore, and well my words imprint in minde.
That God himselfe to Phœbus said, and I by Phœbus finde,
That am the chiefe of furies all, and thus to you I tell:
To Italy your course you take, whan winde shall serue you, well:
In Italy arriue you shall, and hauen possesse you there,
But power you shall not haue your towne nor walles thereof to rere
Till famine for your trespasse here, and for our cattell slaine,
Shall pinch you so, that tables vp to eate you shalbe faine.

She said, and into Woods therwith full fast she toke her flight.
But than my mates, their blod for colde did shrinke, and sore affright,
Their corage downe doth fall, and now no wepons more they welde,
But vowes and praiers make, & downe for peas they knéele in fielde,
If goddesses perchaunce they bée, or furies, or of seas
Some boistous birds, what euer it is, ful fain they would them pleas.
But than my father Anchises vp his hands to heauen on hie
Doth hold, and to the Gods aboue with honours great doth crie.
O Gods defend this feare, O Gods from this chaunce vs preserue,
God saue good men from harme, than from ỹ shore he bids vs swarue,
And cables vp to winde, and sailes vp hoyse with halsars hie.
The northen winde vs blowes, and fast through foming seas we flie,
Where wind doth driue, & where our maister cals our course to kéepe,
Zacinthous ylond, full of woods, appéres amids the déepe.
Dulichium, and Samey londes and cragges of Nerite hye,
Of Ithaca we flée the rockes, and (as we passe them by)
The kingdome of Laertes there, sir false Vlisses nurse,
That land alwse we leaue, and it with good cause oft we curse.
Anon the point Leucates cald, and cloudy tops of hill
Appéres Apollos point, and coast that shipmen trust ful ill.
All weary there we land, and there the citie small we vew.
Our ankers out we laid on land, and ships to shore we drew.
Therfore, to main land whan we came long loked for at last,
Processions great to Ioue we make, and altars kindle fast.
And on the shore in Troian gise our games and plaies we point,
Some wrastling for disport with naked limmes in oyle anoint,
And maistries with themselues they try, great ioy they make to sée:
That through so many townes of Greekes, and foes they scaped bée.
This while the sun with compasse wide ỹ great yeare brings about,
And winter windes & northen frosts rough seas doth make men dout.
A sheéld of beaten brasse, sometime that Abas strong did weare:
On postes I fixed fast and tytle wrote, and left it there,
Aeneas from the victor Greekes these armes hath offred here,
Than portes I bid them leaue, and forth to sea them selfes to stere.
Strait w̃ their ores they skum ỹ seas, & salt some through they swéep,
And strait from sight Pheaca towres we hid with mountaines steépe.
And round about Epirus coast we runne, and than anon
To Chaon hauen, and vp the towne of Butrot hie we gon.

She prophecieth, hunger which afterward is fulfilled in the seuenth booke.

Another course.

All this while he had passed the daungerous ylands adioining to Greece.

He set vp a monument there with a tytle.

Againe to seas.

A wonders fame there fils our eares, and rumour thought but vaine,
That Helenus king Priams son on Greekish townes doth raigne,
And wedded vnto Pirrhus wife, and Pirrhus kingdomes kæpes,
Andromache. And how Andromache eftsones with Troian husband slæpes,
Andromache maried to Helenus. I stoinid, and with wonders loue my hart in fier did glowe,
To sée the man, and of that chaunce the fortune great to know.
From out the hauen I went to walke, my fléete bestowed behinde.
Great sacrifice by chaunce that time, and gifts with heauie minde,
Before the towne in græne wood shade by Simois water side,
Andromache to Hectors dust with seruice did prouide,
And deinties great of meat she brought, and on his soule she cried,
At Hectors tombe, that græne with gras and turfes stode her beside.
And causes more to mourne therby, two altars had she set.
Whan toward her she saw me come, and Troian armours met:
Al straught with monsters great she stert, & frãtick like, affright,
Astoinid starke she stode, her limmes had heate forsaken quite.
She fell therwith, & long at last with these words out she shright.
And is it true? sée I thy face? true tidings bringest thou mée?
O Goddesse son? and art aliue? or (if we chaunged bée
In some other world) where is my Hector now quoth shée?
And with that word her eyes on water brast, and therwithall
The court with cries she filde: and I with sorow thus did pall,
Few words could I replie for wee, and aunswered thus again,
I liue indéede, and after daungers all in breath remain,
Doubt not for truth thou seest.
Alas, how from so great a fall, so great a husband slaine,
What chaunce doth thée restore, or fortune due doth entertaine?
Andromache of Hector wife, Pirrs wedlockes dost thou kæpe?
She kest her eies on ground, and soft with voice she did be wæpe.
O happie most of happies all, king Priams doughter bright,
Pollixena was slain by Pirrhus, whom she calleth happy in respect of her selfe. That vnderneth the walles of Troy was done to death outright
Before her enmies tombe, for lots on her were neuer cast,
Nor neuer she to maisters bed was captiue fixed fast.
But we, whē brent our contrey was, through sundry seas with paine
The pride of feares Achilles ympe, and yonglinges hie disdaine
In thraldome, to our trauailes great haue borne, but he at last,
His minde on Helenes doughter, (gay for Greekes to wed) did cast,
And me his maide, to Helenus his man, for wife he left.

But

But shortly him, for ielous rage, and for his spouse bereft,
Orestes full of furies wood, all vnaware with knife
Him slew, and on his fathers tombe him chopt, and toke from life.
Than died Neptolemus also, and of his kingdomes all
This part to Helenus befell, which he did Chaon call,
Of Chaon Troian lord: and Chaon fieldes their name is yet.
This Pargame towne he bilt, and Ilion towre theron he set.
But thée what destny thus doth gide? what wind thée here doth driue? She stops in her tale for sorow.
What chaunce or god onto this coast vnknowen doth thée ariue?
How doth Ascanius thy childe? doth life and breath him fede?
Whom timely Troy to thée.
How fareth he? how? for his mothers lest doth he not long?
Doth he not manfull vertues great embrace? and them among
Example of his father take, and vncle Hector strong?
These things with teares she tolde, & weping long for wo she drew,
Whan from the towne the prince himselfe descending there we vew
King Helenus, king Primas son, with lordes a stately traine.
His countreymen he knew, and vs to towne he brought full faine,
And teares from out his eies in talke, at euery word did fall.
I went mée forth to walke, and Troy by name that citie small,
In countenaunce like to Troy the great, and Pergam wals I vew:
And slender broke of Xanthus name, and gates well like I knew.
The Troians in their countrey towne also, their easment take,
The king himselfe great chere to them in parlours wide doth make, A feast.
And wine in plentie great they quaffe, and deintie meate in golde
They fede, and sémely set in hall, their cups in hands they holde.
And thus a day or two the time we past, whan winde at wils
Begins to blow, and calling forth our sailes with puffing fils.
Onto the sacred king I went, and friendly praied him thus.
O Troian king, that secrets hie of great Gods canst discus,
Whom Phœbus token trés, & stars of heauen, hath taught to skrie, He desireth some knowledge of his fortune.
Both chirming tongs of birds, and wings of foule that swift doth flie.
Tell soth I thée beséke, for luckey course, and happy trade
Religions all and all the gods with one voice do perswade.
But one alone, (a monster straunge to thinke, and sin to speake)
Celeno, harpie foule, doth wonder tell, and fearefull wreake
Of hunger vile, what daunger furst shall I escape alas?
Or wherunto shall I mé trust through paines so great to passe?

There Helenus (as custome was) first beysers downe he slew,
And praied his God of peace, and than the labels he withdrew
From off his holy head, and to thy blessed secrets, me
O Phœbus hand in hand he brought, all trembling them to sée,
Answere of Helenus. And than with mouth diuine he spake, both priest and prophet hée,
O goddesse sonne, (for greater lucke than mankind, through the déep
Doth gide thée thus, and greater might to greater things doth kéep)
Right true it is, the king of gods himselfe so destny gides,
So lots doth fall, and so the whéele of fatall order slides.
Few things of numbers mo, to thée, that bolder through the seas
Thou maist endure, and to thy port at last arriue with eas
He declareth his courses. In briefe I will declare, for destnies déepe I leaue ontold,
I know them not, and Iuno more to tell my tong doth hold.
First Italy, whom neare at hand vnware thou dost suppose,
And neare at hand in hauen thy rest to take thou dost propose,
Far out alofe, and long alofe it lieth, in compasse fore.
And first in Sicill streame thou must embathing bend thine ore,
And fléeting in the salt sea some long coursing must thou make,
For Circes yle must first be séene, and lands of Limbo lake,
Ere thou thy citie safe on land maist build, and resting finde.
Tokens. These tokens I thée tell, do thou imprint them well in minde.
When thou alone with carefull heart shall sit besides a flood,
And sée a sowe of mightie sise that late hath laide her brood,
Beneath a banke among the rootes with thirtie sucklings out,
All white her selfe on ground, and white her brats her dugs about:
There shall thy citie stand, there lieth thy rest of labours all.
Nor dread thée not the plague that shall of tables eating fall,
The destnies will inuent a way therefore, and Phœbus bright
Shalbe thine aide, and thée thereof from daungers all acquite.
But yonder coast, and all that land that ouer nert vs lies,
Hee bids him fetch a compasse. Through part of Italy it be, attempt it in no wise.
Leaue all alofe, the cursed Greekes all cities there haue filde,
One quarter men of Locrus hath, and castles strong they bilde.
Another were in Salent field, all places pestring wide,
Idomeneus Duke his armie kéepes, and there beside
Petilia small, whom Philoctetes wall doth compasse round,
Duke Melybee therein doth dwell, and Greekes possesse the ground.
Moreouer, when the seas are past, and ships in safetie stand,

And

And altars thou shalt make to pay thy vowes vpon the sand:
With purple weedes and hoods of purple hews your selues attyer,
In purple hide your heads from sight, before the sacred fier,
For honeur great of Gods: that no vnfrendly signe or face,
Of enmytie appére, disturbing all, and hinder grace.
This custome kéepe thy selfe, so let thy mates and all thy traine
In this religion pure also thine offspring shall remaine.
But whan approching Sicil coast the winde thée forth doth blow,
And that Pelorus crooked straites begin themselues to show.
Than left hand land, and left hand sea, with compas long alée,
Fetch out aloof from londs and seas on right hand, sée thou flée.
These places two sometime, by force with wretch and ruines great,
(So time doth alter thinges, and what is it but Age doth eate:)
From sunder fell (men say) whan both in one the ground did grow,
The seas brake in by force, and through the mids did ouerthrow,
Both townes and fieldes: and Italy forthwith from Sicill side
Did cut, and yet with narow streame and sharpe it doth deuide.
The right side Scylla kéepes, the left, Caribdis gulf vnmilde.
With gaping mouth she sits, and to her wombe the waters wilde
Thrée times to groūd she gulps, and thrise the same to skies on hight
By course aloft she lifts, against the starres the surges smight.
But Scylla couching close in caue, if pray she haply findes,
Her head aboue the streme she holdes, and ships in rockes she winds.
From shoulders vp a man she séemes, in brest a mayden bright,
But from the nauell down, a whale, with vgly shape to sight.
Compacted of the wombs of wolues, and mixt with Dolphins tailes,
Behind her long they lag, and thus in seas her selfe she trailes.
Yet better is Pachinus point, and crookes both in and out
By leysure all to séeke, and courses long to cast about:
Than once this Scylla monster wilde behold in dungeon foule,
Or heare the roare among the rocks of dogs that there do houle.
Besides all this, if cunning ought of prophecies, or skill
To Helenus is giuen, if Phœbus mée doth truly fill:
One thing to thée thou Goddesse son, one thing, and ouer all
One thing I will thée warne, and yet againe, and yet I shall.
Dame Iunos Godhod great adoze, with hart and praiers méeke
To Iuno make thy vowes that lady great and mightie séeke
To win with humble gifts, so shalt thou to thy minde at last,
All safe to Italy ariue, the lond of Sicill past.

He teacheth him a new maner of sacrifice.

He shews him of diuers dangers.

Sicil and Italy were sometime but one land.

Caribdis, Scylla.

Great persons must be won with humilitie.

There whan thou comst, and Cumas town thou entrest first at thore,
Where holy lakes, and woods, and flods (Auerna cald) doth rore,
The description of Sibyll. A frantick Prophet priest of womankinde thou shalt behold,
That depe in groũd doth dwell, and vnder rockes her selfe doth hold,
And destnies out she signes, & leaues with notes & names she signes
What thing that euer virgin writes, in leaues and painted lines,
In rimes and verse she sets, and them in caues in ranges couche:
There still they lye, nor from their orders mous if nothing touche.
But when the dore by chaunce doth turne, & wind the corner blowes:
Their heaps asunder fall, and forth they flie, and breake their rowes.
She them to staie, nor from their caues to flie doth neuer let,
Nor sekes them eft to ioine, nor of her verses more doth set.
Away they runne, and Siblyes house their maistresse seate they hate.
There let no time be lost, but though for hast thou thinkest late,
Though all thy mates do call and cry to seas, and winde at will
Allureth forth thy fleete, and sailes thou maist with puffing fill:
Assay the prophet first, and her with praiers due beseache
Thy destnies thee to tell, and chaunces all by mouth to teache.
Of Italy she shall thee shew, and peoples all declare,
He bids him resort to Sibill. And wars at hand, and how thy self therto thou mayst prepare.
And euery labour how thou maist auoide, or how endure,
And all thy course she wil thee tell, that prest and prophet, pure.
These things I may thee shew, and this to heare hath been thy chaũce,
Go, play thy part, and mightie Troy to heauen with deeds aduaunce.
Which things, whan thus the prophet me so like a friend had tolde:
Great gifts of Mucry wrought, and tresour great in weight of golde,
He renewes them with furniture. To ships he bids vs beare, and rowmes aboard he made to lade
With siluer plenty great, and Plate full riche and massy made.
A gorgeous armor coat also, threefolded gilt with bokes
Of golde, and helmet eke with crest theron that glistering lokes,
Neptolemus his armes. My father eke hath his rewardes.
And horses more, and captaines more
And armour eke vnto my mates he gaue, and doth supply
Our want of Mres, my father all this while doth bid them hie,
And sayles in order set, that nothing lacke whan winde doth call.
Whome Phœbus prosit spake vnto with these wordes last of all.
Anchises, whom dame Venus proude in bed did not disdaine,
Thou care of gods that twise from Troyes destruction dost remaine:

Lo Italy, lo yonder it to thée, set vp thy saile
And take the same, yet must thou passe by this land out of saile.
That further land it is, Appollo sheweth that further shore.
Go forth, O happie man with such a sonne, what should I more
Prolong the time in talke? and you from winde that riseth keepe?
Likewise Andromache no lesse at parting gan to weepe.
And robes of rich aray, and broydred deepe with gold she brought,
A Troian mantell for Ascanius wondrous gorgeous wrought.
And him with gifts, and weauing workes of gold full gay doth lade.
Than said she thus: take this of me, mine owne hands hath it made,
Take this my childe, that long with thée my loue in mind may last.
Of Hectors wife receiue thy friends good will, and tokens last,
O figure, next Astianax, alone to me most deare,
So he his eyes, so he his hands, so like he bare his cheare,
And now alike in yeares with thée his youth he should haue led.
Than parting thus to them I spake, and teares for weping shed.
Now fare ye well, O happie men, whose fortunes end is past.
New destnies vs doth call, and we from care to care bene cast.
Your rest is readie wonne, no field of seas you haue to eare,
To seeke the land that back doth alway flée you néed not feare,
Your citie faire in fashion like to Troy and Xanthus old,
Your riuer like, and buildings worthie praise you to behold.
Your proper hãds them made, the frames therof your selues do reare
With better lucke (I trust) and lesse shal néed the Greekes to feare.
If euer I to Tyber flood and fields of Tyber faire
May come, and sée my citie built, wherof I not dispaire:
Two friendly townes hereafter, that and this, both neare of kin,
Two peoples neighbour like shall dwel, and friendship fast betwin
Epirus and Italia land, whose founder both of name
King Dardan is, one blood we be, and chance haue had the same.
And now of both one Troy to make in minde let vs prepare,
And to our offspring after vs likewise we leaue the care.

In seas we went, and at Ceraunia neare our selues we put,
From whence Italia lieth, and shortest course there is to cut.
The sun this while doth fall, and shadows great doth hide the hilles,
We spred our selues on land, and laid vs down with gladsom willes,
When ships to shore was brought, and there we make on corners all,
Our weary limmes we fresh, and slumber swéte doth on vs fall.
Nor yet from vs the midnight houre his compasse quite had run:

He sheweth them Italy from Sicile, but they must go about.

She resembleth him to her own sonne that was kild.

Aeneas before his departure maketh a leage perpetuall betweene their issue.

Againe to seas and rested a while vnder a mountaine.

When

Lodesman. When Palinurus quicks from couche himselfe to stére begonne,
To séele the winde, and quarters all with eares attentiue harkes,
And euery star that still doth stand or moues in heauen he markes.
The waine, the plowstar, & the seuen that stormes & tẽpests poures,
Orion grim with fauchon great of gold also that loures.
When all thing sure he séeth, and all thing faier in skies aboue,
From shipbord loud he giues a signe, we than our camp remoue,
The way we séeke to kéepe, and wings of sailes full hie we houe.
And now the morning red doth rise, and stars expulsed bée,
They espy Italy. When far aloof with mountaines dim, and low to loke, we sée
Italia lond. Italia first of all Achates cried.
Italia than with gréeting loude my mates for ioy replied.
Anchises praier at the sight of Italy. Anchises than my father, straight a mightie boll of gold
Did crowne, and fill with wine, and vp to Gods on hie did hold,
Auauncing forth in ship.
O gods, that londes and seas, and tempests great haue might to gide:
Vouchsafe your grace to send, and spéede vs fast with wind and tide.
They entred a hauen of Italy to sacrifice to their gods on the lande. The winde at wish doth blow: and hauen more open now is néere,
And Pallas temple towre to vs doth broad in sight appéere.
My felowes made to shore, and downe their sailes they do bestow,
The port lyeth in from esterne seas, and crooketh like abowe.
A front it rockes do stand, and salt sea some about them falles,
But close it selfe it lieth, on eyther side with hugy walles
Two rocky towres arise, the temple shrinkes away from shore.
There for a lucke foure horses first I saw to féede in gras,
The groũd with téeth they share, and white as snow their colour was.
My father than Anchises: war (O countrey land quoth hée)
Thou thretnest war, these beasts betoken war, right wel I sée.
Lucke and vnlucke. But than againe, for in the cart I sée they wonted were,
To draw like matches méete, and glad their bits and yokes to bere,
I hope of peace (he said) than last our blessed gods we pray,
And Pallas great in war, that first vs did receiue that day.
And heads with purple hods before the fiers in Troian gise
A gain to sea for they must go about to come to Tiber. Wée hid from sight, as Helenus with great charge did aduise,
And vnto Greekish Iuno there, with gifts and honours new
We sacrifice: and after all thinges don with order dew,
Our shroudes aloft wée lift, and sailes abroad on hie we heaue.
Anon the Greekish townes, and countrey fore suspect we leaue.

Than

Than passe we by Tarentum bay, where Hercules sometime
(If mens report be true) did dwell, and there against doth clime
Lacima goddesse seat, and towres of Caulon castles hie.
And than to Scyllas wrackfull shore with ships approach we nie.
Than from the flood a far, we do the mountaine Ætna see, Aetna the burning mountaine in Sicille.
And hugie noise of seas we heare, and stones that beaten bee
Against the cliues, and flapping voice of waues and water sounds,
The surges leapes aloft, and from the sands they stere the grounds.
Than said my father Anchises, lo, here is Carybdis hold,
These stones did Helenus declare, these gastly rocks he told. Scylla and Caribdis two daungers,
O mates, laie to your might, and vs with ores from hence remoue.
They did do his commaund, and Palinurus first aboue,
His tacle to the left hand set, and sterne to left hand wried:
To left hand all my mates their ships, with winds and ores applied.
As hie as heauen we rise, with mounting waues, and there withall
Than downe we come, vnto the soules of hell we thinke we fall.
Three rorings loud among the rocks we heard and surges flash,
And thrise the falling fome to breake, and stars we saw to wash.
This while the winde our weary fleete forsoke, so did the sunne,
And vnaware, on Cyclops coast from out our course we runne.
A hauen right large there is, whom force of winde can neuer moue, Discription of Aetna.
But Aetnas brasting noise, and grisly thundring, rores aboue.
Sometime thereout a blustring cloud doth breake, and vp to skies
All smoking blacke as pitch, with flakes of fiers among it flies,
And flames in foldings round, to swep the stars, the mouth doth cast,
Sometime, the rocks and mountaines deep entrailes, asunder brast.
It belch, bolketh out: and stones it melts, and vp it throwes
In lumps with roaring noise, and low beneath the bottom glowes.
Enceladus (men say) halfbrent, (sometime,) with lightning blast A Giaunt.
Is pressed here with waight, and Aetna huge on him is cast.
Whose flaming breath along those furneis chimneis vp doth rise.
And whan his weary side he haps to turne, in wondrous wise
All Sicil land doth shake with noise, and smoke doth close the skies.
That night in woods with strangie sights & monsters far from kinde Wonderfull noises by night in the wildernesse.
We troubled were, nor cause of all that noise or sound we finde.
For neither star nor light in skies there was, nor welken cleere,
Nor yet for cloudes and tempest dim, the Mone could ought appeere.
The morning next doth rise at east, and light abroad was spred,

And

And from the skies the drowping shade of night away was fled:
Whan sodenly, from out the woods, with flesh consumed leane,
A desperate man came to them. A straungy man to sight appeares, in piteous fourme vncleane.
Vs vs he came, and downe did knéele, with hands abroad vpt hrown,
We loked, foule arayed he was, his beard was ouergrowne,
His vesture rent with thornes, and like a Greeke in wéede he went,
And was sometime among the Greekes to Troy in armoure sent.
Ye whan that Troian ensignes out, and armes of Troy beheld,
Affraid, he pawsed first, and still himselfe a while he helde.
Anon in hast, all hedlong downe he runnes, and prayers méeke,
With teares he wailing makes. Now by the stars I you beséeke,
By all the Gods, and by this breath of heauen that men do féede,
Take mée from hence (O Troians) where ye list away mée lede,
To londes, or seas, I recke not where, I know my selfe a Greeke,
And in their ships I came, the spoile of Troy your towne to séeke.
For which, if my offence so great deserueth such a wreake:
In floods do you me drowne, or all my limmes in waters breake.
If mankinde me doth kill, it doth me good my life to lose.
So said he, and his knées before vs still he kept in woose.
What man he was we bid him straight to tell, what kindred borne,
And what him ailes, and why he lokes so like a man forlorne.
My father Anchises gaue to him his hand himselfe anone,
And bad him comfort take, for harme of vs he should haue none.
He set his feare aside, and thus his tale procéeded on.
I am a man of Ithaca, Vlisses wofull mate.
Achæmenides telleth them his hard aduenture. My name is Achæmenides, to Troy I came but late.
My father sent mée there, and Adamastus is his name,
Of poore estate, I would wée yet continued had the same.
For in this place, whan all my fellowes fled this coast vnkinde
For hast, in Cyclops dungeon wide, they left me here behinde.
A bloudy shop, where slaughters vile, and deynties foule do stinke:
But houge and broad within: but he himselfe is worse to thinke.
Cyclops were Giauntes. The stars he reacheth: such a plague God from this world defend.
No hart can him behold, nor tongue in talke can comprehend.
On flesh of men he fédes, and wretches blod he gnawes and bones,
I saw my selfe, whan of my fellowes bodies twaine at ones,
With mightie hands he caught, & groueling one the ground outright
Against a stone he brake them both, the dongeon flore in sight

Did

Did swim with blod, I saw the blod, and filthie slauer drop
From out his mouth, whã he with teeth their quaking limbs did chop.
But paied he was, nor there Vlisses in that daunger great
This mischiefe could sustaine to see, nor did himselfe forgeat.
For whan he gorged had himself with meats and drinking drowned,
He bowed his necke to sléepe, and there he laie along the ground.
An hideous thing to sight, and belching out the gubs of blod,
And lumpes of flesh with wine he gulped forth, we all vpstood,
And praied our Gods for helpe, and all atonce him round about
We spred our selues, and did his eye with weapons sharpe put out. How Polyphemus eie was put out.
His mightie eye, that on his frowning face full broad he held,
In compasse like the sunne, or like a Greekish arming sheld.
And thus our fellowes lines at last full glad we be to wreake.
But flée (alas) O caitiues, flée, and sast from shore do breake
Your cables.
For of the sort that Polyphemus is in dungeon déepe,
And closeth beasts, and strangers all doth kill, and milketh shéepe?
A hundreth more a long this croked coast, of Cyclops fell
Among these mountaines hie do stray, and déepe in dens they dwell.
Three times the Mone her light hath fild, and thrise her light erilde:
Since I my life in woods, and haunts of beasts and monsters wilde
In wilderneße do leade, and Cyclops hie from holes and rockes
All quaking I behold, and of their féete I feare the knockes.
For hunger, flors hath bene my foode, and mast on trées I found,
And Hawthorns hard, and rotes of herbes I rent frõ out the ground.
All things about I spied, this fléete at last on sea, I sée.
What euer it were, I did my selfe bequeath thereto to flée.
And now escaped from this wicked kinde, I am at ease.
Destroy me rather you, and giue to me what death you please.
Scant had he said his tale, whan on the mountaine tops aboue,
Himselfe among the beasts we sée, with boystreus noyse to moue.
That vgly Polyphemus, and to shore himselfe enclinde. They see the Giant.
A monster soule, mishapen, loathsome great, one eyed, and blinde.
A pesse in hand he bare of mightie Pyne, and therewithall
He felt his way, and led his shéep, there was his comfort all.
About his necke a pipe there hung, his griefe therewith to ease.
Whan to the floods he came, and set his foote within the seas,
From out his grieuous eye, the blod he washt and poyson foule

With gnashing téeth for wo, and loude for wo began to houle.
And through the streamy waues he stamping goth, and yet aboue
His brest is nothing wet, and thus himselfe in sea doth houe.
They flie. We all affraid in haste away do flée, and vp we take
Our gest as worthie was, and soft our cables off we brake.
Than swéep we through the seas, & ores we pull with might & main:
He heard vs, and against the sound, he turning stept again.
But whan with hand on vs to gripe, he could not haue his retch,
Nor wandring through the déep of seas, vs back he could not fetch:
A roaring loude aloft he lifts, whereat the seas, and all
The waters shóke, and lands therwith affrighted gan to pall
Of Italy, and Aetna mount did yell as it would fall.
But from the woods, all Cyclops kinde, in swarmes on euery hill
The giaunts gather. Arose and to the ports they run, and shores along they fill.
We saw them stand (but harme they could not do) with louring eies,
The brethren grim of Aetna mount, their heads were vp to skies,
An vgly councell, like in sight for number to behold
Vnto a forrest great of okes, or trées of Cipres old,
Or like *Dianas* wood that hie to heauen their tops doth hold.
All headlong feare enforceth vs to flée, nor way we know,
But forth to seas in haste we flew where winde vs list to blow.
But than againe king Helenus commandments did vs stay,
To kéepe betwéene Charybdis gulfe, and Scylla middle way.
Betwéene them both we past with danger great, and glad we were,
If course we could not kéep, yet back againe we thought to bere.
Behold, a Northen blast from out Pelorus mouth was sent,
Therewith Pantagia stony cragges I past incontinent.
And Megarus, and all those bayes where Tapsus low doth lie
The winde hope them. I left them all, and through the seas with winde at will I flie.
These places vs repeated than, where left he had before,
Poore Achæmenides, Vlisses mate vnluckie borne.
Against the race of Sicill land, there lieth in seas an Ile,
Plemmyrium of auncient men it hight, but later while
Ortigia. Ortigia doth it call: the same is, how Alphæus broke
His longe course about Sicil. By secret wates, all vnder seas to this land passage toke,
And here it brasteth out, and Arethusas mouth it métes,
And therewithall to Scicill seas it runnes, and forth it flétes.
The blessed Gods that in that place do dwell we honour than,

And

And ſtrait Elorus fertill ſoyle we paſt, and forth we ran.
Than through the rocks that ſtépe do ſtand againſt Pachinus nokes
Our waies we ſhare, with labors great we ouercame the crokes.
Than Camerina pole whom deſtnie neuer grant to moue,
And Gelas towne full great, and Gelas hils appeares aboue.
Than Agragas his gorgeous walles alofe ſets out on hie:
Where horſes fierce ſometime did brēde, the towres a far we ſpie.
And thée with all thy dates Selinus ſone I left behinde.
And Lilibeas lurking ſtones and ſholes I paſſed blinde.
Than hauen at Drepanus I toke, in that vngladſome ſhore:
Whan dangers all of ſeas and tempeſts great were paſt before.
Alas my father, there, my onely ioy in care and wo,
Anchiſes I, do loſe (alas) he there departs me fro.
There me, O father deare, in labors all thou doſt forſake:
Alas in vaine from daungers all of ſeas thou haſt bene take.
Nor Helenus whan he to me great fearfull things did tell,
Theſe wailings did forſpeake to fall, nor yet Celeno fell.
This is my labour laſt, there was my iourney long at end.
From thence departing now doth God me to your countries ſend.
So Lord Aeneas, to them all entitiſe to behold,
The deſtnies of the Gods did ſhew, and all his courſes told,
He ſtaied at laſt, and making here an end, did ſilence hold.

He tooke hauen at Drepanus in Sicil, and there died his father.

Going from Sicill the ſtorm tooke him, as in the firſt booke appeareth.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran x. Octobris. Anno. 1555. Opus viginti dierum.

THE FOVRTH
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

DIDO enraged with the loue of Aeneas, discloseth the grief of her mind to her sister Anne, and following her aduise, she bent her hart fully vnto mariage. Iuno also, to thintent that she might the more easily keep Aeneas frō Italy, cōmuneth with Venus, that she wold grant her assent, that Aeneas might take Dido to wife, and the better to bring the matter to passe, she promiseth to giue great opportunitie therto. The next day following, Aeneas and Dido ride forth on hunting, whereas, when all the company were busie about their game: Iuno sodeinly sendeth a tempest. The many run, some one way, some an other, but Aeneas and Dido meet togither in one Den, and there with ill lucke, they ioyne amourously togither. In the meane while, Iupiter wearied with the continuall praiers of Iarbas king of Getulia, who tooke it greeuously that a stranger should be preferred in loue before him: sendeth Mercury down to Aeneas, to command him to forsake Affrica, and to seek Italy. Who then obeying the commandement of Iupiter, willeth his mates priuily to prepare all thinges that were neeessary for sayling. But whan Dido vnderstood that his nauy was in repairing & rigging, suspecting the matter to be as it was indeed: greeuously expostulateth the case with him, and through entreatie, and teares, both by her self & her sister: endeuoreth to detain him from his purposed iourney. But Aeneas, admonished again by Mercury, late in the night wayeth anker, and departeth away. Then she, through extreme sorrow impatient counterfeiting to do sacrifice, caused a great fire to be made in the hiest place of her Palace, and sending away Barco, Sichæus nurse, that she should not hinder her appointed death: there slew her self most piteously.

By this time pierced sate the Quéne so sore with loues desier,
Her wound in euery vaine she fédes, she fries in secret fier.
The manhood of the man full oft, full oft his famous line
She doth reuolue, and from her thoght his face cannot vntwine,
His countnance déepe she drawes, and fixed fast she beares in brest
His words also, nor to her carefull heart can come no rest.

The

The morning sunne with shining beames al lands had ouerspred,
And from the skies the drowping shade of night away was fled:
Whan thus vnto her sister deare she spake with vered head.
Deare sister Anne, what dreams be these ỳ thus my slæpes affrights?
What wondrous gest is this, that thus among vs newly lights?
How like a lord? how valiant strong of hart and armes he sæmes?
I sée right well no fables bene that men of gods esteemes.
Of kinde of gods he is doubtlesse, by dread are daffards knowen.
Alas what wars hath he gon through, what destnies him hath thrown?
If fixed in my minde I were not fast, and shall not flit,
That to no wight in wedlocke band I would vouchsafe to knit,
Since first in vaine my loue I lost, and death did me deceiue,
That comfort none in chamber dæds, nor ioyes I can conceiue:
Perhaps to this offence alone I might be made to slide.
For Anne, to thee confesse I shall (nor truth I will not hide)
Since of my husband first the death and fatall end I knew,
And that my brother with his blood his altars did embrew:
This only man hath bent my hart, and sore my minde doth moue,
I know the steps of old, I fæle the flames of former loue.
But rather would I wish the ground to gape for me below,
Or God himselfe with thunder dint to hell my soule to throw,
To hell beneath in darknesse dæpe, with ghosts and furies blake,
O vertue, ere I thée refuse, or shamefastnesse forsake.
He that him first to me did knit, he toke from me my loue,
He kæpes it, in his graue it lieth, from thence it shall not moue.
Thus speaking in her bosome full the teares of water runne.
Than answerd Anne, O sister mine more deare to me than sunne,
O sister whom I more regard than life or light of day,
Will you alone for euermore your youth thus mourne away?
Will you not seek for children swæte? nor Venus comfort craue?
Do dead men care (trow ye) for this? or soules that slæpe in graue?
What though sometime (whan sicknes, sores, & grænes oppress your mind:
Of worthy princes none to wed your hart was than enclind? (
Nor husband none of Lybie land, or lords you would elect,
Nor king Hiarbas eke before whom Tyrus did reiect,
Nor captaines proud of Affrike land of wide renowne and fame:
What loue that likes you shewes himself, will you resist the same?
Nor wey you not what case ye stand, whose country here you hold?

Cetula townes a people wilde in warres, and vncontrold,
And sturdy Moores on euery quartar closes, and beside,
The sandes of Sirtes coast, and wilderneſſe both long and wide,
And desertes dry, where saluage men of Barcey broad do stray.
Than of the wars of Tyrus now that rise, what should I say?
And of your brothers threatnings?
I hope the gods of purpose good, and mightie Iunos grace,
Hath made the windes to bring the Troian ships into this place
What citie sister shall you see of this? what empier grow?
Whan Troian armes to vs are knit, and men this wedlocke know?
With what renown and glory great shall Affrike, thinke you, rise?
Do you your gods of pardon first beseeke (I thus aduise)
And after seruice don, do him in gestwise entertaine,
And causes finde from day to day to make him here remaine,
While winter winde indures, and while ỹ skies haue laid their rage,
And while the ships repairing bene, and force of seas aswage.
With this her burning mind insenced more began to flame,
And hope in doutfull hart we caught, and of she kest her shame.
First vnto temples all they gon, and peace on altars all
They pray their gods to giue, and slaughters downe they make to fal.
To Ceres first that lawes did giue, to father Bacchus pure,
To Phœbus, and to Iuno chiefe that hath of wedlocks cure.
Yer selfe with boll in hand, Queene Dido Queene most fresh of hew,
The wine betweene the heifers hornes (so white as snow) she threw,
Or at the stages great of gods, with gifts and vowes she walkes
With musing mind, & fortunes new by wondrous means she calkes:
On beasts entrailes she pries, and liuers hote, and from their throtes
The breathing lungs she seekes, and euery signe therein she notes.
O calcars dreaming heds: what helps her vows, hir pilgrim deeds,
What helps her tẽples sought? whan soking flame her mary feeds
This while, and festring deep in brest her wound the faster breeds.
So silly Dido burnes, and through the towne with raging cheere
Affray she wanders wide, as doth sometime the striken deere,
Whom ranging through the chase, som hunter shooting far by chance
All vnaware hath smit, and in her side hath left his lance.
She fast to wilderneſſe and woods doth draw, and there complaines
Alone, but vnderneath her ribs the deadly dart remaines.
Sometime about the walles she walkes (Aeneas by her side)

The maner was than to knowe fortunes by looking vpon the inwarde parts of their slain sacrifices and by soothsaiers.

A louer like a wounded deare.

And

And towne alreadie made she shewes, and pompe of Tyrus pride.
Begins to speake, and in the mids thereof her tale she staies.
Sometimes againe, and towards night to bankets him she praies,
And Troyan toyles againe to tell she him beséekes, and harkes
With burning mind, and euery word and countnance all she markes.
Than whan they parted were, & light of Mone was down by West,
And on the skies the falling stars do men prouoke to rest:
She than alone (as one forsaken) mournes, and in his place
She laieth her down, and thinks he heares and seeth him face to face.
Or on her lap Ascanius for his fathers likenesse sake
She holds, if happily so she might this irkesome loue aslake.
The workes of towres are left, no feates of armes the youth applies,
Nor hainous are wrought, nor for ỹ wars the mighty bulwarks rise.
All things vnperfit stand, the buildings great, and threatnings hie
Of hugie walles, and engines for their height that match the skie.
Whom whan dame Iuno saw, with plague so wood to be dismaide,
(The mightie spouse of Ioue) nor for no spéech it could be staide:
To Venus first she came, and thus to her began to breake.
A goodly praise (indéed) and worthie conquest great to speake
Thy boy and thou do get: a gaie renowne you do obtaine,
If one pore woman trained be by heauenly persons twaine.
Nor thinke not but I know that thon my walles of Carthage hie
Hast in suspect, and dreading still the worst, all things dost trie.
But shall we neuer ende? or why do we so fiercely striue?
And do not euerlasting peace and friendship fast contriue?
Why wedlocks ioyne we not? thou hast thy selfe thine owne desier,
Now loue in Didos bones is bred, she fries in raging fier.
Two people now therefore in one let vs conioyne, and guide
With equall loue: to Troian husband (lo) she shall be tide,
And Carthage all I giue to thée for ioynter fast to binde.
To her againe (for well she knew she spake with fained minde
That Rome she might reiect, and Carthage kingdome empier make)
Than Venus answerd thus. Who is so mad that will forsake
This thing? or gladly would in war with thée so long contend?
If what thou speakest now will fortune bring to perfect end.
But destnies makes me doubt, and whether he that raignes aboue
One towne of Troy and Tyrus made can be content to loue:
Or will allow the peoples twaine to mix and league to binde.

Iuno doth practise with Venus to keep Aeneas stil in Affrike, that hee might not come to Italy to build Kome

Thou art his wife, thou maiſt be bold to frame and féele his minde.
Begin, I will proceede. Than ſaid dame Iuno Quéene ſo ſtout,
Let me alone for that: now how this thing ſhall come about
Giue eare to me, for now my minde thou ſhalt perceiue outright.
A hunting forth Aeneas goth with Dido wofull wight
In woods and forreſt wide, whan morning next begins to ſpring,
And ſunne with gliſtring beams again to light the world doth bring.
I from aloft a ſtormie cloude, and mixt with fléete and haile
A tempeſt darke as night on them to powre I will not faile.
While in the woods they walk, and while the youth enclose the toile,
The rain ſhall riſe, and heauens with thunders all I will turmoile.
Their company from them ſhall flée, each one his head ſhall hide,
A caue the Quéene ſhall take, the Troian duke with her ſhall bide.
I will be there, and if thy will accord vnto my minde:
For euer I ſhall make them faſt and wedlocke ſtedfaſt binde.
There ſhall begin the day, that ſorrowes all ſhall quite exile.
Dame Venus graunted that, and to her ſelfe ſhe gan to ſmile,
She gaue a nod, and glad ſhe was ſhe could perceiue the gile.

The morning roſe, and from the ſea the ſunne was comen about,
Whan to the gates aſſembleth faſt of noble youth a rout
With nets and engins great, and hunter ſpeares full large of length.
The horſmen ruſh with noiſe, and dogs are brought a mighty ſtrength.
The great eſtates of Moores before the doores await the Quéene.
In chamber long ſhe ſtaies, and readie bridled beaſt beſéene
The palfrey ſtands in gold, attirde rich, and fierce he ſtampes
For pride, and on the fomie bit of golde with téeth he champes.
At laſt ſhe comes, and forth with mightie traine ſhe doth proceéde,
All braue with mantell bright, encompaſt freſh in gliſtring wéede,
Her quiuer on her ſhoulder hanges, her haires with knots of gold
Are truſt: and gold about her breſt her purple garments hold.
The Troian péeres alſo went on, Aſcanius glad of cheare,
Aeneas eke before them all that faireſt did appeare
Aduanceth forth himſelfe, and with the Quéene he ioyneth hand.
Moſt like vnto Apollo cléere, whan to his countrey land
To Delos downe he comes, and winter cold he doth forſake,
And feaſts among his countrey lords and bankets great doth make,
The dauncers do diſguiſe themſelues, and altars round about,
The huſbandmen do hop and cry, with noyſe and ioyfull ſhout.

Himselfe aloft on hilles doth walke, his wauering lockes behinde
He wags, and they with garlonds gay and twists of gold are twinde,
His arrowes on his shoulders clattering hanges: in maner like
Aeneas went, so great a myght to men his face doth strike.
Whan to the mountains out they came and hauntes of beasts on hie:
Behold, adown the rockes the deare with bounsing leapes do flie.
And ouer landes they course, and many an heard of hart and hind,
With fête thogh dust vpthrowne they skud, & hils they leaue behind.
But in the vale his prauncing stéede Ascanius swift bestrides,
And sometime these, and sometime those, with swift course ouerrides.
With dastard beasts his minde is not content, but maketh vows
Some somy Boze to finde, oz Lion ramping read would rowse.
By this iime heauen with rombling noise and clouds is ouercast,
And thonders breake the skies, and raine outragious poureth fast,
And shoures of haile and sléet so sharpe, that fast on euery side
The Carthge lozds and Troian youth eche one themselues doth hide
In woods and houses, here and there they séeke, both man and childe
Foz feare, and down from hilles the flods do fall with waters wilde.
A caue the Quéene did take, the Troian duke with her did bide.
The ground proclamed myzth, and Iuno selfe did giue the bride.
The fier and ayze agreed, and to this cowpling gaue their light
In signe of ioy, and ouer head the mountaine fairies shright.
There first began the griefe, that day was cause of sozowes all,
Foz nothing after that by fame she sets noz what may fall,
Noz longer now foz loue in stelth Quéene Dido her prouides,
But wedlock this she calls, with wedlocks name her fault she hides.
Anon thzough all the cities great of Affrike, Fame is gone,
The blasing fame, a mischief such, as swifter is there none.
By mouing moze she bréedes, and as she runnes her might doth rise.
Below foz feare she lurkech first, than straight aloft in skies,
With pride on ground she goth, & percith cloudes with head on hight.
Dame Earth her mother bzoded fozth (men say) that spite
Against the Gods, whan Giantes first of serpent fétcd line
Enceladus and Ceus wzought hie heauen to vndermine.
Than foz disdain (foz on themselues their own wozke Ioue did fling)
Their sister crawled fozth, both swift of féete and wight of wing.
A monster gastly great, foz euery plume her carkasse beares,
Like number léering eyes she hath, like number harkning eares,

The fairie ladies.

Fame the doughter of earth, and sister to the Giauntes that attemted to scale heauen.

Fame.

Like number tongs & mouthes she wags, a wondrous thing to speak,
At midnight forth she flies, and vnder shade her sound doth squeak,
All night she walkes, nor slumber swéet doth take, nor neuer slépes.
By daies, on houses tops she sits, or gates, or townes she kéepes,
On watching toures she climes, and cities great she makes agast,
Both truth and falshood forth she tels, and lies abroad doth cast.
She than the peoples mouthes about with babling broad did fill,
And things vnwrought & wrought she told, & blew both good and ill.
How one Aeneas of the blod of Troy was come to land,
Whom Dido fresh for wanton loue full soone had caught in hand.
And now this winter season long in pleasure past they must
Regarding none estate, but giue themselues to filthie lust.
These things in mouths of mẽ this goddes vile ful thick did thrust.

A woer. Than turning, straight her way she toke vnto Hiarbas king,
Whose mind with tales on fier she set, and sore his wrath did sting.
This king was Ammons sonne of Garamanth the Nymph his dame,
A hundreth temples huge about his kingdomes wide of fame,
A hundreth altars hie to Ioue he kept, with waking fiers
Both night and day to God, and holy priests had their desiers
Of beasts & slaughters fat: the soiles with blod were all embrued,
And swétes with floures & garlands fresh, the flores alway renude.
He mad in minde, and through these bitter newes inrensed wood,
Men say, as he before his altars praied and humbly stood:
His hands to heauen vp threw, and thus he cried with vexed mood.
Almightie Ioue, whom duly Moores estéeme for God and king,
Antiquitie fed vpon beds as the Turkes do yet. And feasts of broydred beds to thée, and wines of ioy do bring,
Beholdst thou this? and mightie father thée with thunder dints
Despise we thus? and yet from vs thy strokes of lightnings stints?
Nor quake we not, whã through ỹ clouds thy soundings breaks abouts
In vaine thy voyces run? will nothing vs to vertue moue?
A woman, lately come to land, that bought of vs the ground,
To whom the soyle we gaue to till, and citie new to found,
And lawes also we lent, my wedlocke (lo) she hath forsake,
Hee compares Aeneas to Paris. And now Aeneas lord of her and all her land doth make.
And now this prauking Paris fine with mates of beardlesse kinde:
To dropping haire and sauours nice, and vices all enclinde,
With Greekish wimple pinked, womanlike: yet must the same
Enioy the spoiles of this, and we thy seruants take the shame,

For

For all our offring gifts to thée we finde no fruite but fame.
Thus praying in his feruent mode, and altars holding fast,
Almightie Ioue him heard, and to the court his eyes did cast,
Where now these louers dwell forgetting life of better fame,
Than Mercury to him he calles, who straight obeyed the same.
Go sonne, come of, and call the winds, and winged slip thée downe
Unto the Troian duke, that now alofe in Carthage towne
Doth linger time, and of his fatall cities hath no minde.
Go speake to him, and thus conuey my words as swift as winde.
Not such a man his mother deare did promise he should proue,
Nor him from dangers twise of Greekes for this did she remoue:
But one that should Italia land where dreadfull wars do swell
By conquest vndertread, and them to right and peace compell,
And Troian blods he should aduaunce to due renowne and fame,
And all the world should vnder lawes subdue and rule the same.
If glory none of things so great, nor courage him doth moue,
Nor for his praise himselfe to take the paines he doth not loue,
Yet from Ascanius why doth he the towres of Rome remoue:
What meanes he: why remains he thus within his ennies ward?
And had not vnto Lauin land and offspring there regard:
Bid him to sea, this is the summe, (quoth he) go tell him this.
This spoken, he his fathers minde obeyed as dutie is.
And first his slender fæte with shoes and wings of gold he ties,
That him both vp and downe doth beare, where euer coast he flies,
Both ouer seas and ouer lands, in post in aire aboue.
He toke his rod also, wherewith from hell he doth remoue
The louring soules, and soules also to dungeons dæpe he sends,
And slæps therwith he giues and takes, and men from death defends.
The winds by force therof he cuts, and through the clouds he swims,
And now, approching neare, the top he seeth and mightie limbs
Of Atlas mountain tough, that heauen on boistous shoulders beares,
Of Atlas old, whom beating shoures and storms & tempests weares:
Whose head encompast all with trées of Pine in garland wise,
With louring cloudes is euer clad, that more and more do rise,
His shoulders hid with snow, and from his hoary beard adowne,
The streames of waters fall, with yse and frost his face doth frowne.
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arriue,
Than down from thence right ouer seas himself doth hedlong driue,

The commandment of Ioue to Mercury.

Mercury husketh him forward.

The description of his iourny from heauen along the mountaine Atlas in Affrike, highest in earth.

Most like a bird that neare the bankes of seas his haunting kéepes,
Among the fishfull rockes, and low beneath on water swéepes.
None otherwise Mercurius betwéene the skies and lands
Did sheare the windes, and ouerflew the shores of Lyby sands.
When first the bowres of Affrike land with winged féete he twight:
Aeneas he might sée to stand among them broad in sight
Aduancing vp the towres, and houses hie was altring new,
Begirt with hanger bright, beset with stones as stars to bew,
And shining red in roabe of Moorish purple, mantle wise,
He stood, and from his shoulders downe it hing Morisco gise.
Quéene Didos worke it was, her precious gift of loue to hold,
Her self the web had wrought, and warped fine with wreath of gold.
Straight vnto him he steps and said. Thou now of Carthage hie
Foundations new dost lay, and doating dost thy minde applie
To please thy lustie spouse, and citie faire thou dost prepare,
Alas, and of thine affaires or kingdomes hast no care.
Himselfe the mightie God doth me to thée on message send,
The king of heauen & earth, that all this world with beck doth bend.
Himself hath bid me through the winds so swift these things to tell.
What ghoast about? why spendest time in Lyby land to dwell?
If glorie none of things so great thy corage do not moue,
Nor thou for praise to take the paine wilt for thine owne behoue:
Yet by Ascanius rising now haue some regard to stand,
And hope of heires of him, to whom by right Italia land
An empier great of Rome is due. So said this heauenly wight,
And in the mids his tale he brake, and fled from mortall sight,
And out of reache of eyes as thin as aire he vanquisht quight.

Aeneas than affrighted stood in silence dumbe dismaid,
His haire vprose for feare, his voyce betwéene his iawes it staid.
Faine would he flée, and of that countrey swéete his licence take,
Astoined with so great commandment giuen, and god that spake.
Alas what shall he do? how dare he now attempt to breake
Vnto the Quéene of this? or where his tale begin to speake?
His doubtfull minde about him swift he kest both here and there,
And sundry waies he weyed, and searcheth dangers euery where.
Thus striuing long, this last deuise him liked best of all.
His captaines. Cloanthus and Cerestus strong, and Mnesteus he both call,
And bids them rig their fléete, and close their people draw to shore,

And

And armoꝛs all pꝛepare, and leſt thereof might riſe vpꝛoꝛe:
Some cauſes els they ſhould pꝛetend, himſelfe whan time ſhal ſerue,
Whan Dido leaſt doth knowe, and leaſt ſuſpects his loue to ſwarue,
Ye will aſſay to ſéeke moſt pleaſant time with her to treat,
And méeteſt meane to make (foꝛ craft is all, who can the feat.)
They glad without delay their loꝛds commaundments did fulfill,
All things in oꝛder ſet, and cloſe they kept their pꝛinces will.
Anon the Quéen had found the guile. What craft can compas loue?
She did foꝛecaſt no leſſe, and firſt ſhe felt their pꝛactiſe moue,
All things miſtruſting ſtraight, and fame alſo that monſter wood
Her fumes encreaſed moꝛe, with newes, the ſhips in armoꝛ ſtood,
And Troians foꝛ their flight (ſhe ſaid) all things pꝛepared had.
Her heart therewith did faint, and frantike (like a creature mad)
She railes with ramping rage, & through the ſtréets & townes about
With noiſe ſhe wanders wide, moſt like a guide of Bacchus rout,
Whā ſhouting thꝛogh ẏ fields wᵭ trompet ſound they run by night,
In freke of Bacchus feaſt, and mountains hie they fil with ſhꝛight.
At laſt vnto Aeneas thus in talke her woꝛds ſhe dight.
To hide alſo from me this miſchiefe gꝛeat, haſt thou the hart?
Thou traitoꝛ falſe? and from my land by ſtealth wouldſt thou depart?
Noꝛ my vnfained loue, noꝛ thy remoꝛſe of pꝛomiſe plight,
Noꝛ Dido, like to die with cruell death, can ſtay thy flight?
But in the mids of winter ſtoꝛme away thou wilt in haſt?
An theſe outragious ſeas, and thꝛough the foꝛce of noꝛthen blaſt?
O caitiſe moſt vnkinde: what if it were a countrey knowne
The land thou goſt to ſéeke, no ſtraungie realme, but all thine owne?
What if that Troy, ſometime thy natiue towne, did yet endure?
Should Troy thꝛogh all theſe boyſtous ſeas this time thy ſhips alure?
And fléeſt thou me? Now by theſe wéeping teares, and thy right hand
(Foꝛ nothing els I left me miſer now whereby to ſtand)
By our eſpouſall firſt, and foꝛ the loue of wedlocke ſought:
If euer well deſerued I of thée, if euer ought
Of ioy thou haddſt of me, haue mercy now, I am ontwinde.
Deſtroy not all my houſe, O be not ſo extreame vnkinde,
If pꝛaiers may pꝛeuaile, let pꝛaiers yet relent thy minde.
Foꝛ thée alone the tirants all and kings of Leby land
Do hate me now, foꝛ thée alone my people me withſtand,
Foꝛ thée alſo my ſhamefaſt life I bꝛake, and euermoꝛe

My fame I loſt, that to the ſtars exalted me before.
To whom alas ſhall I be left (O geſt) ſince die I ſhall?
That ſurname muſt remaine (for husband thée I dare not call)
Why ſhould I longer liue? ſhould I abide the day to ſée
Mine ennies ouerthrow this towne for hate and ſpite of thée?
Or till that king Hiarbas come and me his captiue make?
Yet if I chaunced had ſome frute of thée before to take,
If yet before thy flight there were ſome yong Aeneas ſmall
Reſembling me thy face, to play with me within this hall:
Than ſlaue I ſhould not count my ſelfe, nor yet forſaken all.
Theſe things ſhe ſpake, but he remembring Ioues commaundment
Did ſtand with fired eyes, and couched care his heart did fill.
Few words at laſt he ſpake. All that (quoth he) and nothing leſſe
But rather more, what euer tong may tell I will confeſſe,
Nor neuer (noble Quéene) ſhall I denay thy goodneſſe kinde,
Nor Didos loue on me beſtowd ſhall neuer out of minde,
While on my ſelfe I thinke, while life & breath theſe lims do gide.
To purpoſe this I ſpeake, I neuer thought nor hoapte to hide
(Do you not faine) this flight, nor did prepare from hence to ſteale,
Nor I for wedlocke euer came, nor thus did minde to deale.
For as for me my life to leade if deſtnies did not let,
As I could beſt deuiſe, and all my charge in order ſet,
Mine auncient towne of Troy for me and mine I would againe
Reſtore with labor ſwéete, and Priams towres ſhould yet remaine,
For though they conquerd be, their walles again I would aduance.
But now Italia land to ſéeke, and there to take our chance,
To Italy Apollo great, and mightie gods vs calles,
There lieth our countrey loue. If you delight in Carthage walles,
And you a Moore among the Moores reioyce this towne to ſée:
Why ſhould the Troian from their countrey land reſtrained bée?
What reaſon is but we likewiſe may ſtraungie countries take?
My father Anchiſes ſoule to me (as oft as ſhadowes blake
By night doth hide the ground, as oft as light of ſtars do riſe)
He warns me through my dreams, & me with fearful goſt doth griſe.
My childe Aſcanius eke, to me moſt deare, I put to wrong,
Whom from Italia realme, and fatall fields I kéepe ſo long.
And now the meſſage great of God from hie Ioue downe is ſent,
I call to witneſſe both, as ſwift as winde his warning went.

I saw the god my selfe as cleare as day, when on the ground
He lighted first, and from the walles these eares did heare the sound.
Cease for my loue, with wailing thus to fret both me and thée,
Italia against my will I séeke.
These things while he did speak, she him beheld with loking glum,
With rolling here and there her eies, and still in silence dum
His iesture all he vewd, and musing long against him stode.
At last thus out she brake, and thus she spake with burning mode.
No goddesse neuer was thy dame, nor thou of Dardans kinde
Thou traitor wretch, but vnder rocks and mountains rough vnkinde
Thou were begot, some brod thou art of beast or monster wilde,
Some Tigrés thée did nurse, and gaue to thée their milke vnmilde.
For what should I regard? or whereto more should I me kéepe?
Did he lament my teares? did once his eyes on water wéepe?
Did he not comfort shew? or turne his face to me for loue?
What should I first complaine? now now dame Iuno great aboue,
Nor God himselfe on my mischance with equall eyes doth loke,
No stedfast truth there is: this naked miser vp I toke
Whom seas had cast on shore, and of my realme a part I gaue,
His fléete I did relieue, and from their death his people saue.
Alas, what furies driue me thus to rage? Lo now anon,
Apollo laith his lots, to Phœbus now he must be gon.
Now Ioue himselfe hath sent his fearfull mandat through the skies,
The post of gods is come: here is a setch of fine deuise.
What els: be not the careles gods with these things combred sore?
These labors vere them much: who euer heard this like before?
They carke for this? I neither that defend, nor hold thée more.
Go, séeke Italia through the windes, hunt kingdomes out at seas.
In mids therof I hope thou shalt (if good gods may displeas)
Upon the rocks be throwne, that vengeance due thy carkas teare.
On Dido shalt thou crie, with brondes of fier I will be there.
And whan the cold of death is come, and bodie boyd remaines:
Ech where my haunting spryte shall thée pursue to giue thée paines.
Yea thése it shalbe thus: and as I sit in Lymbo low,
These tydings when I heare, I shall reioyce thy wo to know.
And in the mids of this her tale she brake, and from the light
She fleed with heauie heart, and drew her selfe away from sight,
Him leauing there perplexed sore in minde, and sore in feare.

The

Ye would haue spoke, her ladies lift her vp, and vp did beare,
To chamber her they brought, in precious bed they laid her there.
But good Aeneas though full faine he would her griefe asswage,
And words of comfort speake, to turne from her that heauie rage,
In hart he mourned much, and shaken sore with feruent loue,
Yet to his ships he went to do the charge of gods aboue.
Than all the Troians them bestird, in haste on euery side,
Their ships they launched out, the anointed plankes on water glide.
And Ores they made of bows, the woods with them to seas they beare
Unshapen yet for haste.
The discription of pismares or emotes.
From al the town they ran, you might them swarming thick behold.
And like as Ants apply their work, that thinke on winter cold,
Whan heaps of corn they spoile, and to their house conuey their store:
Their army black goeth out, and from the fields with labor sore
Their bodies home they bring, and some the kernels great of grain,
With might of shoulders shoue, and some behind suruey the train,
Correcting some for slewth, with chearing forth the worke it heates,
The waies are worne with weight, and euery path of labor sweates.
What minde alas ✠ Dido now? what griefe was this to thée?
What wailing vp thou setst? whan so on shore thou didst them sée?
And whan thou mightst behold before thy face from towres on hie,
The seas on euery side resound with such vprore and crie?
O Loue vnmilde, what dost thou not man mortall driue to séeke?
Againe to teares she goeth, againe she falles to praiers méeke,
She yéelds to him for loue, nor nothing will she leaue vntried,
But practise all to proue, if ought will helpe before she died.
Lo sister Anne, thou seest how swift to shore this people hies,
From euery coast they come, their sailes are set for winde to rise,
With crowns for ioy their seamen deck their pups in garland gise.
If euer, sister, such a griefe had come within my thought,
I would haue borne the same, or else some other shift haue wrought.
Yet one thing sister, in this wofull plight do thou for mée,
For this periured wretch regarded none so much as thée.
To thee alone he would commit both secret thought and déed,
Thou knowest ỹ mans good hours, & pleasant time with him to spéed.
Go sister, and go tell my words to my disdainfull foe:
I was not she that did conspier with Greekes to Troy to goe,
Nor did subuért his townes, nor ships nor armour euer sent

To

To ſtroy the Troian blood, nor to his foes aſſiſtens lent.
I neuer brake his fathers tombe, nor bones in peeces chopt.
Why hath he thus to my requeſt his eares ſo ſtifly ſtopt?
Where now away to runne, will he remoue in all this haſte?
O let him yet haue one reſpect to me for token laſt,
This one reward I craue, for duties all moſt miſer wight,
O let him bide a while, till winde and ſeas may ſerue his flight.
I ſeeke no more the wedlock old, which he hath now betraied,
Nor from Italia goodly land he lenger ſhould be ſtaied.
I ſeeke no longer him to keepe his kingdome to forbeare.
A vacant time I aſke, and reſpite ſmall my wo to weare,
While fortune learne me to lament, and brooke my fatal fall,
For pitie (ſiſter) ſue for me this pardon laſt of all,
Which whan thou doſt obteine: requite it with my death I ſhall.
Thus talked ſhe with teares, and weeping thus both to and fro
Her ſiſter went and came, and bare and brought encreaſe of wo.
But weping nought preuails, nor waling ought his mind doth moue
His breſt ſo ſtifly bent, entreatings all from him doth ſhoue,
God worketh ſo, his gentle eares are ſtopt from heauens aboue.
And as an auncient Oke of timber ſtout is toſt and tone
With northē boyſtous blaſts, now here, now there wt bending borne,
Whan ſtrugling windes do ſtriue, ỹ craking noiſe aloft doth ſounde,
The braunches breake aboue, and bowes abroad are ſpred on ground.
Yet ſtill on rockes it ſtandes, and as the top doth climbe to grow
To heauens in height: ſo reacheth downe the rote to Limbo low
None otherwiſe afflicted is this prince with meſſage brought,
Inceſſauntly with teares, and greeuous cares oppreſt his thought,
Yet ſtandes he fixed ſtill, and teares of eies do trill for nought.
Than Dido (wofull ſoule) with plagues of deſtnies foule affright
Deſires to die, ſhe loatheth now of heauen to ſee the light.
Her purpoſe alſo further forth to ſet, and life to leaue,
As ſhe on burning altars did encenſe and offerings heaue,
(A loathſome thing to ſpeake) the ſcattered liquors blacke they ſtood,
And wines in powring forth ſhe ſaw them turne to filthy blood.
This viſion to no wight, no, not her ſiſter deere ſhe tolde.
There was alſo within her court, to ſerue her huſband olde
A marble temple pure of wondrous worke, that day by day
Deuoutly ſhe did dreſſe with fleeſes white, and garlandes gay.

Princes had Temples in their houſe,

From

Where they worshipt them that they loued as god.

From thence were voices heard, and speeches plain did seeme to sound
Her husband her to call, whan darke of night did hide the ground.
And oftentimes on houses tops the shriking Oule alone
Her deadly song did drawe, with wailing voice and weeping mone.
Much things also that prophets old of long time spake before
Amazed made her minde with grisly threatnings more and more.

Dreames contrary.

And visions in her sleepe she seeth. Himselfe Aeneas there
Pursues her fierce in chase, and she away doth flee for feare.
And euer left alone she seemes to be, and long alone,
She walkes in desart waies, and people seekes and findeth none.
Her Moores also she thinkes hath her forsaken fled and gon.
As Pentheus whom fables faine with feends enchaunted was,
Twe sonnes at ones, and townes of Thebas twaine did seeme to pas:
Or as Orestes bayted was with bugs and ghosts vnkinde,
Whan hee his mother fled, and she pursued him fast behinde
All girt with serpents grim, and shaking brondes of vengeance fell
With fier, and euery doore beset with wreakfull hagges of hell.

Desperation.

Whan she therfore conceiued had these monsters wood, for wo
She gaue her selfe to death, and from this world decreed to go.
A time therto she seekes, and what deuise is best to take
She studies fast, and to her heauy sister thus she spake.

She dissimuleth to her sister that she hath gotten an old woman to heale her of loue by magike.

Lo sister, now reioyce with mee, for I haue found a way,
That either I shall hold him still, or els my loue shall stay.
There is a lond in Ocean sea, that furthest lieth of all,
Where Aethiops do dwell, and where the sunne from vs doth fall,
Where Atlas mightie moūt on shoulders strong ỹ heauē doth turne,
And vnderprops the pole that stars doth beare that euer burne.
From thence a virgin priest is come, from out Massila land,
Sometime the temple there she kept, and from her heauenly hand
The dragon meate did take. She kept also the fruite deuine,
Where herbes and liquors sweete, that still to sleepe did men incline
The mindes of men (she saith) frō loue with charmes she can vnbind,
In whom she list, but others can she cast to cares vnkinde.
The running streames to stand, & from their course ỹ stars to wreath,
And soules she coniure can, thou shalt see sister vnderneath
The groūd with roaring gape, and trees, & moūtaines turne vpright.
I call to witnesse God, and vnto thee my trouth I plight
O sister sweete, and by thy head whom I so deare do loue,

Compeld

Compeld againſt my will I muſt theſe artes of Magike proue.
Go thou therefore, and in mine inner court (in ſecret wiſe)
Prepare the pile of wood, and frame it large aloft in ſkies.
Than take his harneis all, and euery thing that thou canſt finde,
Which in my chamber yet this wicked theefe hath left behinde.
Than all his wearing weedes, and than my bed of wedlocke wo
Where I was caſt away (alas) laie that with them alſo.
All monuments and tokens where that ſinfull wretch hath paſt
I will conſume with fier, ſo doth my prieſt commaund in haſt.
This ſpeaking ſodeinly ſhe ſtopt, and ſtood with loking pale.
Yet could not Anne ſuſpect by that, nor by her ſiſters tale,
That vnder ſuch pretence of ſeruice new, her death ſhe ment,
Nor of ſo fierce outrage ſhe thought, or minde on madneſſe bent.
No greater thing ſhe feared now, than whan Sichæus died.
Therefore as ſhe was bid, ſhe did.
The Quéene, when ſhe prepared had the pile in ſkies on hie,
With logs in péeces cut, and pitch and gummes and timber drie,
With garlands them ſhe decks, & bows & herbes doth on them ſtrow,
In mourning guiſe, than all the robes thereon ſhe doth beſtow,
His ſword alſo ſhe layed, and faier on bed his picture new,
She couched all her ſelfe, and well wiſt what ſhould enſue.
Her altars ſtands about, the prieſt her ſelfe with haire vnfold,
Thrée hundred gods with thundring mouth ſhe calls, and Chaos old,
And gods of vnder ground, and on the threefoldſhapen dame,
An on *Diana* virgins faces thrée ſhe doth exclame.
Than waters ſpringling (black as Lymbo pit) on them ſhe throws.
And forth by night they gon, where weéds & herbes of miſchief grows,
With hookes ful hard of braſſe, by light of Mone they ſéeke and crop
Their hairy buds, and milke of poiſon blacke that from them drop
They ſéeke alſo, and from a tender colt they take the knap
That from the front at foaling, firſt the dam for loue doth snap,
Whom now they do preuent.
Her ſelfe at offring altars pure deuout with gifts in hands,
With one foote naked bare, in garment loſe vngirt did ſtand,
Proteſting loude before her death her gods, and ſtars aboue,
That know her deſtnies all. Than if there be for them that loue
Remembrante ought in heauen, or god that iuſtice kéepes in ſkies,
Regarding breach of faith: to that ſhe praies and humbly cries.

Vnder this colour ſhe cauſeth her funerall fire to be made, for than they vſed to burne their dead.

Coniurations of magike.

Thinges pertaining to witchcraft.

Than was it night, and creatures all that weery were on ground,
Did take their slomber sweet, both woods & seas had left their sound,
Discription of midnight And waues of waters wilde, whan stars at midnight soft do slide,
Whan whust is euery field, and beasts and birds of painted pride
In bushes broad that brede, and country soules of land and lake,
By night in silence still are set on slepe, their ease to take,
Forgetting labors long, and care away from hart they shake.
But not so Dido could, nor neuer rest relieues her minde,
On slepe she neuer falls, her eyes or heart no night can finde.
Her cares encreasing rise, with raging loue in brest she boyles
A fresh, and surges wilde of wrath within her selfe she toyles.
Betwéen them thus she strines, & thus her heauy hart turmoyles.
Lo, what shall I now do? shall I againe go séeke with shame,
My former suters loue? shall I go sue to wed the same?
Whom I so oftentimes to take to me disdained haue?
Or shall I in the Troian fléete go serue, and liue a slaue?
What els? for where they had before this time reliefe of mée,
They will remember that, and well they quite me now you sée.
Admit I would so do, what is he there will me receiue
To their disdainfull ships? O fole, thou dost thy selfe deceiue.
O creature lost, dost thou not yet the falshod vnderstand
Of that periured nation false of Laomedons band?
What than? shall I alone pursue these boatmen braue in slight?
Or shall I raise my people all in armes with me to fight?
And them that out of Sydon land I scarcely brought with paine,
Shall I go bid them saile, and send them out to seas againe?
Nay rather die thy selfe, as worthie well thou dost deserue,
And with this weapon quench away thine own distresse and sterue.
Thou sister ouercome with teares, on me this mischiefe furst
Didst put, and to my mortall foe didst throw me most accurst.
Could I not yet my life haue led without reproach or misse,
As doth some saluage beast? and not haue felt the cares of this?
My promise broken is, that I my husband dead did make.
These wailings she within her brest with hart full heauie brake.
Aeneas than abord in ship assured forth to passe
Was taking rest, and for the slight all thing prepared was.
To him the god againe in habit like, and former face
Appearing shewed himself, and thus in dreams bespake his grace.

All

All things like Mercury he bare, both formes and voyce and hew,
And glosse of shining haire, and comely youth of beautie new.
Thou goddesse sonne, in all this parlous season canst thou sléepe?
Nor how thou art beset with dangers great hast thou no kéepe?
Thou foolish man? these godly western windes dost thou not heare?
She now on mischief thinks, and wicked craft her mind doth steare
Allured bent to death, and waues of wrath her heart doth cast.
Wilt thou not headlong flée betime, while power to flée thou hast?
Anon the seas enclosed vnder ships, and blazing brondes
On euery side shall shine, thou shalt sée burning all the strondes,
If thée this morning sunne about this countrey finde to raunge.
Breake off dispatch: a diuers minded thing, and full of chaunge
Is womankinde alway, dispatch. So spake this heauenly wight,
And through the dark of night himselfe withdrew from mortal sight.

Aeneas with that sodaine voyce in minde right sore appalde:
Himselfe from sléepe he shoke, and on his mates he freshly calde.
Now euery man awake, bestow your selues on hatches hie,
In haste hoyst vp your sailes, againe the god is come from skie,
In haste forthwith to shift, and cables cut from hence to flée,
Lo once againe he calles. O blessed god we waite on thée
What euer thou art: thy will againe with glad chéere we obey.
Be with vs now for spéede, and send vs stars to guide our way,
And weather good (he said.) With that, he drew his fauchon out,
That bright as lightning shone, and cables strake with corage stout.
Than euery man bestirs: they séek, they snatch, they take, they teare,
The shores aloft they leaue, the seas for ships appeares no where.
And now the morning red had left sir Tythons painted bed,
And broad on earth her glistring beames and light had newly spred.
The morning was taken for a goddesse, and imagined nightly to lie with Tython king of the East.

The Quéen as dawning waxed white from towting towres on hie,
When she the fleete thus vnder saile in order did espie,
And winde at will to driue, and nothing left behinde at shore,
And saw the hauous all emptie strond without en boate or Oze:
Thrée times her hands she beat, & foure times strake her comly brest,
Her golden haire she tare, and frantikelike with mode oppresst:
She cryed, O Iupiter, O god (quoth she) and shalla go
Indéede? and shalla flout me thus within my kingdomes, for
Shall not mine armies out? and all my peoples them pursue?
Shal they not spoil their ships, or burn them all with vengeance due?

Out people, out vpon them, follow fast with fiers and flames,
Set sailes aloft, make out with oares, in ships, in boates, in frames.
What speake I? or where am I? what furies me do thus enchaunt?
O Dido wofull wretch, now destnies fell thy head doth haunt.
This first thou shouldst haue don, whã thou thy kingdõ putst frõ thee
Lo this it is to trust. This godly faith and troath hath hée
That so deuout, his countrey gods men say doth séeke to reare,
And he that on his shoulders did his aged father beare.
Could I not him byforce haue caught, and péece from péece haue torn?
Or spred his limmes in seas, and all his people slain beforne?
Could I not of Ascanius chopping made? and dresse for meate
His flesh? and than his father done therof his fill to eate?
Than grown a doubt there had perhaps in fight, what if it had?
Whom dred I bent to death? than would I straight with furies mad
Haue brent his camp with brõds, & fild his ships with fier & flame.
Both fier and son destroid, and of their nation quench the name,
That done, I would haue throwne my self ful glad vpon the same.
O Sunne with blasing beames, that euery déede on earth dost bewe
And Iuno goddesse great, that knowest what thing to this is dewe:
Diana déepe, whose name by night all townes in crospathes crie,
And fiends of vengeance fel, and gods that Dido make to die,
Receiue my wordes, and turne from me the wreke of sinners paine.
Heare now my voice: if destnies do that wicked head constraine
To enter hauen, and néedes hée must with mischiefe swim to land,
If god will néedes dispose if so to bée, there let it stand.
Yet let him vexed bée, with armes and wars of peoples wilde,
And hunted out from place to place, an outlaw still exilde,
Let him go beg for helpe, and from his childe disseuered bée,
And death and slaughters vile of all his kindred let him sée.
And whan to lawes of wicked peace he doth himselfe behight,
Yet let him neuer raigne, nor in this life to haue delight:
But die before his day, and rot on ground withouten graue.
This is my praier last, this with my blood of you I craue.
Than to their linage all, O you my people shew despite,
O Moores applie them still with strife, let hatred hate acquite,
This charge to you I leaue, these offring presents send you mée
Whan dead I am, let neuer loue nor league betwéene you bée.
Than of my bones arise there may some imp reuenger fell,

Of her came Hannibal that after plaged Rome.

That

That shall the Troian clownes with force of fire and sword expell.
Now, than, and euermore, as time shall serue to giue them might
Let shore to shore, and streame to streame, be stil repugnant right.
This I destre, let them in armes and all their offspring fight.
Thus said she, and her minde about in compasse wide she kest,
Destring sone this hatefull world to leaue and be at rest.
Than thus to Barcey straight, Sichæus nurse she shortly saide,
(For at her countrey old, her owne, in dust before was laide:)
Deare nurse (quoth she) go bid my sister haste that she were heere,
Attire her selfe she must, and wash with streames of water cleere,
And offrings bid her bring, and beasts appointed here to leade.
And thou thy head (O nurse deuout) with vesture see thou spreade,
Than let her come. To Pluto deepe such vowes as I haue take
My minde is to performe, and of my cares an end to make.
She hearing stepped forth, and hasted on with aged wit.
The tokens all of Troy to burning fier I will commit.
But Dido quaking fierce with frantike moode and grisly hue,
With trembling spotted cheeks, her huge attemptings to pursue,
Besides her selfe for rage, and towards death with visage wan,
Her eyes about she rold, as red as blood they loked than.
Anon to the inner court in haste she runnes, and vp the pyle
She mounting climes aloft, and on the top thereof awhyle
She stood, and naked from the sheath she drawes the fatall blade
A gift of Troy, that vnto these effects was neuer made.
There, whan she saw the Troian weeds and couch acquainted laid
With trickling teares awhile, & mourning hart her self she staid.
Than flat on bed she fell, and these her last words than she said.
O sweete remaine of cloathing left, and thou O dulcet bed,
(While god and fortune would, and while my life with you I led)
Receiue from me this soule, and from these cares my hart vntwine.
A time of life I had, of fortunes race I ran the line:
And now from me my figure great goth vnder ground to dwell.
My walles I raised haue, and citie rich that doth excell.
My husbands death, and on my brother false I worke my teene.
O happie (welaway) and ouerhappie had I beene,
If neuer Troan ship (alas) my countrey shore had seene.
This said, she wried her head, and vnreuenged must we die?
But let vs boldly die (quoth she) thus, thus to death I plie.

Thus vnder ground I gladly go, lo thus I so expire,
Let yonder Troian tyrant now with eyes deuour this fire,
As on the seas he sits, and with my death fulfill his ire.
Thus speaking, in the midst thereof she left, and therewithall
With breast on pearsing sword, her ladies saw where she did fall.
The blade in foumy blood, and hands abroad with sprawling throwne.
To heauen the shouts arise, and through ỹ town the fame is blowne.
Lamenting loude begins, and wailings wide, vnd roaring hie,
In euery house they houle, and women cast a rufull crie.
The citie shakes, the noyse rebounding breakes the mightie skie.
None otherwise, than if some rage of enemies all their towne
At once had ouerrunne, and houses hie were tearing downe,
As all at once should fall, Carthago proude, or auncient Tyre,
And buildings both of gods and men should burn with blazing fire.
Her sister heard the sound, as dead for dread she stood vndrest,
With nailes her face she tare, and with her fists she beat her brest,
And ramping through the midst of men she runnes, and by her name
She calles her, now in death. O sister mine, and ladie dame,
Is this the cause that I from thée so far beguiled was?
Did I this pyle of fier and altars build for this? alas,
What should I now forsaken first complaine? O sister swéete,
Hast thou despised, me to take with thée, a mate so méete?
Why didst thou me thy sister to this death disdaine to call?
One weapon should vs both dispatch at once from sorrowes all.
And with my hands haue I so wrought? haue I my gods so cried?
That from this cruell plight of thine my presence was denied?
O sister, now thou hast vndone this day both thée and mée,
Thy towne, thy peoples all, thy worthie lords confounded bée.
Carthago quenched is: O let me wash these wounds in hast,
And if there be remaining yet some life or breathing last,
My mouth shall fetch the same forthwith. So said she, and now aloft
The pyle she clymed had, and in her bosome clasping soft
Her sister heauie helde (in pang that was) and with her wéede
She wailing wiped of the deadly blood that blacke did bléede.
She towards her, her heauie fainting eies would faine haue cast,
But fixed vnderneath her brest her wound reboyleth fast.
Three times her selfe she lift, and on her elbow sought to stay,
And three sise she sounding fell, and therevpon she gaue a bray.

Than

Than thrise on bed she tost, and with her eyes vprolling round,
Of heauen she sought the light, and groned sore whan it she found.
Almightie Iuno than, these labors hard, and passage long
Lamented sore to see, and downe she sent in message strong
Dame Iris hie, that on the Rainbow red in heauen doth sit,
This strugling soule to take, and from these paines her limbs vnknit.
For whereas no deserued death, nor destnies her did kill,
But silly soule before her day, by rage of frantike will,
Her golden haire as yet from her not taken was, nor yet
Diana damned had her head to lake of Lymbo pit:
Dame Rainbow down therfore with safrõ wings of dropping shours,
Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours,
From heauen descending came, and (on her head.) Here I do thee
To Pluto now bequeath, and from this corpes I make thee free.
She said, and with her hand she clipt her haire so cléer that shinde,
And therwithall her limbs at once their heate from them resinde.
And thin as aire her life went out, disperst abroad in winde.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran
ix. Aprilis. Anno. 1556. Opus
Quindecim dierum.

THE FIFTH

Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Aeneas leauing Carthage, and ſailing towardes Italy, by force of a tempeſt is driuen into Sicil, where, being friendly receiued by Aceſtes: he celebrateth his father Anchiſes 12. monethes minde, whom he had buried at Drepanus that day twelue moneth before. And maketh plaies, and games at his graue, and diſtributeth rewards to ſuch as win them. Cloanthus getteth the priſe in fight on ſea. Eurialus, through the ſlight of Niſus, winneth the beſt in running, and ſo doth Eurytion in ſhooting. Entellus the auncient, ouercometh Dares at the game called Cæſtus (which is fighting with bags or flaps of leather hanging by ſtringes, wherin is either lead or ſand) who youthfully boaſted of himſelfe. Howbeit the chief rewards, & honor, in reſpect of age, and dignitie, were adiudged vnto Aceſtes, whoſe arrow when it flew into the aire, ſodeinly waxed a fire. Aſchanius in the honour of Anchiſes his grandfather, with the other youth of nobilitie practiſeth fight, & feats on horſeback, reſembling warlike proweſſe. In the meane time the Troian wiues, at the inſtigation of the Rainbowe, and for weariſomeneſſe of their long trauel, caſt fire among the fleet, & quite deſtroied four tall ſhips. The night following, Anchiſes appeareth to his ſon Aeneas in a dreame, & warneth him frō Iupiter, that following the counſel of Nautes, he leaue behinde him the wōmen, and the impotent old men, in Sicil, and himſelf with the force of his army, and the luſtieſt youths of all the company, ſaile into Italy. Where he ſhould firſt go ſeek Sybillas den, by whoſe direction he ſhould be brought vnto him into the fields called Elyſij, or fields of pleaſure, where he ſhould be enformed of all the race of his poſteritie, and learn the euents of all wars that ſhould ſhortly befal him. Wherfore Aeneas then obeying his fathers commandement, buildeth a citie in Sicil named Aceſtes, and there maketh a Colony of women, & old men that were vnfit for war, and himſelf with the ſtrength of his army taketh his voiage towards Italy. Therwhiles, Neptunus at the entreatie of Venus maketh the ſea calm, whilſt Aeneas ſaileth In this goodly calmneſſe Palinurus the ſteareſmā falling a ſleep, is caſt helme and all into the ſea, whoſe turn Aeneas ſupplieth.

AEneas on his way this while with ſhips the ſeas did ſheare,
Amidſt the worſking waues of Northen winde full rough that were,
Afores now to paſſe, and backe full oft he kest his eine

To

To Didos dolfull wals, on euery side that now did shine
With flames of burning bright, what kindled hath so great a fire,
The cause vnknowen it is, but wandrous feates in feruent yre,
As wrought by woman kind, whâ breach of loue haue made thẽ mad:
Thus pensiue passe the Troians from that sight and token sad.
When to the deepe their ships were come, and now on neither side
Appeares no land, but seas and skies about them broad are spide:
A showre aboue his head there stode, all dusky blacke with blew,
Both night & storme it brought, & straight ẏ waters darke their hew.
Himselfe the Lodesman Palymure from pup at sterne on hie
Alack, why hath these cloudes so thick encompast thus the skie?
What worke thou father Neptune now? he said, and therwithall
He bids them trusse their trackels, and with ores to labour fall,
And sailes to leeward set, than thwart the wind he kest about,
And thus he spake Aeneas prince of might and courage stout.
If god himselfe, as now this wether stands, would say to me,
To fetch Italia land, yet would I thinke it could not be.
So worke these wayward windes, and from by west the tẽpest grim
Doth rise with boistous noise, and aire with cloudes enclosed dim.
Nor striue no more we may, nor if we list we can come there,
Since fortune therfore doth preuaile, let vs with fortune beare,
And turne where fortune calls, not far it is (as I suppose)
Vnto thy brother Erix coast and hauens of Sicil wose,
(If I in minde my wonted course of stars do well retaine.)
Aeneas gentle said, indede I see thee striue in vaine
With labour all this while, and so me thinke these windes require.
Turne thou thereto thy sailes, is any land to me more deere?
Or where should I my weary ships more wish to set at rest,
Than where Acestes Troian dwells my frend beloued best?
And where my father Anchises bones entombed lyen in chest?
He said, and towards hauens anon they make, and windes at west
Doth blow them through the deeps, ẏ chanel swift their nauy drines,
And glad at last on their acquainted shore their ships ariues.
And from the mountain top, with maruell great to see them slete,
Acestes hasting ran, his countrey ships at shore to mete.
All hunterlike, in hide of boystous beare, with dart in hand,
His father (flod Crinisus) him begat in Troian land.
Dame Troy his mother was, his worthy stock full stout he bare.

He landeth in Sicil frõ whence he came out at the first The king of Sicil.

He bad them welcome back, and ioyfully with mountaine fare
He did them entertaine, and friendly comfort after care.
The morning next, whan first the dawning stars expulsed were,
And cleare the day began, Aeneas out from euery where
Assembled all his mates, and into councel did them call.
Than from a bancke on hie, he thus pronounced to them all.
You mighty Troians, from the blod of great gods that descend,
This time is comen about, a perfect yeare is now at end,
Since whan my father Anchises blessed bones were put in ground,
And mourning altars for his holy relikes we did found.
And now the day (if I do not mistake) approcheth nére,
That vnto mée shall euer dolefull bée, and euer déere,
Since gods hath pleased so: if I this day were cast a land,
Among the saluage Moores, or on the shores of Sirtes sand,
Or caught on Greekish seas, or in Micena towne a slaue:
Yet pay my yerely vowes I would with pompe of duties braue,
And gifts in feastfull gyse on altars large I would aduaunce,
Now here in hauen we bée among our friends, not by no chaunce,
But by the gods (I trust) of purpose wrought, and for the nones,
To worship here my fathers blessed dust, and precious bones.
Come on therfore, let euery man set forth these honors pure
With myrth on euery side, that of good windes we may be sure.
And as I yerely now these offring daies to him do make,
So whan my citie builded is in temples he shall take.
For euery ship Acestes giues to you of oxen twaine,
With charge your selues to chere, set out your contrey gods againe,
And with our host Acestes gods to feasting sée you fall:
In worship of this day, let vs reioyce with corage all.
Woreouer whan the morning ninth to mortall men doth spring,
And sunne with glistring beams the world again to light doth bring,
For prises proud to striue, I will prouoke the Troian fléete.
And who so wrastleth best, or best can runne with force of féete,
Or surer driues a Dart, or or archer best his bow can drawe,
Or fighting dares combat, with boistous bags of lether raw:
Rewards I shall set forth, and prises méet for euery matche.
Be present all, and he that best deserues, the best shall catche.
Say all Amen, and crown your heads with bowes of Laurel grééne.
So speaking on his head he let his garlond fresh beséene.

They feasted alway before their Idols.

So Helimus, so king Aceſtes doth, (full graue of age)
So childe Aſcanius doth, and after him both man and page.
He from the councel came with thoulands thick in mighty throng,
Vnto his fathers tombe, in midſt of all his princes ſtrong.
Two bolles of bleſſed wine in ſolemne guiſe he keſt on ground,
And milke in baſons twaine about the tombe he powred round,
And twaine of ſacred blood: than all the graue he ſpred and laide
With flowres of purple hewes, and thus at laſt full loude he praide.
All haile O bleſſed father mine, yet once againe all haile:
From death preſerued twiſe, but nought to me can that prevaile.
Thy bones I worſhip here, vnto thy ſoule mote glorie bée.
My lucke was not Italia fatall fields to finde with thée,
Nor Tyber flood (where euer it is) could we togithers know.
Thus talked he, whan from the tombe at ſecret caue below,
A ſerpent great did glide, with circles ſeuen of mightie ſiſe,
Along the graue he drew with foldings ſeuen in compaſſwiſe,
Embraſſing ſoft the tombe, and tombling ſoft on the altars rolde,
His backe as azure blew, beſpotted gay with ſpecks of golde,
And gloſſe of burning ſkales, as in the cloudes with diuers hewes
Againſt the ſunne, the rainbow red in thouſand ſorts renewes.
Aeneas with that ſight aſtoined was, but he along,
Came lagging forth in linkes, and all the deintie meates among
He taſted euery diſh, and home againe in harmeleſſe wiſe,
Returning toke his tombe, and was not ſéene againe to riſe.
So much the more his fathers tombe he plied with offrings than.
For what it was, or how thereof to thinke he could not ſcan.
If priuate ghoaſt it were, or ſpite that in that mountaine dwelles,
Or ſeruant from his father ſent, but ſlaughters downe he felles
Of ſhéepe number fiue, and fiue of ſwine full large of ſiſe,
And mightie heifers blacke in number fiue, as is the giſe.
And wine in bolles he ſhed, and on the mightie ſoule he cride,
Of great Anchiſes ghoſt, and ſpite that ouer ground was ſpide,
His mates alſo full glad, as euery man was ſped of ſtore,
Their offring preſents brought, and laded altars more and more,
And hefers down they ſlew, and ſome by rowes their pans of braſſe
Did ſet to ſéeth in fight, and down they ſpred themſelues on graſſe,
On vmbles fat they ſéede, and broch, and broile, and time they paſſe.
And now the ninth deſired day was come with morning bright,

And.

And Poethons horses faier had mounted vp the sunne to sight,
And by the same, and for Aceſtes worship round about
The countreys all were come, and shores they fill with ioyful rout
To sée the Troian lords, and some in minde themselues to trie.
First prises great in sight, aloft a bancke, aduaunced hie,
Were set amids them all, thrée fated bolles of precious mold,
And crownes and garlonds gay, for them that win the wager shold.
And poudred purple robes, and armor gorgeous glistring bright,
And talents great of gold, and plenty plate of siluer pight.
With glée the game begins, ỳ trompet blows with noise on hight.
First vessels foure, that chief elected were from all the fléte,
Come forth to coape with Ores of hugy weight as matches méete.
Syr Mnesteus his galeon swift whose namè was Pistrin, driues,
Syr Mnesteus Italian prince, whence Memmus lyne deriues.
Syr Gias than with hugy monster ship Chimera calde,
A cities worke she was, with ranckes of rowers treble walde,
And Troian youth with triple tyre of Ores did shoue the same.
Sergestus than, from whom the house of Sergis drawes the name,
Centaurus him did beare (that galée great.) But Scylla blew
Cloantus brought, from whence thy race (O Romain Cluent) grew.
Far out in seas their stands a rocke against the somy shore,
That sometime vnder water lyeth with surges beaten sore,
Whan stormes of winter winde encloseth stars in cloudy skies,
But smoth in calme it lieth, and in the mids therof doth rise
A plesant plaine of field, where often Mewes, and birds of seas
Do kéepe their haunting walk, and sun their fethers whã they pleas.
Aeneas their aduauncing set a signe of braunches gréene,
A marke of oken bows, that of the boatmen might be séene,
To know their turning place, and courses long from whence to fold.
Each man by lot their standing toke, and glistring bright in gold,
The gorgeous captains stood, on hatches hie in garments gay.
The rest of youth with crownes of garlands gréene in due aray,
Their necks and shoulders shine with oyles annointed naked bare,
On settles downe they sit, their Ores in hands prepared are,
Their armes ententiue bent, whan at the signe they shall begin.
Their harts for ioy doth hop, and fear doth slap their brests within,
And grédie pride of praise, and feruent loue renowne to win.
Than whan the blast of trumpet first doth sound, they all arise

Atones,

Wagers for rowinge.

Auncetors of certein the noblest men in Rome when he wrot this booke.

Atones, and frō their bounds they break, their clamors pierce ẏ skies,
Their strokes at ones they strike, ẏ somy waters thrugh they cliue,
The stremes resisting break, & with their stems ẏ seas they sliue,
Their ores wō labor creaks, by strength of arms thēsels they driue
Not headlong halfe so swift, doth coursing stēdes bestir their hēles,
Whan for their wager sast with all their force they slie with whēels,
Nor charet gyder none more frē on field doth let them slip,
Or slacker shakes his raines, or lowder them doth lash with whip:
Than with ẏ shoutes of men that clap their hands, and parties takes,
The cries encreasing rise, that euery wood with sounding shakes.
The noise repulsed runs from banck to banck, and thrugh the shores
The voices broken bene, and hill to hill rebounding rores.
Before them all sir Gias first escapes thrugh all the throng,
And first to seas he flies with noise, and him Cloanthus strong
Pursues at hand, and better was with ores, but sluggish kēle
And mast vnweldie lets. Than after him euen hard at hēle,
Centaurus preasing glides, and Pistris her doth equall match,
They striue with sturdie strokes, and formost place they seek to catch.
And now Centaurus gets the vantage, now doth Pistris win:
Now ioyntly both, with side to side, and equall spēde they spin.
And now approching neare the rock they were, and marke they held,
Whan Gias victor prince, (of conquest proud) the land beheld.
And as from chanell dēepe his barge to land he would haue hied:
Vnto Menetes lodesman than thereof full loude he cried.
Why roust away so wide? take here I say, loue nie the shore,
Fetch me this left hand land, and on these rocks let beat thine More.
Let others kēepe the dēepe, he said, but fearing rocks, and sholdes,
Menetes still at sterne his hand on helme to seaward holdes.
Where yet astray so wide? yet (whan I bid thē) fetch the stones,
Sir Gias on Menetes cried and cald, and (lo at ones)
He seeth Cloanthus come, euen hard at backe, and formost glide,
He thrugh the roaring rockes, and vnderneath sir Gias side
Did sheare his lefthand way, betwēne them twaine, and swift anon
Escapes them both, and suer in seas beyond the marke is gone.
Than verily for feruent wo, the yong mans bones did glow,
Nor teares his eyes could hold, but by and by Menetes slow
(Forgetting worship all, and that he was his helpe at helme,)
Yet headlong downe he threw, and him in seas did ouerwhelme,

Him

Himselfe to sterne he kept, himselfe his maisters rowme supplies,
Exhorting men with noyse, and fast to shoreward helme he wries.
But whan (good aged man) Menetes vp was cast on brim,
From bottome deepe of seas, and in his garments wet did swim,
Ye caught the rocke on hie, and on the drie land there he sat.
The Troians had good game, and sporting all they laught thereat,
Whan first in seas he fell, and whan he rose and flat did fléete,
And whan to purge his gorge he kest vp flouds of salt vnsweéte.
Than hope and comfort kindled is vnto the twaine behinde.
Sir Mnesteus and Sergestus strong, they both with burning minde
Would passe sir Gias by, (that hindred is) and passe they do,
Sergestus first the place doth take, and rocke approcheth to,
And yet not formost all, nor all her keéle hath forehand won,
But part before, for halfe with her doth Pistris striuing ron.
But kindling fast his mates on euery side sir Mnesteus stéeres.
From man to man he steps, and chasing vp their corage chéeres,
With loud exhorting noise. Now now (quoth he) with might & main,
Now chéerly stur your Oares, now all your force do you constrain.
O Hectors worthie péeres, whom Troys extreame decay,
Did match to be my mates, and chose with me to take our way,
Expresse me now ý might ý somtime brought vs through ý streams,
And sturdie waues of seas, and sundry gulfes of Greekish realmes.
I séeke not now the chiefe, nor of this game renowme to bost,
(Albeit O,) but let it go where Neptune fauours most.
Yet last let vs not be. O liuely lads of noble kinde,
Let neuer man for shame behold vs last to lag behinde.
Now for our countries loue, (if any thing your hearts reuiues)
Now pull or neuer pull. They than at once all for their liues,
Laid on with lustie strokes, the brazen pup with plucking quakes,
With strength of arms they striue, ý scudding forth ý stem it strakes.
The land alose withdraws, thã panting breath doth beat their lims,
Their mouths of moisture dry, on streming swet their bodies swims.
Fortune also to them desired lucke and honour sent,
For as Sergestus (mad in minde for haste) in turning bent
To nére the shore, and straighter would haue cut the shorter space:
Among the stones he stack (vnluckie man) in parlous place.
The rocks therwith they shoke, and on the craggie pointed pikes
Their ores with crashing break, & keél on groũd with danger strikes.

The

The boatmen rise wō noise, and loud with cries themselues they let
And propps, and pyked poales, with hurliburly great they get.
And some their broken Ores, in péeces flæting vp they fet.
But Mnestеus reioycing than, and proud for this mischaunce,
With cluster swift of Ores, and windes at will that did aduaunce,
All grouelling through ỳ seas he scouring runs, & through the dæpes
The waues he smothly cuts, and swift his way on water swéepes:
Most like a Doue, whom chaunce disturbed hath from pleasant rest,
That in some corner close within some house, doth kéep her nest,
Affraid she starteth first, and flushing loud she flaps her wings,
That all the house resounds, than vp to skies aloft she springs,
And fast to field flies, where gliding soft in aire aboue,
She sheares her tender way, and wing for haste doth neuer moue.
So Mnestеus, so Pistris makes her way with might extræme,
So slides she through the seas, and so with force to flie they séeme.
And first Sergestus strong, that on the rocke did yet remaine,
He leaues him strugling there, and calling helpe full oft in vaine,
Among the sholdes, and glad with broken Ores to learne to créepe.
Than Gias, than Chimera ship her selfe that monster stæpe,
He ouertakes, (for of her maister late she spoyled was)
And now remaines there none but sir Cloanthus last to passe,
Whom fast he doth pursue, and hard at hand he hath in chase,
With power and pith he pulles, and towards him he drawes apace.
Than noyses dubbled bene, and shoutes of friends exalting cries,
Prouoking forth with praise, that vp to heauen the clamors flies.
They proude of former praise, their honor won they will not lose.
And if they should, no longer than to liue they do dispose.
Those other fortune fædes, they thinke to win, for win they may.
And with the prise (perhaps) or halfe thereof had gone their way:
Had not Cloanthus to the seas his hands abroad displaied,
And cald his gods for helpe, and thus to them full loude he praied.
O Gods that empier kéeps on seas, whose kingdomes here I strake,
Upon this water shore to you mine altars will I make.
A white elected Bull I vow to giue with seruice braue,
And cast his flesh in flods, if I mine honor now may saue.
And plentie pure of wines, I will to you in waters throw.
He spake that word, and him beneath in bottomes dæpe below,
The god Portunus heard, and virgin rout of Mermaydes all,

And

And ladies bright that daunsing liues in seas with bodies tall,
Himselfe his mightie hand to send her forth did set behinde.
So did the noble water Nymphs, she swifter than, than winde:
And swifter glaunsing smoth than arow gliding goeth from bow,
To land she leapt, and safe in hauen her selfe she did bestow.
Aeneas than each man in order due let call by name,
And sir Cloanthus victor chiefe by Heralds did proclame.
And crowne of Laurell greene about his browes himselfe he set.
Than gifts for euery ship, three heifers large he bids to fet,
And plentie great of wines, and talents faire of siluer bright.
But specially the captaines all with due rewards he dight.
A mantell rich to him that wan the chiefe was giuen of gold,
Whom purple borders abroad enuironed with diuers fold,
And wrought therein there stands a princely childe of precious face,
That in ỹ woods with Dart in hand both Hart & Hinde doth chace,
All liuely, breathing like, whom, falling downe from Ioue on hie:
An Egle fierce vptoke, and in his pawes conueied to skie.
His keepers wailing stand, and hands abroad to heauen they hold
In vaine, and barking noise of dogs against the cloudes do scold.
But he that second place by doughtie deeds deserued had:
A harneys coat to him with heanie hookes of gold bestad,
A harneys coat he gaue, whom he himselfe in battell broyle
Did vnder Troian walles from Demoleus brest dispoyle.
That worthie gift he had, and strong defence in armes to weare.
Scant yemen twain with shoulders ioyntly set the same could beare,
So sundry fold it was, but Demolee himselfe alone,
Was wont therein to hunt the stragling Troians one by one.
Than for the third renowne, two cawdrons great he gaue of brasse,
And siluer cups, with signes of stories old engrauen that was.
And now rewarded all, each mon full proude in best aray,
They went with garnisht heads, and bare their gifts galanta gay.
Whan from the parlous rocke, with much adoo to scape the same,
(Besides his losse of Oxes, and of a rancke of rowers lame)
With slaughter great of men, his praiseless ship Sergestus brought,
In maner like, as whan some serpent (by some bancke vnsought)
As bruised by some wheele, that ouerthwart his backe hath past:
Or pilgrim passing by, with stroke of stone welneare hath brast,
In vaine he sekes to flee, and wrigling wreathes his limmes about,

The storie o. Ganimedes.

His

His angry halfe vnbroke, and hissing necke he launcheth out
All bright with burning eies, & though his limping halfe him holdes:
He knits him great in knobbes, and in himselfe himselfe he foldes.
None otherwise, and like, with fæble Ores his ship did stære,
Yet saile he makes with winde, and into hauen approacheth clære.
Aeneas to Sergestus gaue reward of dutie there,
Reioysing for the ship, and for the men that saued were.
A woman him was giuen, a seruaunt good to weaue and spinne,
And sucking boyes a paier, of Giaunts kind, her paps betwine.
Than good Aeneas went (whan all this matche discharged was:) Running.
Into a goodly field, that ouerspred was all with grasse,
Whom woods and croked hilles on euery side did compas round,
And in the mids a vale there lay, and pleasaunt plaine of ground,
Where he with thousands thicke did make for playes a sæmely plat,
And in the mids of all, in stately seat, as prince hee sat.
Here they that list to run, and trie themselues with force of fæte,
With gifts he them prouokes, and sets before the prises mæte.
On euery side they came, both men of Troy and Sicill land,
Eurialus and Nisus first.
Eurialus a springold fresh of youth, and beautie clære,
And Nisus that of all mankind had him in loue most dære,
And yong Diores, of king Priams blood a princely childe.
Than Salius and Patron auncient stocks and vndefilde.
Panopes than, and Helimus, of Sicill, striplings twaine,
That hunters were in woods, and men of old Acestes traine.
And many more also there came, whom fame in darknes hides.
To whom in middes of all, Aeneas thus his tale deuides.
Take this for certaine trueth, and in your mindes conceiue it so,
Not one of all this number here shall vnrewarded go.
For dartes I will them giue, with pointed steele full bright a paier,
And wrought with siluer fine to beare in hand a Pollax faier.
All men alike shall here rewarded bee, saue onely three,
With bowes of Oliues greene, as victors chief shall crowned bee.
The first a palfray bright, with harneis gorgeous glistering braue
Shall get, the second for his paines a quiuer gay shall haue.
A quiuer gay, with girdle broad of gold and arrowes fret,
Embrodred fine that is, and precious stones theron are set.
The third shall with this Greekish helme depart and be content.

Whan this was said, their place they toke, and right incontinent,
At signe of trompet heard, their bounds they breake, & out they powre,
As light as whirling windes and to the marke in sight they showre.
First and before all other bodies, nimble Nisus springs,
More swifter yet than winde, and than the dint of lightnings wings.
Next vnto him, but long alowse, in distance next of place,
Doth Salius pursue, and after him a certaine space,
Eurialus the third.
And next Eurialus sir Helimus ensues, and iointly than
Behold he flies, and héele to héele with him Diores ran,
With elbow next and next, and if the race do long remaine,
Is like to scape them all, or one to leaue in doubtfull gaine.
And towards now the latter end they drew, and wery all,
They ran with panting breathes, whan sodenly did Nisus fall.
(Unhappy man) where heifers had ben slaine by chaunce on grasse,
And ground was slipper made by certaine blod that shed there was.
There now the gentle lad, (whan conquest proud he had in hand)
His legges he could not hold, nor stumbling so, could longer stand,
But groueling flat he fell and in the slime embrewd him vile.
Yet not Eurialus his friend, did he forget that while:
For quickly starting hée, sir Salius way with fote did stop,
That headlong downe in dust he ouerturned taile and top.
Eurialus than springing skudded forth, and through his frend,
With ioyful shoutes of men, he gets the chiefe at races end.
Than Helimus and now Diores third in place succéeds.
There, whã the lords were set, & ech came forth to claim their méeds:
Sir Salius before them all, with noise exclaiming cried,
And praied his honours dew, that by deceit was him denied.
The peoples fauour helpes Eurialus, and comely teares,
And vertue found in body fater the greater grace it beares.
Diores eke, that third in wager was, doth him complaine
What wrong sustaine he must, and all his course hath run in vaine,
If Salius without desert, the first reward shall haue.
That lord Aeneas said, you shall not néede to striue nor craue,
Your prises certain ben, shal no man them from order stere.
Yet let me rue the plight of mine vnguilty frend so déere.
He said, and than a Lyons heauy hyde of combrous folde,
To Salius he giues, full rough of hair and pawes of golde.

Quoth

Quoth Niſus than, if ſuch rewards haue folkes that conquerd hée,
And pitie ſhew thou doſt to falling men, what giftes to mée
Shall worthy yelded bée? that chiefeſt priſe did firſt deſerue,
Had not enuious fortune mée (as Salius made to ſwarue.
And as he talked thus, his face he ſhewd with durt defilde,
And body moiſt of mud. The noble prince on him that ſmilde,
And bad bring out a ſhield, a target great full coſtly wrought,
That by the Greekes ſometime was for a gift to Neptune brought.
That ſéemely gift he gaue vnto that gentle lad to beare.
When courſes all was paſt, and all the gifts diſpatched were,
Now he that manhood hath, or corage bolde doth beare in breſt,
Shew forth himſelfe, and with his armes in thongs let him be dreſt.
He ſaid, and therwithall he ſets rewardes of honours twaine.
A crowned Bull, all clad with gold, ſhall be the victors gaine,
A ſword and ſhéeld to him that beaten is, ſhall comfort bée.
Nor linger long they dw, but ſtraight with force full huge to ſée,
Aduanceth Dares forth, with murmour great of men extolde,
Alone ſometime that durſt with Paris fight in armour bolde.
He, in the place where Hector moſt of might entombed lies,
Did ouerthrow ſir Buten, giant big of monſtrous ſize,
That wraſtlings all did win, and Bebrix linage boaſted ſtrong,
Yet Dares him to death did ouerturne, and laide along.
Such one this Dares was, and hie on field his head he lifts,
And ſhewes his ſhoulders broad, and to and fro his armes he ſhifts,
And brags with boiſtous brawns, and with his fiſts he beats ỹ wind.
A match for him they ſéek, but through them all is none to find,
That durſt with Dares cope, nor once his ſlings with fingers touch,
He prond thereof, and thinking all mens might to him did couch,
Before Aeneas féete he ſtod, and longer nothing ſtaid,
But by the horne in left hand toke the Bull, and thus he ſaid.
Thou goddeſſe ſonne, if no man dare come forth to trie with hand,
What end of wayting is? How long am I thus bound to ſtand?
Let me rewarded be, the Troians all did cris the ſame:
And, yéeld vnto the man his promiſe due they do proclame.
Aceſtes there, as on a bancke by chaunce he next did ſit,
With theſe rebukes of ſpéech Entellus old at hart he ſmit.
Entellus, thou ſometime of doughtie knights the captaine chiefe,
(In vaine) ſo gwdly gifts to loſe is it to thée no griefe?

Fighting with bags or flaps of leather and leade.

How canst thou suffer this? shall from thy side with triall none
These worthy praises passe? O where is now our maister gon?
Erix our maister good? where is become that glorious fame
That Sicill land did fill? and spoyles with thée recoyues the same,
Within thy halles ỳ hang, is it for nought thou knewst that game?
Ye therunto, is it not sure for feare (you may well thinke)
Nor loue of praise I lacke, nor for no doubt therof I shrinke.
But age mée feble makes, and slothfull blod congealed cold,
Hath spent my former force, and dull doth make my carcas old.
If I had now the strength sometime that was, and yet therwith
This yongling proudly bragges, if of those yeres I had the pith:
Not for the prise, nor for the bull, but gladly, and (vnpraid)
I would haue come, for gifts I care not for. When he thus said,
He brought before them all, of bags vnweldy, matches twaine,
And threw them downe in sight, wherwith somtime in battail plaine
Syr Erix wonted was to giue combat, and hand to hand
Against all men to striue, and sturdy strokes he did withstand.
Mens hearts astoined were. Of backs of bulles seuen boistous hides
All vnderlaid with lead, and stif of stéele they stood besides.
Aboue all other wondreth *Dares* most, and doth refuse
Such great vnlawfull toles, or in conflict the same to vse.
Aeneas eke their massy wondrous weight, and endles fold,
He bewd with maruaile much, and vp and downe full oft he rold.
Than vnto him with brest vnfaynéd, spake Entellus old.
What if a man had séene the dredfull bags, and wepons sore
Of Hercules himselfe? in dolefull fight here on this shore?
These toles thy brother Erix than did beare, with these he stood
Against syr Hercules most strong, here yet thou séest the blod,
And braines that broken were, thou séest how yet they ben enbrewd.
These wepons I sometime (whan better blod my strength endewd)
Was wont in vre to put, whan not as yet enuious age,
Nor head with hoary heares my lusty courage did aswage.
But if this Troian Dares here, these toles will nædes refuse,
If so Aeneas please, and mée Acestes will excuse:
Let vs be matched méete. These Erix bags I pardon thée,
Cast of thy feare, and thou of Troian bags vnburdend bée.
Thus speaking, from his shoulders twaine he kest his garments all,
And bare with mightie bones, and mighty ioynts of members tall,

And

And sinowes great in sight, among them all he stood full stout.
Then bags of meaner match Aeneas prince himselfe brought out,
And each with equall weight and hands of both, he bound and drest.
Upright forthwith they stand, and face to face, aduauncing prest,
Their arms to heue they heane, & void of fear they throw their slings
Ech one frō others dints their heads ful boistous backward wrings.
And strokes in strokes they mix, & hands in hands, & fierce they fight,
That one with lusty legs, and fresh of youth in shifting light,
The other huge in height, and large of lims, but moving slow,
His trembling knees him lets, & troubled breath doth panting blow.
Ful many a wound is giuen betwéen thē twain with leaden lumps,
And many a stroke in vaine, and on their ribs full thicke it thumps.
Their sides within thē sounds, & loud their brests wō bobbings rings
And stil their arms they stur, about their browes the buffets flings,
About their ears, & craking both their iawes their weapōs swings.

Entellus heauie stands, and in his place vnmoued bides,
With arms & watching eies, and for the strokes defence prouides.
But he, as one, that with some engin worke doth siege a towne,
Or towre, or castell strong, and long thereat is beaten downe,
And this way now, and that way now he sékes, and entries all
Assaults with sundry sleights, and faileth yet to breake the wall.
Entellus rowsing then, his right hand bent on hie did lift:
He from the stroke that came, with good foresight, and body swift
Auoiding shranke for feare, and from the dint thereof declinde.
Entellus mist his marke, and all his force he lost in winde,
And ouer that, himselfe, with heauie peise and heauie sound,
All groueling flat he fell, and with his lims he spred the ground.
None otherwise, then when some auncient oke and ouergrowne,
From mountaine top on hie, by vndermining downe is throwne.
The Troians rise for aide, so doth the youth of Sicill land,
To heauen the cries ascend, and first to him with helping hand
Acestes swiftly runnes, and from the ground his friend he takes,
Of equall age, and in his heart great mone for him he makes.
But nothing slacke for this, nor with his fall one whit affright,
This valiant knight vpstood, and fiercer yet renues his fight:
And forcing prealeth forth, and wood for wrath his strength vpsteres,
Then shame prouokes his might, and manhood felt of former yeres,
And headlong Dares downe, through all the field, he dashing dings,

And now the right hand strokes, & now the left hand sends the slinge.
Nor time, nor rest there is, but as a stormie shoure of haile,
On houses ratling falles: so doth this knight with force assaile,
With thundrings thumping thicke, and weary Dares wretch on soil
With both his armes he bumps, and vpside down doth tosse and toil.
Then lord Aeneas would no longer wrath should in them fret,
Nor more Entellus bitter mood on rage he would haue set.
But end of fighting mad, and tyred Dares vp did take,
And soft with gentle spéech in comfort thus to him he spake.
Vnhappie man, what fond outrage hath thus possest thy minde?
A stronger force than thine, and Gods against thée dost not finde?
Giue place to god, he said, and with his word the battell brake.
Him dragging weake his legs, and to and fro his head did shake,
And casting much at mouth, and cloddred blood with téeth among,
His trustie mates vp tooke, and bare to ships away from throng.
And then commanded came, and sword and helmet did receaue,
And to Entellus did the Bull and fame of combat leaue.
Then bragging proud in mind, and of his Bull conceiuing ioy:
O goddesse son behold, and you (quoth he) ye men of Troy,
What strength in lustie yéeres somtime I had now indge in me,
And from what death your Dares taken is, now shall you sée.
He spake that word, and right afront before the Bull he stood,
That there for gift was set, and vp he flings with courage good
In right hand marking held, and iust betwéene the hornes at ones
He strake, and brake the braines, and all in péeces droue the bones.
The beast is ouerthrown, and groueling dead on ground it quakes.
He stamping thereupon, with feruent minde his praier makes.
This better soule to thée for Dares death I victor send,
(O Erix) here of bags, and all mine art I make an end.
Anon Aeneas them that list contend with arrowes wight,
For wagers he prouokes, and sets before them gifts in sight.
And from Sergestus ship aduauncing huge in height a mast,
He hangs a pigeon there, and by a cord he made her fast,
A marke for men to shoot, and where their darts they should direct.
Assembly great there came, and by their lots they were elect,
In brasen helmet cast, and first of all with ioyfull cries,
Vnto Hippocon worthy lad by draught the lot doth rise.
Next whom sir Mnestеus, that late at seas was victor séene,

Shooting.

Sir

Sir Mnesteus with crowne and garland gay of Olive greene.
Eurition was third: (thy brother dere thou noble knight
O Pandarus, that didst sometime the league asunder smight,
And first commanded didst, among the Greekes thy weapon throw)
Acestes last of all, and last in helmet lay by lowe.
Himselfe also with hand, the yong mens game did not disdaine.
Then bending al their bows, with corage great they do constraine,
And each to serue himselfe from quiuer drawes his toles amaine.
And first from sounding string along from heauen his arrow drines
Hippocon lusty lad, and swift therewith the skie he cliues.
It lights apace, and in the midst the mast it stacke and staied.
The tree with trembling shooke, and of the stroke the bird afraied,
Did flickering flush her wings, and noise there riseth round about.
Then Mnesteus his bow to draw, forthwith with strength stood out,
And stretching hand aloft, his dart and eie did leuell right,
Yet could not he (good man) for all his art the culuer smight.
But hit the hemping cord, and of the knot the bands he brast,
Wherby the bird was bound, and by her foot did hang at mast.
She toke the wind forthwith, and to the clouds full fast he flew,
And euen that time (as he his bow and dart directing drew)
Eurition, and for his brothers helpe in heauen, he cried:
The bird he saw was lose, and spying her in spies he spied.
Yet marking well with eyes, and stedfast hand in cloudes aboue,
He quickly brake her play with sodaine stroke, and slue the Doue,
That tumbling downe she fell, and in the stars her life she laft,
And dead she came to ground, and in her body brought the shaft.
Acestes then alone, with no desert did yet remaine,
Who neretheleste his dart to hurle in aier did him distraine,
And shewd his former might, and of his bowe to prone the sound.
There sodenly his eyes a wondrous monster did confound,
And token sore of things, as afterward the end did teach,
And all to late for nought their feareful songs did prophets preach.
For as in tender clouds his arrow swift from him did flie,
In sight it caught a fier, and flaming forth it went in skie.
And wasted thin in wind, as oftentimes we thinke to slide,
The fired stars of heauen, with drowping tailes along that glide.
Astonied all they stood, and on their Gods aboue they praied,
Sicilians and Troians both, nor he himselfe denaied

Aeneas peereleſſe prince, to take that ſame in ſigne of grace.
But glad with great rewards, he did Aceſtes thus embrace.
Moſt noble father deere, (for by theſe tokens well I ſée,
The mightie king of heauen for thy good will doth honour thée,)
Thou ſhalt haue here a gift of olde Anchiſes friend of thine,
A drinking bolle of gold, that portraied is with figures fine,
Which vnto him ſometime, Ciſſeus, great of Thrace the king,
In token gaue of loue, for euermore with him to bring.
So ſpake he, and with Laurell greene his temples twaine he tied,
And loude before them all Aceſtes victor chiefe he cried.
Nor good Eurition did his preferment ought enuie,
Though he alone it were, that brought againe the byrd from ſkie.
Aduaunced next with giftes was he that cloue a ſunder braſt,
And laſt of all was he that with his arrow ſtrake the maſt.
Than lord Aeneas, ere theſe matches all diſſolued were,
Epitides to him, Aſcanius mate and keeper there,
He calde, and rounding thus to him he ſpake in ſecret eare.
Go bid Aſcanius (if by this time he the childerns crue
Aſſembled hath with him, and horſes put in order due)
Before his graunſier here let him bring out his bandes in rowe,
For worſhip of this feaſt, and let himſelfe in armour ſhowe.
Diſpatch (quoth hée) with ſpéede, the people than he bids deuide,
And broader ſpred themſelues, and made a lane both long and wide.
The children com with their triumphe.
Then come the children forth, and proude before their parents ſight
In order ſéemely ſhine, on barbed courſers brideled bright,
Whom for their freſh aray, and comly marching through the fielde,
The youth of Sicill land, and Troians all with ioy beheldc.
Eche one as war their guiſe, with rounded haire, and garlond bands,
And horney dartes a paier, with pointed ſteele they bare in hands,
With quiuers light at backs, and down their breaſts in diuers fold,
About their gorgets runnes, the rolling cheines of wreathed gold.
Three bands of horſmen were, & captaines three their bands did gide,
And rankes of riders three, and children twelue on euery ſide
In gliſtring armour went, with maiſters like and equall péers.
One ward of ſtronger youth, whom trim triumphant fearce of yéers,
Did Priam yong conduct (thy noble childe Polites tall,
That of his graunſirs name encreaſe Italians ſhortly ſhall.)
A valiant ſteede him bare, beſpotted white, of kinde of Thrace,

And

And white his foote before, and lifting white his loftie face.
Another trowpe there was, that litle Atis guiding lad,
The litle Atis, whom Aſcanius ſmall for darling had,
From whence the line at Rome of Atis name doth now proceede,
Then laſt of all, and moſt of beautie bright, and precious weede,
Aſcanius himſelfe on palfrey gorgeous borne aboue,
Whom vnto him ſometime Quéene Dido gaue for pledge of loue.
The reſt of youth, and ſuch as were of olde Aceſtes traine:
On horſes faire they rode.
The Troians them did cheare, and did receiue with wondrous ioy,
And in their mindes conceiue reſemblance old of former Troy.
When muſtred all they had, and all the field had compaſt round,
And viewd Anchiſes tombe, they ioyned all on equall ground,
Epitides to them with noyſe and whipping gaue a ſound.
They courſing brake their bands, and thée from thée diſſeuered all,
By matches halfe from halfe, and faſt againe they turne at call,
With weapons breaſt to breaſt, and compaſſe round returning met,
By courſings bickring braue, and race with race entangling let,
Inuading ſkirmiſh wiſe, and like the face of battell fight.
And now retire they done, now ſhew their backs in ſigne of flight,
Now turning throw their darts, now truce they make w̄ hand in hād.
Like Labirinthus maze, that men report in Candy land,
Is compaſt déepe in ground with ſundry walls, and crokings blinde,
And thouſand wandring waies, and entries falſe for men to finde,
Where tokens none there be, nor ſcape can none that ſteps aſtray,
Such turnings them beguiles, and ſo deceitfull is their way.
None otherwiſe, the Troian youth by courſings round about,
Diſporting chaſe themſelues, and windings weaue both in and out.
Like Dolphin fiſhes light, that for their paſtime daunſing ſwim,
In mids of déepeſt ſeas, and play themſelues on water brim.
This kinde of paſtime firſt, and cuſtome boyes to learne at Baſe, How play of Baſe came vp.
Aſcanius when Alba walles he made did bring in place,
And taught the Latines old, in ſolemne ſort to vſe the ſame,
As he ſometime a childe, with Troian youth had made that game.
The Albans then from thence with practiſe like their childrē taught,
And thence hath pérleſſe Rome & moſt of might, the cuſtome caught.
And for their countries loue, with honor due this day it ſtands,
And yet the name remaines of Troian boyes, and Troian bands.

Thus farforth worshipt was, his father dere with seruice due.
There fortune falle to truste, did turn their case with chaunges newe.
For, as about Anchises tombe with playes the time they spent:
Dame Iuno towne from heauen the Rainbow red her seruant sent,
Reuoluing former griefe, and rancours old not yet from minde,
Against the Troian fleete, and as she went she gaue her winde.
She swiftly bent hir bow, & through the clouds with thousand hewes,
Full virginlike she falles, her new deuice vnknowne, to vse.
A huge concourse she seeth, and compas wide she vewes the strands,
Yow bare the hauens are left, and nauy defenceleste stands.
But secret by themselues, the Troyan wiues assembly kept,
And for Anchises losse lamenting sore they stood and wept
Beholding broad the seas: alas, alas, O wretches wee,
So much of boistous waues remaines vs yet that weary bee?
A towne to dwell they craue, and of the seas abhor the paine,
Each one to other wayles, and all with one voice do complaine.
Dame Rainbow subtile there, amidst them all her selfe did place,
Her garments gay she left, and laid aside her goddesse face,
And of Doriclus wife the likenes toke, a sober dame,
That sometime great renowne, and chilozen, bare of noble fame,
And Beroe was cald, and thus to them she did proclame.

A newe vexation by Iano.

O women misers most, whom hands of Greeks would neuer kill,
O cursed nation, when of thee shall fortune haue her fill?
What death, or mischiefe more are we thus kept to bide at last?
Since Troy vpturned was, now sommers seuen are comen and past,
That we through seas and lands, and countries all (the world beside)
To straungy stars of heauen, and endles streames we wander wide,
In seeking land that fleeth, and we alway with surges tost.
Here is our country ground, here dwels Aceste deere our host.
Why should we hence remoue? who lets vs here our walls to bilde?
O former native soyle, O country gods (in vaine exilde)
Shall neuer Troy vprise? shall eftie Troian bee?
Those Hectors holsome streames shall I from henceforth neuer see?
Come on good wiues, come burn with me these ships of luck vnkind,
For so Cassandra through my dreame appearing did me binde.
And gaue me burning brands, seek here (quoth she) your Troian walls,
Here lieth your country reft, this is the time that fortune calls,
What neede we longer lose? to Neptunes altars foure on fier,

Lo god himselfe (you see) with mindes and might doth vs enspier.
Thus talked she, and with a brand in hand full fierce she sprang,
With (whirling lose aloft) against the fleete the same she flang.
The rest amazed were, their hartes astoined stood with rage.
That one among them all, dame Prigo matrone most of age,
King Priams nurse that was, and princely children vp did reare.
Not Beroe (quoth she) this woman is, you wiues I sweare,
Nor neighbor none of ours, behold what beautie bright deuine,
What liuely spirite she beares, & marke me well her glistering eine,
Her loke, her sounding voice, and of her pace the great estate.
I left dame Beroe my selfe at home ful sick but late,
Full sick lamenting sore that she her selfe from vs alone,
This day must absent be, and yeld Anchices worship none.
This spoken:
Therwith the matrons first, with wauering mindes began to doubt,
And with peruerted eyes beheld the nauy round about.
And what betweene the loue of present land, and present rest,
And fame of fatall realmes: they wot not which of them is best.
Whan lifting vp herselfe to cloudes aboue with equal wings,
In slight before them all, with bow full broad the goddesse springs.
Than verely with monsters wilde affright, and mad for ire,
They cry to burne their ships, & from their tentes they reaue the fire.
Some spoile their altar piles, & burning bowes, & stickes and brands,
Abourd the ships they spread, vpleapeth flame with losed bands,
On hatches, decks, and Ores, and plancks anointed thick on sides.
Unto Anchises tombe, Eumelus poast with panting rides,
And shewes the ships are brent, and they themselues beholding spie,
The sparklings rising broad, and blustering smoke to spred on skie.
And first Ascanius as coursings still he kept and plated,
Ye toke the campe in haste, and with vprore was all dismayed,
Nor for their lines his maister him could hold, or backward send.
What sodeyne rage is this? where now (quoth he?) what do ye entēd?
O neighbors, wretched wiues, your enmies host you haue not here,
This is no Greekish campe, you burne your owne relicse most dere.
Lo I Ascanius your owne, and downe his helmet kest,
Wherwith in battaill plates, he for despoyt that time was drest.
Aeneas eke with hast, and Troians, all therto them sped,
But straglyng diuers waies, through all the shores the women fled,

To

To woods and mountain caues, and holes of rocks they miching run,
And creeping hide themselues, repenting soule their worke begun,
Abhorring sight of heauen, and on their friends they thinke & quake,
With better change of minde, and from their brest dame Iuno shake.
But not therefore the flames nor burning rage the lesser spreedes,
But catching still encrease, it more and more preuailing breedes.
And spitting spewes a smoke, whom vapor wild of pitch and tow,
And dropping timber feeds, and mischief close in keele doth grow,
Nor might of men can helpe, nor water floods that on they throw.
Aeneas from his shoulders than his garments tearing brast,
And cald his gods for helpe, and broad to heauen his hands did cast.
Almightie Ioue, if not as yet all Troians from thy minde
Reiected bèn to death, if seruice old of poore mankinde
Not vtterly be lost: now saue these ships from burning fier.
God father now, preserue these Troians goods, and small desier.
Or thou thy selfe (which one thing yet remaines) with lightning fell
Here whelme me downe to death, if I deserue, and driue to hell.
Scant spoken were these words when ratling storme not seene before
And raine downraging fals, and thunders thick doth rumbling rore.
That trembleth hils & fields, down rol the skies in gushing shoures,
And troublous water streams from al the heauen ỹ tempest poures:
That ships therwith are fild, & burning bourds are quenched quite,
And still descending driues, and on the fleet with force doth smite,
Till smoke was ceased all, and all the ships from plague was kept.
So saued all they were (by gift of God) but foure except.
But lord Aeneas whom this great mischance did pinch at brest,
With heapes of hugy cares, now this, now that, was sore oppress,
Reuoluing much in mind: should he remaine in Sicill lond
Forgetting destnies all, or still go seeke Italia strond.
Then father Nautes old, whom goddesse Pallas learned had,
With arts of worship great, and famous name of wisdome sad,
These answers him did tell, which either gods eternall ire,
Or fatall destnies wrought, or fortunes course did so require,
And thus with friendly speech Aeneas mind he set on fire.
O goddesse son, where destnies drawes and dries let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune will, must fortune beare.
Thou hast Acestes here, of Troian blood and stocke diuine,
His counsell take to thee, and ioine with him, aduise of thine.

And

And leaue with him those people which thy ships can not receiue,
And such as of thy great affaires no courage doth conceiue,
Both aged fæble folkes, and wiues of seas that wearie bee,
And all that fearfull is, or weake of strength should cumber thee,
Let them be chosen forth, and here on Gods name citie frame,
And of Aceſtes name, Aceſta they shall call the same.
Incensed so by this (for from his friend this councell past)
Than verily from care to care his minde discourſed fast.
And night with darknes dim, the poles of heauen had vndercast.
That time his fathers face discending downe, in vision clere,
From heauen appearing came, and suddenly thus did him chere.
My son, more deere to me than life sometime, when life I had,
My son, whose vertues Troy doth trie, by destnies good and bad,
Commaunded here I come, from mightie Ioue in skies aboue,
That comfort sent at last, and from the fleete did fire remoue.
Obey the counsels good, which faithfull Nautes thee hath told,
And for Italia land, picke out a youth of courage bold,
To take with thee to seas: an eager nation fierce and tough
Thou hast to vanquish there, and must subdue in battails rough.
Yet first Auerna caue, and vnder ground the dwellings grim,
Of Lymbo must thou see, and dangers passe of darknes dim.
And thence ascend to me, for I (my son) am not in hell,
Nor with no wicked kind of wofull ghosts haue I to dwell.
But fields of pleasure pure, and Paradise doth me retaine,
With ioyfull sort of soules, in blessefull state that doth remaine.
There Sibly pure, by offrings blacke of beasts shall thee conduct,
And there thine offspring all, and fortunes all I shall thee instruct.
And now farewel, for midnight moist her half course hēce doth wreth
And dawning day with blast of horses, hote on me doth breath.
He spake, and thin from sight as smoke, in skies dispersst he fled,
What now? where gost thou? why dost thou shrinke? Aeneas cried.
Whō fleest thou thus? or who frō swete embracings vs withstands?
Thus talked he, and from the dust he steres the sleeping brands,
And Troian sacred fier of Gods that euermore doth dure,
And offred simple floure, and frankincense, in plentie pure.
Strait for his mates he cald, and first vnto Aceſtes old,
Commaundements great of Ioue, and what his father deere had told,
He shewes before them all, and whereunto his mind enclines.

Spirits can not abide the day light.

Nor counsell long they make, nor good Aceſtes ought repines.
A towne they meaſure forth, and wiues and people there they plant
Of baſer hearts, deſeruing worſhip ſmall, for courage ſcant.
Themſelues their ſhips repaire, and burned bourds anew reſtores,
And tables meet they make, & ſhrowds, & ſailes, & ſtrength of Oares.
A youth of number few, but liuely blouds, in battell tough,
Therewhiles, Aeneas did the cities plat deſcribe with plough,
And houſes laid by lot, here Ilian toures, here gates of Troy
He ſets, and of his kingdome new Aceſtes maketh ioy.
And market place he made, and lawes he taught and iudges gaue.
Then large and broad in ſight right neere the ſtars, a temple graue
To Venus founded is, in hieſt place, and prieſt diuine
To ſerue Anchiſes tombe, and ſacred groaue thereon to ſhine.
And now nine dayes the people feaſted had, and altars all
Applied with offrings due, and ſunne had made the ſea to fall,
And ſound of pibling wind, eaſtſones to deep their ſhips doth call:
A wondrous weeping noiſe through all the ſhores is raiſed wide,
And all that night and day they tween themſelues embracing bide.
The matrones now themſelues that of the ſeas were earſt afraied,
And doubted labours long, and of their ſtrength diſpairing ſtaied,
Now gladly go they will, and trauailes all ſuſtaine at ſeas.
Whom good Aeneas did his beſt with friendly ſpeech to appeas,
And weeping did commend vnto Aceſt his kinſman deere.
Three Calues of Erix than, and to the ſtormes a lambe full cleere,
He bids for offring kill: and cables loſe through all the ſtrands.
Himſelfe with garland freſh, and crownet greene of Oliue bands,
Aduauncing ſtood in ſhip, and boll in hand he held on hie,
And fleſh in flouds he threw, and wines plentie keſt in skie.
Behind them blowes a cole, and wind at will them forth doth driue,
His mates they ſkom the ſome, and ſaltſea braine to turne they ſtriue.
But Venus in this while, whom care for Troians ſore did ſtraine,
To Neptune ſtraight ſhe came, and thus to him began to plaine.
The greeuous wrath of Iunos breſt, whom no reuenge can ſlake,
Compels me (Neptune) now to thee, all humble ſute to make.
Whom neither length of time, nor pitie none, from rancour ſtaies,
Nor deſtnies order none, nor Ioue himſelfe one whit ſhe waies.
She thinkes it not inough the Troians towne to haue downe tore,
And all their laſt remaine with torments long almoſt forlorne,

The bones and pouder poꝛe ſhe perſecutes, and all their bꝛode
Shе would deſtroy, let her declare one cauſe of ſuch a mode.
Thy ſelfe can recoꝛd beare, how in the waues of Lyby coaſt,
What wilde vpꝛoꝛe ſhe made, and ſeas and ſkies turmoiling toſt.
With ſtoꝛmes of Aeolus her friend, and all with labour vaine,
So bold within thy kingdomes thus to do.
O vile deſpite, lo yet of late how Troian wiues in fume
Shе made their ſhips to burne, and foule their nauie to conſume,
And leaue their kinred there, in countrey ſtrange vnknowne to bide.
There is no moꝛe, but let vs now (I pꝛay thée) ſafely ride
In ſailing thꝛough thy ſeas, let vs ariue where Tyber flowes,
If graunted things I aſke, if deſtnies vs thoſe kingdoms ſhowes.
Then ſpake Neptune, ỳ hie ſeas doth control with loꝛdly bꝛowes.
Good reaſon Venus is, that in my kingdomes thou be bolde,
From whence thy linage leades, I haue deſerued eke of olde.
Full oftentimes ere this, both ſeas and ſkies vnkindly rage
I bꝛidling couched haue, and madnes wood did oft aſſwage.
Noꝛ leſſe my care on land, as all the ſtreames of Troy can tell,
Was foꝛ Aeneas thine, when fierce Achilles did compell
His thꝛongs in field to fall, when thouſands thick down tũbling dead
Ye vnder Troian wals with ſlaughter woode did trampling tread.
That bꝛooks and riuers cried, when peoples heaps their chanels fild,
Noꝛ fall to ſeas they could, noꝛ find their waies foꝛ bodies kild.
I from Achilles then, Aeneas thine full ſoꝛe beſtad
In fight, (that neither foꝛce with him noꝛ gods indifferent had)
Conueyd away by cloud, when péece from péece I could haue toꝛne,
(Mine owne hand woꝛke ỳ was) the wals of Troy ſo falſe foꝛſwoꝛn.
And now alſo that minde with me remaine, caſt off thy dꝛéede,
In hauons where thou doſt wiſh he ſhall ariue right ſafe with ſpéed.
One only man ſhall bée, whom loſt in déepe ſeas he ſhall ſéeke,
One poll ſhall walke foꝛ all.
When he the goddeſſe bꝛeſt with ſpeaking thus had put from care,
As pꝛince his hoꝛſes pꝛoud he cupling ſet and bound in chare,
With fomy bꝛidling bits, and lowſing gaue them all the reynes,
Full ſmooth his chaꝛet ſlide, and blew ſea-bꝛim it ſcantly ſtreynes.
Downe ſinke the ſurging waues, & great ſea ſwolne in thundꝛy ſkies
Doth couch their waters cloſe, from al the heauen the ratches flies.
Then ſundꝛy foꝛmes and faces ſhew themſelues, vnweldy whales,

And

And mossy Glaucus grey, and mankinde monsters void of skales,
And Pollantines, and armies broade of Seales, and Dolphins blew,
And Tritons blow their trumpes ẏ sounds in seas ẃ dropping shew.
Dame Thetis left hand kẽpes, & daunce doth lead of Nermayds all,
And Ladyes bright, that leaping liues in seas with bodies tall.
There Lord Aeneas secret mind a sodaine ioy did fetche,
He bids them raise their Masts, and all their sailes abroad to stretch.
Together to their tackles all they step, and slaking lines,
To Larbourd now they set, and now to Starbourd sailes enclines,
And haling hoyse their wings, ẏ shrouds & hookes & bowlines bendes,
And swift in seas they swim, the windes themselues their nauy sẽds.
Palinure his principall pylot. But prince and pilot chiefe, sir Palinure his course doth beare,
Before them all, and ech to marke at him commaunded were.
And now frõ heuen ẏ drouping night her mid course nere had past,
And folkes in slumber swẽte, their weary limmes on rest had cast,
And Mariners had laid themselues on hatches hard of bars:
When lighting swift, from skies the God of sleepe did fall frõ stars,
And brake the darke of night, with glimsing shade of fayned beames.
To thee (O Palinure) and brought to thee right heauie dreames,
Without desert, and on the pup full hie his seate did take,
Resembling Phorbas face, and vnto him these words he spake.
Friend Palinure, lo how the tides themselues conueyes the flẽte,
This gale by measure blowes: an houre of rest to take is mẽte.
Lay downe thy head, and steale thy painful eies one nap of slẽpe,
I will for thee my selfe supplie the rowme thy helme to kẽpe.
Whom answered Palinure, scant lifting eies for slumber dẽpe.
Know I not yet my seas? what? thinkest thou me so small of wit,
To trust this fawning face? shall I my lord and prince commit,
To this inconstant beast? should I beleeue that monster wilde?
So oft as I with flattring seas, and skies haue bin begilde?
Such things he spake, and holding hard at helme he cleaued fast,
And still did serue the streames, and still on seas his eyes did cast.
Behold, the God on him a dropping branch of Lymbo pit
With deadly slẽping dewe, on both his temples dashing smit.
And straging to resist, his swimming eyes with slẽpe oppress.
Scant first reselued were his weary limbs with sodaine rest,
And leaning nodded low: when halfe the pup with him he drew,
And rother, helme, and all, in mids of seas he falling threw

Quite

Quite hedlong ouer bourd, and calling oft his mates in vaine.
The God than toke his winges, and than in winde he went againe.
Yet neretheleſſe therfore, with ſafe conduct their fléete did pas,
And careles runnes their courſe, as god Neptunes promiſe was.
And now they entring were the ſtraites, Sirenes rockes that hight,
A parlous place ſometime, and yet with bones of people whight.
Than breaking broad the flods, the ſaltſea ſtones full hoarce did ſoũd,
Whan lord Aeneas felt his ſhip to ſtray and maiſter dround.
And toke himſelfe the guiding than therof in ſeas by night,
Lamenting much in minde his friends miſchaunce and heauy plight.
O Palinure, that flattring ſeas and ſkies to much didſt truſt,
All naked on ſome ſtraungy ſand vnburied lye thou muſt.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran finitum. iiij. Maij. Anno. 1557. poſt periculum eius karmerdini.
Opus xxiiij. dierum.

I THE

THE SIXT
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ When Aeneas was come to Cumas, he went vnto Sybillas den, where doing sacrifice according to the custome, hee asketh counsell at the Oracle of Apollo, and there learneth both the dangers at hand, and the successe of future wars. Misenus bodie which he found on the shore he burneth, his furniture and spoyles, he burieth vnder the next hill, which thereof was called Misenus. From thence, by direction of Doues, he was brought to the golden bough, which being gathered, and hauing worshipped and appeased the infernall gods with slaine sacrifice: by conduct of Sybilla he goeth downe to hell, through the mouth of Auernus. He findeth Palinurus wandring about the lake of S T I X, because his bodie was vnburied, and when Sybilla had refused to take him ouer vnto the farther shore, which he requested: Aeneas putteth him in good comfort with exequies, and hope of honorable buriall. From thence Aeneas passing ouer Stix, and casting Cerberus in a sleep with a medicined sop, taking his iourney through the place of Infants, and of such as as were wrongfully condemned, and put to death vndeseruedly: he cometh vnto the seats of those, that through impaciencie of loue, had shortened their owne dayes, where espying Dido, when he would haue purged himself vnto her: disdainfully she auoyded his sight. Then departing thence, he came to the habitation of those that were sometime famous in war, where he saw Deiphobus torne, and rent with many wounds, and is there by him enformed by what cruell and shamefull means he came to his death. Afterward, leauing Tartarus on the left hand, and being by Sibilla instructed in the punishments of the wicked, he approcheth nigh the wals of Pluto, & there sticketh vp the golden bough euen in the Queens entry, & from thence he proceedeth to the fields of the blessed, and is by Musæus brought vnto his father. There Anchises declareth vnto his sonne Aeneas the order, and succession of the Almane, and Roman kings, and running ouer the names of certain of the Roman nobilitie, cõmeth to the commendation of Iulius, & Augustus Cæsar, & wonderfully extolleth Marcellus the sonne of Octauia, who was sodeinly cut off by vntimely death. Then going through the Iuery gate vpon the earth, visiteth his mates & leauing Cumas, saileth to Caieta.

Here he commeth to Italy at Cumas.

SO talked he with teares, and to his fléete he gaue the raines,
And at the last on Cumas coast Italia land attaines.
Their foreships all from seaward then they turne: ankers strong
They pitching laid a land, and all the crooked shores along

Their

Their ships in order set, out leapes the youth with long desier
To tread Italian land, some seeke for seedes of lurking fier
In secret vaines of flints, some breake the beds of beastes vnkinde,
And reauing spoile their dennes, some shew what woods, what flods
But good Aeneas to Apollos church, and temple towres, (they find.
He went to seeke the secret caue of Siblyes dreedfull bowres.
A vaute of widenes wast, where mightie spyite, and mightie minde
Apollo her inspires, that all thing knowes in secret kinde.
And things that fatall ben he doth to her full broad vnfolde.
And now the sacred groues they see, and houses bright of golde.
By old report whan Dedalus from Minos kingdoms fled,
With bold attempt of wings he toke the skies hie ouerhead,
And Northward fast he flew, a passage straunge vnseene before,
And lightning downe at last, hee stood a land on Cumas shore.
There he arriued first, and there (O Phœbus bright to thee)
Did consecrate his wings, and made a temple huge to see.
Vpon the doores Androgeos death there stands, than yere by yere
How Athens was compeld, (a wretched thing,) their children deere
By couples seuen and seuen, both sonns, & doughters bound in bãds,
To send to slaughter vile, the pot with lots there redy stands.
Right theragainst in seas doth Candy kingdoms answer full,
There Pasiphee was made, and next to her there stood the Bull
With tokens foule of loue, and how by stelth, in metall thin
She vnderlay that beast, with stinking lust of lothsome sin.
And Minotaure there was, the mongrell vile of mixed kinde,
Inclosed kept in maze, where issue none there was to finde.
There lay the labour sore, and wandring house of endles waies,
In corners croking darke, a wofull worke for them that straies.
But Dedalus, that pitie did the Quẽnes outragious lour,
Himselfe the craft did teache, and dangers all he did remoue,
By guiding through the darke her passage blinde by thred full fine.
And thou O Icarus also among those workes deuine
Hadst had no slender part, if sorrowes him not letted had.
Two times in shining golde, thy drowing fall with hart full sad
Thy father there began, and twise his hands for fainting fell.
These stories olde, and things of former fame right long to tell
They should haue ouerwod, whan (sent of purpose thers before)
Achates did returne, and brought the priest with head full hoare,

He visits the temple of Apollo at Cumas, where Sibilla that time did prophecy. Dedalus made the temple at Cumas. Diuers histories grauen vpon the walles. Citie of Athenes.

Pasiphee wife to king Mines of Candy. A monster half man haife bull

Icares son to Dedalus, flew from Candy with his father and was drowned by the way in the sea.

Now called thereof mare Icarium.

That serued Phœbus church, and did Dianas offrings make,
And Deiphobe she hight, and to the king these wordes she spake.
This time requireth not with gasing thus to linger there,
Now beefers seuen to kill, to serue the gods more wisdome were.
And seuen of chosen sheepe (as custome is) you should haue brought
These things she spake, & they forthwith her iust cõmaũdmẽt wrought
Than she the Troian lords into the temple gorgeous calles.

Discription of Syblyes caue in the temple and how she prophecied at certaine houres by fits. The said caue yet remaines.

A caue there is, cut out in rocke, euen through the temple walles,
Both huge and broad at mouth, a hundred vautes, a hundred dores,
A hundred roarings sound, when Siblies answers beates the flores.
Before the same they stood, when she the virgin close within,
Desknied her selfe and spake. Now doth (quoth she) my time begin
To learne at god, lo here comes god. As she thus babling prates,
All sodenly, with faces more than one, before the gates,
And coulours more than one, disfigured wild she stood in traunce:
Her haire vpstarting stands, her trembling brest doth panting praũse.
Her hart outraging swells, nor mortallyke she lokes at last:
Aboue mankind she speakes, when of the god she felt the blast
In spite approching nere. And standst thou still, and dost not pray,

No grace without praier.

Thou Troian thou? (quoth she) & standst thou still? shalt not this day
One dore disclose it selfe till praier come. When she thus said,
She silence made: than quaking cold in Troians limmes affraid
Did run through al their bones, & thus their king ful humbly praid.

Aeneas oration to Phœbus & to Siblye.

O Pacebus whom the painfull toiles of Troy did euer greeue,
Thou that sir Paris hand and dart (more Troians to releeue)
Directing didst conduct, and gauest Achilles mortall wound,
Thus many mightie seas that mightie landes encompasse round
I entred haue by thee, through nations wilde, and parlous strands,
Through coasts of mountain Moores, and cõtreys close of Sirtes sãds,
And now Italian shore (alwaies that shrancke) we touche at last.
Thus farforth now haue we through dangers all our fortune past.
And you also your indignations great is time to end,
You gods and goddesses ech one, whom Troy did ought offend
With glory great of pride, eke thou, (O sacred prophet true)
That fortunes dost forsee, (I aske nothing but kingdoms due
That destnie doth me giue,) Italian land let vs enioye,
Our wandring gods to place, and relikes deere outcast of Troye,
Than I, to Phœbus cleere and to Diana, temples pure

Of marble stone shall make, and feasts that euermore shall dure.
Rewards also to thée, and offrings great for thée shall stand
Within my kingdomes all, and I my selfe shall out of hand
Enroll thy sacred lots, and ditties deare of holy rimes.
My people shall them learne, and chosen men at standing times
Shall consecrated be, thy mightie minde that shall expound.
Do thou this time thy selfe thy verses speake with perfect sound,
Nor write no line in leues, lest whirling wind therwith may play,
Confounding then from course, and lest in skies they flie their way.
He ended thus. Speake thou (quoth he) thy selfe I humbly pray.
But wrastling wilde as yet, against the god in thentry large
Dame Sibly mombling made, & strugling strong withstood ỹ charge,
If haply so she might the gods enforcing shake from brest.
But he preuailing still, with more and more her spite opprest.
Her heart, her raging mouth, he taming stated and fired fast.
And now along the caue, a hundreth doores were open brast
Of proper strength, & through the vaut these answers out she cast.

This war accomplished afterward, and in Rome there were ten interpreters of Siblyes bookes, called Decem viri Sibyllini, with a colledge of the same. Sibyl resisted til the sprite compelled her. Siblyes voice.

O thou that dangers great of seas at last hast scaped all,
But greater things on land remaines for thée. The Troians shall
To Lauin kingdome come, cast from thy brest that point of feare.
But sone repent they shal, & curse the time that brought them there.
Repent right sone they shall: wras, dredfull wars vprising growes,
And Tyber flood I sée, with somie blood how thicke it flowes.
Eftsones of Troian streams nor Greekish camps thou shalt not faile,
And in Italia thée a new Achilles shall assaile,
That borne of goddesse is, nor from the Troians Iuno stout
Shall one where absent be, when thou at néede extreame for dout,
What nation of Italian land shall be: what cities great?
That thou that time for aide with humble sute shalt not entreat?
The cause of all this wo, shall be a wife of forraine line,
A forraine spouse yet once againe to Troians.
Yet for these mischiefs all do thou not shrinke, but bolder preasse,
Where thée thy fortune leads, thy chiefest healthy and cause of peace,
(Where least thou dost suspect) shall from a Greekish towne appeere.
These words did Sibly speak, and rapt with spright in caue vncleere,
Her compasse crooked songs, and doubtfull rimes she bel wing sounds,
Inuoluing truth in darke, such bridling bits and raning bounds
Apollo giues his priest, and close to preach he pricks her brest.

When first her pattring mouth and raging limis were left at rest,
Aeneas prince began. No trauaile new this is to mée
O virgin pure, nor face of labour none vnfelt I sée.
All this I do conceiue, and in my minde considred late.
One thing I shall desire, (for hære men say begins the gate
Of great infernall king, and darkesome floods by hell that fléete)
Giue licence mée to go to séeke and sée my father swéete.
Vouchsafe to guide my way, and holy dores do open make.
Him I from thousands swordes, and burning flames away did take,
These sholders, euẽ these shoulders, throgh ẏ foes did bring him out,
Ye passage toke with mée, with mée all streames and lands about,
And threatnings all of seas and tempestes all with very paine,
Aboue his age and strength, on weldy man, he did sustaine.
And now that I this time before thy dore so méekely pray:
Yée mée commaunded thus. Haue pitie now of both vs tway
O sacred virgin pure (for thou maist all) nor here in vaine
Diana thée hath set, on Limbo woods to rule and raigne.
If Orpheus obtained once his wife from vnder ground,
By singing swéete at harpe, and striking stringes of pleasant sound:
If Pollux did his brothers death redéeme with his exchaunge,
And went and came so oft, what should I talke of Theseus straunge?
Or strongest Hurcules? my selfe from hie Ioue do descend.
These things he talked thus, and fast he held the altars end.
Than prophet Sibly said. O borne of blod of heauenly kinde,
An easie way to hell. Thou Troian duke, the way that leades to hell is light to finde,
Both nightes and daies, the dore of Limbo black doth open gape.
But backward vp to clime, and frée to skies eftsones to scape,
Their worke, their labour is: few men whom equall Ioue did loue,
Or vertue pearsing all, did to the stars aduaunce aboue,
Could worke so great a worke: that midwaies all are compast wide
For he must neuertheles afterward. With desartes darke of woods, and slimy flod full blacke doth slide.
But if so great desier, such feruent loue thou hast in minde,
Two times to loke on hell, two times to swim those lakes vnkinde,
She apoints him first to the golden. If pleasure ought there bée, this frantike toile to take on thée:
These things first must thou do. In shadows great there lurks a trée,
With golden crops & bows, with leaues & braunches smoth of golde:
Which to Diana dére, infernall Quéene, is sacred holde.
This trée hath euery wood, and darke in vales doth hide with shade.

But

But no man breathing life can vnder ground haue power to trade,
Till from those goldilocks of bowes he brings one braunch deuine,
Which to her selfe for chiefe reward Diana doth assigne.
When one bough broken is, another springs as fresh in sight
Of gold, and twigs are euer like, with buds of metall bright.
Seeke out therfore with speede, and when thou duly hast it spied,
Lay thou theron thy hand, for willingly with ease, vnwried
It selfe it shall release, if destnies thee therto do call:
For otherwise not breake it will, for strength, nor wepons all.
Moreouer, now thy friend deceassed lieth with corps on ground,
Alas vnware thou art, and all thy fleete he doth confound,
While here thou harkning standst, & counsels great of god dost craue.
Him first go bring to earth, and giue to him his worthy graue.
And slaughters blacke of beastes for sinnes redemption see thou lead.
So maist thou Limbo woods, where breathing man may neuer tread,
Behold at last (quoth she.) With that, her mouth she stopping staied.
Aeneas mourning went, with fixed eyes on ground dismaied.
And leauing thus the caue, these fortunes hard and chaunces blinde
He pondring did reuolue, so did with him Achates kinde,
And iointly step by step with equall cares they walking went.
Much talke betwéen them twain of sundry things they speaking spēt,
What frend dame Sibly meās, what corps it is they should entiere.
But whan to shore they came, vnware on sand approching nére,
Misenus slaine they see with giltles death, their frend full déere.
Misenus troumpet sounder chiefe, whose nobler neuer was,
In kindling men with noise, and fighting fields to chéer with bras.
Sometime sir mighty Hectors mate he was, to Hector strong
With trompet bold and speare he corage gaue in battell throng.
But when that him from life Achilles victor spoiled had,
Vnto Aeneas Troian prince this valient captaine sad
Did place himselfe as peere, and nothing worse his chaunce he drew.
But than (as mischief was) while brasen trompe he swimming blew
For pride, and callinge to compare the Gods of seas did greue:
Him Triton take for spite (if men may boldly this beleeue)
And dragd him through the rockes, & deepe in seas his enmy drowned.
The Troians than with noise his body dead encompast round,
And good Aeneas chief, than to accomplish Siblyes charge,
No longer time they take, but weeping fast an altar large

tree, wherby is signified wisdome that ouercommeth all thinges.

He found his trompet our Misenus dead on the lande.

Triton a fish with a trompet did drowne Misenus in the sea for sprite.

They lade with timber logs, and hie to heauen a pile they bilde.
Into a forest old they gone, and haunts of beasts vnmilde,
Downe tombling crake the trées, vpriseth sound of axes strokes,
Both holmes, & béeches broad, and beams of ash, and shides of Okes,
With wedges great they cliue, & mountain elmes with leauers roll.
Aeneas eke their worke with corage kindling did controll,
And toles in hand he toke, and formost man amongst them wrought.
Yet heauines in heart he bare, and often thus he thought,
If now this golden branch wil through this forrest thick appéere,
Then verily right true it is (as all things else bene cléere)
And too too true (alas) of thée she spake Misenus déere.
Scant spoken wer these words, whē culuers twain by chaūce in sight,
Came ouerhead in skies before his face, and downe they light,
And softly sat on ground, he knew forthwith his mothers burds
Aeneas mightie prince, and thus he praied in silent wurds.
O, be my guides (if any way there be) and through these glades
Direct me to the place where fertill soyle in darksome shades
Doth beare this golden braunch, and thou O mother great, I pray
Now faile me not at néede. Thus speaking, still himselfe did stay,
Beholding him those birds, and how they rise, and where they flie.
They féeding there a while amounted forth, and went in skie,
So far as eyes of man could them pursue, or marke could make.
Then when against Auerna mouth they came, (that stinking lake)
They lift themselues aloft, and through the tender aire they slide,
And falling downe at last, they toke their trée, and there did bide,
Where glistring braunches shewes of sundry glosed shining gold.
None otherwise, than mistelte we on woods in winter cold
Renewes his bushes gréene, whom trunck of trée did neuer bréed,
But saffronfruted bowes the stubs thereof doth ouerspréd:
So from the trée the golden braunch did shew, such was the kinde,
So wauering soft it wagde, and tinckling swéete it made in winde.
Aeneas at it straight, and caught a crop with much adoo,
And glad with comfort great, dame Siblyes house he brought it too.
Nor nothing lesse this while, the Troians all in solemne gise
Did waile Misenus corps, and gaue to him their last outcries.
First, cut in culpons great, and fat of sap with pitch among
A stately pile they bilde, with timber trées and Cipers strong.
That dead mens treasure is) his gorgeous armes also they set,

Doues are venus birds for their encrease.

Mistellew called of some Mistelden growing on trees in winter with a yelowe slimy berie clammy like birdlime, it commeth by dunging of birds on the trees

The funerals of

Some

Some brought the water warme, and cauldrons boiling out they fet.
The body cold they wash, and precious ointments on they powre.
Lamenting loude is made, then close his lims in bed on flore
They couch with weeping tears, & purple weeds on him they throw:
His robes, his harneſſe bright, and enſignes all that men may know.
In mourning ſort, ſome heaue on ſhoulders hie the mightie beere,
(A doleſull ſeruice ſad) as children do their father deere,
Behind them holding brands, then flame vpriſing, broad doth ſpred,
And oiles and dainties caſt, and frankenſenſe then fire doth feed,
When falne his cinders were, and longer blaze did not endure,
His reliques and remaine of duſt with wine they waſhed pure.
Then Choriney his bones in braſen coffin bright did cloſe,
And ſprinckling water pure, about his mates thrée times he goes,
And drops of ſacred dew with Olive palmes on them did ſhake,
And compas bleſt them all, and ſentence laſt he ſadly ſpake.
To fields of ioy thy ſoule, and endleſſe reſt we do betake.
But good Aeneas then, right huge in height his tombe did rere,
And gaue the lord his armes, his Ore and Trumpet fixed there.
On mountaine neare the ſkies, that of Miſenus beares the name,
And euerlaſting ſhall from world to world retaine the ſame.
This done, dame Siblyes further minde to execute he ſhapes.
A dungeon darke there is, that euermore wide open gapes,
Full rough of rockie ſtones, and lothſome lake there flowes about.
Thereouer dare no bird attempt to flie, for deadly dout,
Such priſon breath outbreaks, & through ỹ throte with ſtifling ſtink,
Such ſmouldring vapor ſmokes, and vp to ſkies is borne from brink,
Whereby the Greekes by name Auerna mouth that place do call.
There heifers choſen foure, full blacke of backes, he firſt of all
Did bring, and wines betweene their fronts ỹ prieſt of cuſtom threw,
And with her hand ſhe pluckt the hair betweene their horns ỹ grew,
To caſt in ſacred fier, redemption chiefe of deeds amis.
And on Diana calles, in heauen and hell that mightie is.
Some other ſtars, with knives, & blod lukewarme in bols they take.
Himſelfe a lambe by darke, vnto the dame of furies blake.
And to her ſiſter great with ſword he ſtrake, and vnto thée,
(O Proſerpine) a fruitleſſe cowe he kild full blacke to ſée.
Then vnto Lymbo king his altars large he made by night,
And bowels whole of Bulles in burning fire enflamed bright.

Miſenus maruelouſly expreſſed of Virgil.

Warme water and crying, for many ſeeme dead, & be yet aliue.

Nouiſsima verba.

Deſcription of a place in Italy called Auerna where antiquitie ſuppoſed to be the entry into hell, and is yet a terrible place to looke on.

Sibly brought Aeneas into Auerna mouth, and so vnder ground to Lymbo, wherein Virgil expresseth all the belief & opinion of the Pagans

And plentie fat of oiles, till offrings all were walked quight.
Behold, before that light of sunne did rise in skies aboue,
The ground with roaring shooke, & vnder feet did trembling moue,
And tops of trées do turne, and dogs in shade do séeme to houle,
When first the goddesse came. Auaunt, auaunt, you sinners foule
Dame Sibly loud did crie, from all these woods stand out beneath.
Kéepe thou thy way by force, and naked sword pull from thy sheath,
Now time of courage is, now fire thy mind Aeneas fast.
And with that word into Auerna mouth herselfe she cast.
Ye void of feare doth stalking her pursue at elbow fast.
O gods that empier kéepes on ghosts, and soules of silence dum,
Thou Chaos, and you firie boiling pits and places glum,
Giue licence me to tell your secret workings vnder ground,
Giue pardon to disclose things déepe in mist, and darknes dround.
They walking went in night, alone, in silence through the shade,
By Lymbos kingdoms wast, and houses emptie void of trade.
Like as the féeble Mone doth giue sometime a fainting light
To men ỳ walk in woods, when clouds do kéep ỳ skies from sight,
And all things altred bin, and colours cleare are hid by night.
Euen at the porch, and first in Lymbo iawes, done Wailings dwell,
And Cares on couches lien, and Hetled Mindes on vengeance fell.
Diseases leane, and pale, and combrous Age of dumpish yéeres,
And Feare, and filthie Néede, and Hunger hard that mischief stéeres,
Vnshapen things in sight. Then Death himselfe whose neighbor nert
Was Sléepe ỳ kinsman is to Death, then proud Mindes vnderplert:
Reioising vile in sin, and mortall warres afront the gate,
And Furies fight in beds of stéele, and Discord far from state,
With bléeding browes, and vgsome starling haires of angry snakes.
Amids them all an Elme with armes out spreading, shadow makes,
An Elme both huge and old, that seat, men say do Fansies kéepe.
And Dreames vncertaine dwell, and euery leafe they vndercréepe.
And diuerse monsters more there was, of sundry sorts vnkinde,
As Scyllas and Centaurus, man before, and beast behinde,
In euery dore they stampe, and Lions sad with gnashing sound.
And Bugges with hundred heads, as Briarey, and armed round
Chimera sights with flames, and gastly Gorgon grim to sée,
With beards of Harpies vile, and Goblins foule of figures thrée.
Aeneas suddenly for feare his glistring sword out toke,

And as they threatning came, he towards them his fauchon shooke.
And (but his learned guide instruct him did, to let go by
Those flittring tender formes, and not to touch those shaps that flie,
Which nothing bin but life, and substance none, but likenes thin)
He would with them haue fought, and did in vaine to beat begin.
Here now the way doth lead to Lymbo lake and filthy flud,
Whose chanell choked is with troublous grounds of miry mud,
And belching boiles a sand, which to the banks it throws, frō dēepes.
A dreadfull feryman that streame with visage loathsome kēepes,
In tattred wretched wēd, and Caron he by name doth hight.
His hoary buch and beard both ouergrowne and foule vndight,
With scouling streaming eies, & from his shoulders down his loines
His filthy mantle hangs, whom sluttish knot vncomly ioines.
Himselfe with piked poale his boat doth guide, and beares a charge,
Transporting still the soules, in rusty dusty cankred barge,
Well aged now, but sappy strength he kēepes of grēner yēres,
To this place all the rout doth draw thēselues with lowring chēeres,
By numbers great, both men and women dead, nor long delaied.
With princes, preaced boies and girles, that wedlocks neuer saied,
And flouring youth, that in their parents time were laid on ground,
And all that life had borne, about the banke they clustred round,
As thicke as leaues of trees among the woods in winter winde
When first to ground they fall: or like as soules of water kinde
Assembling flocke themselues, when yere of frost hath first begun,
And ouer seas they seeke in warmer lands to take the sun.
They stood, and crauing cried, ỹ first transport they might before,
And stretching held their hands desiring much the further shore.
The churlish feryman, now these, now those by course receiues,
And some down thrusting throws, & frō the sand restraining weiues.
Aeneas then, for of this great tumult he marueld sore,
O virgin tell (quoth he) what meanes this busse great vprore?
What seeke they thus? why to this water banke run they so fast?
Wherfore be these reiect? and yonder those their course haue past?
And some with Ores I see are sweeping yet this chanell blew?
Then shortly thus to him dame Sibly spake, that prophet trew.
O great Anchises son, vndoubted child of gods in blisse,
Now Lymbo lake thou seest, infernall pole this water is.
Cocitus cald it is, and Stigies more the name doth beare,

Caron the fery man of hel floods.

By which the gods themſelues ſo ſore affraid bin to forſwe are,
This preaſe that here thou ſeeſt, bin people dead that laid in graue,
A piteous rabble powre, that no reliefe or comfort haue.
This boatman Caron is, and thoſe to whom now this water beares,
Are bodies put in ground with worſhip due of weeping teares.
Nor from theſe fearefull banks nor riuers horſe they paſſage get:
Till vnder earth in graues their bodies bones at reſt are ſet.
A hundred yeeres they walke, & round about theſe ſhores they houe,
And then at laſt full glad, to further poles they do remoue.
Aeneas ſtopt his ſote, and ſtaied himſelfe againſt that place,
Reuoluing much in minde, and pitied ſore their wofull caſe.
He ſaw lamenting there, and lacking graues and worſhip due,
Leucaſpis and Orontes, lords of Troian fleete full true.
Whom iointly both from Troy, as through ẏ ſwelling ſeas they paſt,
The ſouthwind whirling toke, and ſhip and men did ouercaſt.
Behold, his maſter chiefe, and pilot guide, ſir Palinure
Chafing did vere himſelfe, who late in Sicil ſeas full ſure
His courſe with ſailing kept, while ſtars of heauen he vewd at helme
He through the pup was ſaine, and ſeas him quite did ouerwhelme,
Him ſcarſe he could diſcerne among the ſoules with frowning face.
Then firſt he ſpake. O Palinure, what god with heauie grace
Hath ſpoiled me of thee? and thee in deepe ſeas thus hath drowned?
Declare to me, for neuer here tofore that falſe was found.
With this one tale vntrue Apollo me did feed in vaine,
Who ſaid, that ſafe from ſeas, Italia land thou ſhouldſt attaine,
Lo where a man may truſt. Is this his faith ſo vndefilde?
He therevnto. It is not Phœbus thee, that hath begilde,
O Troian king, nor me that god in ſeas did ouerwhelme.
For as at ſterne I ſtood, and ſteering ſtrongly held my helme
Wherwith I charged was, and courſe of ſhips with ſailes did beare,
I headlong fell therewith. By all the ſeas full rough I ſweare,
Nothing ſo ſore I dread, nor for my ſelfe ſo much did care,
As leaſt thy ſhip diſpoild, and of her guide and maſter bare:
Sould by miſfortune faile, as waues ſo great that time did riſe.
Three wearie winter nights, in combrous ſeas in waltring wiſe,
With waters borne I was: the fourth day ſcant at laſt I ſpied
Italia land, as ouer waues full hie my head I wried.
By ſmall and ſmall to landward, then I ſwam, and ſure I was,

The care of a good guide, or pilot.

Had not the nation wilde destroied me there vnknowne, alas.
And as I crœping held with crooked hands the mountains top,
Encumbred in my clothes that dabbling downe from me did drop,
They slue me there with swords, and thought by me to gaine a pray.
Now still in flods I fleete, and to and fro with winds I stray.
That I thée, by the gladsome light of heauen and ioyfull skies
Now for thy fathers loue, and for thy son whose lucke doth rise:
Unwrap me frõ these wrongs (O péerles prince) & bring me a groũd,
I pray thée, (for thou maist) in Velin hauens I shall be found.
Or thou, if any way there be, if goddesse mother thine
Hath shewd thée how to shift (for not without some power diuine
This place I thinke ỹ scest (nor Lymbo poles thus canst thou swim)
Reach me thy hand, and take me wretch with thée by water brim,
That after death at least, in pleasant rest I may remaine.
Such things he talking spake, when Sybly thus replied againe.
Since when, O Palinure, hath all this madnes comen on thée?
Wouldst thou the Lymbo pole and dolefull flods vntombed sée?
Unbidden from this banke dost thou in déed to scape entend?
Séeke neuer Gods eternall dome with speech to thinke to bend.
Yet take with thée this word, and comfort thus thy gréeuous fall.
For they that border next vnto that mount, and cities all,
By tokens great from heauen, shall be compeld thy bones to take,
And tombe they shall thée build, and solemne seruice thée shall make,
And Palinurus name for euermore the place shall kéepe.
This spoken from his heauy heart his cares abating créepe,
And sorows partly shranke, and glad on earth his name he knew,
They on their iourney went, and towards now the flod they drew.
Whom as the boatman first, with eies vpcast in comming spied
To walke in silent woods, and how to shore their féete they plied:
He thus began to chafe, and towards them full loud he cried.
What euer thou art, that armed thus vnto our flods dost trace:
Tell what thine errand is, and stay thy selfe, and stop thy pace.
Here is the seate of soules, the place of sléepe and slumbry night,
Nor breathing bodies none this boat may beare by law or right.
Nor Hercules (whom I did last receiue) did me no good,
Nor Theseus, with Perithous, that passed here this flod,
Though borne of Gods they were, & péerles lords of strength & mind.
Ye with his mightie hands the mastiffe hound of hell did bind

The cruell maner of saluage sea-coasters.

We ought not gainsay Gods commandemẽt.

Before

Before the king at bench, and dragd with him trembling out to light.
Those other did attempt to steale from hence our empresse bright.
Then Sybly prophet priest, with gentle spéech thus did entreat.
Here is no treason such, do thou not chafe nor further freat.
These weapons worke no harme, the porter huge for euermore
May barking kéepe this caue, and bloodles soules affray from shore.
Well may Diana chast her vncles chamber long enioy.
Aeneas famous here, the curteis prince in armes of Troy
Vnto his father goeth, vnto the soules of Lymbo low.
If vertue none so great may moue thy mind this man to know,
Behold (quoth she) this branch: & from her garment out she tooke
The golden branch, then angry wrath his swelling hart forsooke,
Nor more she spake, but wondring at that blessed gift of grace,
And fatall rod, that seldome séene had béene within that place,
She shoued forth his ship, and on the banke approching hit.
Then other soules, that on the sides in long arayes did sit:
Ye tumbling draue them downe, and made a roome, & in he takes
Aeneas mighty prince, the boat in ioynts for burden crakes,
And through that leathren semes the filthy flood in plentie drinks,
Yet landed safe at last both priest and man, on the vtter brinks,
In myrie woas, and slimie mud mishapen foule that stinks,

Cerberus the porter of hell.

There Cerberus infernall hound, with throtes wide open thrée,
Doth brawle with barking noise, at Lymbo mouth full huge to sée.
Whose necke when Sibly saw w̄ startling snakes to swelling firt:
A sop of bread with sléepie sérdes, and honie swéet commixt
Against his throte he threw, he gaping wide his thrée fold iawes,
Al hungry caught that gub, & couching strait with stretching pawes,
Ye bowed his boistous backe, and on the ground himselfe he spred,
Encombring all the caue, and groueling lay with slumbry head.
Aeneas tooke the place, while thus the porter slurging was,
And scope the further shore, where backward home no life can passe.
Anon were voices heard, and piteous cries, and wailings shrill,
Of soules of tender babes, and infants wéeping void of skill,
That pleasure swéete of life did neuer tast, but from their brest
Untimely death them tooke, and fortune grim hath downe oppresst.
Next them be such, as false surmise hath don to death by law,
Nor they without their iudge, & for their seates their lots they draw,
King Minos moues their bore, and as a iudge their lines enquires,

And

And calles enquests of soules, & all their sinnes in silence heares.
Then louring next in place, bin they that fell with wilfull death,
And giltles slue themselues, with hastie hands abhorring breath,
And shoke from them their soules, how gladly now in skies againe,
Would they full powre estate, and hardnes all of life sustaine?
The destnies do resist, and lake vnlouely them detaines,
And poles of Lymbo nine in compas running, them restraines.
Not far alofe from thence, disperst abroad on quarters all,
The mourning fields they see (for so by name men do them call.)
There they where cruell loue consumed hath with fretting modes,
In secret paths they walke, and hide themselues in Mirtle woods,
Emcombred still with cares, nor death it selfe their sorrowes slakes.
There Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle he seeth, that mourning makes
For loue, and of her son vnmercifull the wounds doth beare.
Euadnee then, and Pasiphee, likewise that martred were.
And Cenæus, a lad somtime that was, but now a wife,
Conuerted eft by kind to former shape of femals life.
Among all these, Queene Dido late that died of fatall wound,
In forrest wandring went, whom when the Troian duke had found
Approching nere and knew, in shimring shadow darke and thin:
Much like, as after changing new when prime doth first begin,
Men see, or thinke they see, that doubtfull mone in clouds aboue:
He blubbred out in teares, and thus did speake for dulcet loue.
O wofull Dido deere, the tale tw true (as now doth seeme)
Was brought me of thy losse, and of thy stroke and wound extreeme.
I was thy cause of death, alas, now by the starres I sweare,
By all the Gods, and if there be remaining yet one where
Unfained faith, if truth on ground or vnder ground may bee,
Against my will (O Queene) from thy dominions did I flee.
But me, ỹ threatnings great of gods ỹ throgh these glimsing [illegible]es
Compels to seeke, these hoarie mozie mistie darksome shades,
Hath forced me to this, nor neuer (Queene) could I beleeue,
That my departing thee, so sore at heart could euer greeue.
Now stay thy selfe, and from my sight withdraw thee not so fast.
Whom fleest thou thus? this vnto thee must be my talking last,
Aeneas thus to her, that frowning stood, with scowling eies.
He spake to swage her minde, and teares outgushing still did rise.
She turning fired fast her face on ground with lowring loke,

He meeteth with queen Dido in hell.

Nor more to him did moue, nor at his tale regard she toke,
Then sturres a standing stone, or mountaine rocke for blast of wind,
At last from him she brake, and backe she fled with spitefull mind,
To shadowes thicke of woods, where ioint with her, her husband olde
Sichæus doth complaine, and equall loue with her doth hold.
Aeneas nethelesse, whom this mischance full sory shoke,
Pursude her, weeping long, and at her parting pitie toke.
From thence their way they sought, & now the borders last they held,
Where worthy lords of armes inhabit thicke in secret field.
There met he with sir Tydeus, and valiant noble knight
Parthenopee, and pale Adrastus ghost, that wofull spright.
There they that much lamented were on earth, and died in war,
The Troian lords, he knew them all in long araies a far.
Thersilochus, and Glauchus deare, he sobbed them to see,
And Medon, of Anthenor stout the famous children three.
And Polybetes, Ceres priest that was, both strong and bold,
Idæus eke, that horses swift and armours yet doth hold.
By flocks about him drew the soules full thicke on euery hand,
Nor satisfied they bin with loking once, but still they stand,
And steps with him they ioyne, & glad they be his cause to learne.
But all the Greekish lords, and Agamemnons captains sterne,
When first the man they saw in glistring armor through the night:
They trembling shook for fear, some turning toke their wõted flight,
As to their ships sometime they ran, some others squeking thin
Would lift their voice, but in their iawes begun, it stacke within,

Deiphobus that maried Helen after the death of Paris.

There Deiphobus, Priams sonne he saw, all boucherwise
Bemangled foule in face, with bodie torne in cruell guise.
Both body, face, and hands, and temples twaine, and eares dispoilde,
With lothly cropped nose, & shamefull wounds each where defoilde,
Scarse him he could discerne, that trembling shrank, & couered wold
His filthy wounds, then thus he spake with voice acquainted old.
O Deiphobus, mightie most in armes, O Troian blood,
What saluage tyrant beast hath giuen to thee this plague so wood?
Who might so great a power obtaine on thee? The rumour went
How in the night extreme, of Greekish slaughters weary spent
Thou headlong threwst thy selfe on mired heapes of enemies slaine.
Then I my selfe to thee, an emptie tombe on Rheta plaine
Aduauncing vp did bilde, and thrise thy soule saluted cleere.

Thy

Thy name & armes that place preſerues, but thée (O frend ſo déere)
Could I not ſée, that in thy countrey ground I might entéere.
Then Dei Phobus ſaid. Nothing (ſwéete friend,) can I requier.
All duties done thou haſt, nor more my ghoſt can thée deſier.
But mée, mine own miſchaunce, and Helen ſtrompets miſchiefe more
Hath plunged thus in paines, theſe tokens me ſhe left in ſtore.
For when that latter night with ioyes deceitfull vs did féede,
Thou knowſt: and ouermuch therof to thinke we muſt of néede.
When firſt that fatall horſe our country walles did ouerſkip
With armour freyghted full, and harneiſt ſoldiers downe did ſlip:
Diſſembling than to daunce with ſongs, and himnes in ſtréets about
She drew the Troian wiues, and in her hand amids the rout
She bare the burning torche, and frō the towres the Greekes did lure.
Than ouercome with cares, I wofull miſer ſléeping ſure
Within my chamber was, in pleaſant eaſe, and laid at reſt,
And ſlumber ſwéete and déepe, moſt like to death had mée oppreſt.
My goodly ſpouſe this while, my weapons alway ſhe cloind,
From all my houſe, and from my head my truſty ſword purloind.
And Menelae her former husband cald, and fild the flowres
With cluſters great of Greekes, and open wide ſhe ſet the dowres,
And mée to them ſhe gaue, for token chiefe of former loue,
That fame of olde offence by that amendes ſhe might remoue.
What ſhould I longer make: into my chamber all they thruſt,
With falſe Vliſſes helpe. O gods redub them vengeaunce iuſt,
If due rewards I ſéeke, if Greekes with me vniuſtly wrought.
But thée, aliue, what wōdrous fortune here this time hath brought?
Declare to mée, by wandring wide at ſeas are comen aſtray?
Or gods appointment great, or what miſchaunce doth thée diſmay,
To ſée this troublous place, theſe houſes heauy voide of ſonne?
With talking thus, the Morning golden bright had ouerronne
The compas halfe of heauen, and mids of ſkies ſhe now did clime,
And haply ſpeaking more, they ſhould haue ſpent their pointed time,
But Sibly warning gaue.
The night approcheth faſt, we wéepe away the time in vaine:
Here is the place where now the way deuides it ſelfes in twaine.
The righthand path goth vnderneth the walles of Pluto déepe.
That way we muſt, if path to Paradiſe we thinke to kéepe.
The lefthand leades to paine, and damned ſinners ſends to hell.

Then Deiphobus said, O prophet pure that dost excell,
Do thou no further freat, I will depart to yonder fæld
To fill the number there, and mée againe to darknes yéld.
Go worship, go thou glory great of Troy, with heauenly grace,
God send thée more good lucke, and with that word he turnd his pace.
Aeneas turnd his eyes, and in the rocke on lefthand side
A castle broad he séeth, with thrée thick walles encompast wide.
Whom enuironned with rage of flaming flood that fier out spewes,
A dampish firy flood, that sounding stones outbelching strewes.
A gate against it stands, full huge of height, with pillers great
Of Adamant vncut, whome force of mankinde none can beat,
Nor gods themselues of heauen: vp stands to skies a brasen towre,
Where sits Tisiphonee with blood read toles, and visage sowre,
That cõbrous monster fiend, both daies & nights the watch she kéepes
Before that entry grim, with gargell face, and neuer sléepes.
From thence wer howlings heard, & wretches wailing tost in pains,
And clinching loude of Iron, and gingling noise of dragging chains.
Aeneas starting stood, and all that bustling harkned to.
What vengeance noise is this? O virgin tell, what haue they do,
That thus tormented ben? what meanes this boũsing? this outrage?
Then Sibly thus began. O Troian duke of wisdome sage,
No good man may come nére this cursed house of dampned Hell.
But mée, when in Auerna woods Diana set to dwell,
She taught mé then their paines, & through these places all did gide.
This boistous empier kéepes sir Radamanthus, king of pride,
Correcting men for sinne, and all their falshoods beares and tries,
Constraining to confesse what euer thing they did in skies,
Differring till their death, as if all paines escaped were.
Anon, the giltie soules with ramping force and grisly feare
Tisiphonee doth take, and scourging them she swaps with whips,
And serpents grim she shakes, and ouer them she stamping skips,
With flockes of swarming fiends, and all her sisters out she calles,
Infernall hideous hags, and to their torments them she stalles.
Then verily with thundring fearfull noise, the sacred hookes
Doth opening turne their gates: séest what a gard against vs lookes?
What faces? what a watch there stands at euery gate in sight?
With fifty garing heads a monstrous dragon stands vpright?
Yet sits a worse within. Than, Hell it selfe, that sinkehole stéep

Radamantus was a iust king, & therfore is feined to a king in Hel.

Two times as broad descends, two times as hedlõg downright deep:
As heauen vpright is hie, if men thereto from thence might peep.
There lie the Titans brood, and of dame Earth the linage old
Downthrown with lightning dints, and in ẏ gulf are tombling rold.
There saw I serpenfeeted bastards twaine, of Giaunts sise,
That in conflict with heauen, to teare the skies did enterprise,
Despising Ioue himself, whom frõ his throne they would haue thrust.
Eke Sulmon there I saw, in cruell wreake of torments iust.
For he the flames of God, and thundring sounds would counterfeat.
He borne with horses foure, and shaking brands and torches great
Through countries al of Greece, and towns triumphing went about,
And honors due to God vsurping toke of euery rout.
A frantike man, that peerles lightning clouds would think to scorne,
With brasse and running steeds, that foted bene with hoofe of horne.
But Ioue almightie then, a firie dart on him downe flang,
His arts could him not helpe, nor cressets fierce wherwith he sprang.
But headlong he to hell in whirling storme was throwne to deepes.
There plunged now in paines, he in the bottom crawling creepes.
Eke Tition the darling deere of Earth which all thing breeds
You should haue seen, that furlõgs nine of ground with bodies spreeds.
And huge on him there sits, with crooked beake and croming pawes
A gastly Gripe, that euermore his growing guts outdrawes,
And tiring teareth forth his euerduring liuer vaines,
Nor neuer rest there is, but fresh renewes his endlesse paines.
What should I now rehearse the beastly Centaures rable all?
Whom ouer hangs a stone that euermore doth seeme to fall.
Their bridebeds faire are spred, and golden carpets shine full bright,
And precious princely fare before their face is set in sight.
Then comes the foulest feend, and all their deinties ouerbrodes,
Forbidding them to touch, & from their hands doth snatch their fodes,
And beats with burning brãds & thũdrings thick her mouth doth cast.
There they that did their brethren most abhor while life did last,
Or beat their parents, or their clients cause haue foule betraid,
And such as gathered goods vnto themselues and no man paid,
Nor almes neuer gaue, whereof there is too great a throng,
Or for aduoutry haue bene slaine, or raised warres in wrong,
Of rebels to their prince, or maisters goods would not discerne:
Included in that Iaile their paines they bide. Seeke not to lerne.

An euerlasting torment of lust vnquenchable.

What paines: what woꝛld of wo there is: how ech his foꝛtune séeles.
Some rolles vnweldy rocks, some hangs on hie displaid on whéeles.
Some tombling tire themselues. There euer sits and euer shall
Vnhappie Theseus, and Phlegias most of misers all,
Among those caitiues darke and loude with voice to them doth roꝛe,
Learne iustice now by this, and gods aboue despise no moꝛe.
One wꝛeth his country sold, and pꝛince of strength thereto did call,
Ye foꝛged lawes foꝛ bꝛibes, and made, and mard, and altred all.
Another lept into his daughters bed, confounding kindes,
All ment outragious déeds, and fild their soule outragious mindes.
Not if I had a hundꝛeth mouthes, a hundꝛeth tongs to spend,
And voyce as strong as stéele, yet could I neuer compꝛehend
Their sundꝛy sins & pains, noꝛ of their names shuld make an end.
When Sibly to Aeneas thus had said. Now make me spéed,
Go foꝛth, kéep on thy way, peꝛfoꝛme those things that thou hast néed.
Dispatch me now (quoth she) I spie from hence the chimneis tops
Of Ciclops boistous walls, I sée their gates, their foꝛge and shops,
Where we commaunded be to leaue this gift of golden spꝛaies.
She said, and ioyntly both they past thꝛough cꝛoking darksom waies,
And marching thꝛough the mids, vnto the gates appꝛoached néere.
Aeneas thꝛough them rusht, and then himselfe with water cléere
Besprinckling, toke the bꝛaunch, and at the gate he fixt it fast.

Description of Paradise.

These things so done, and all the goddesse gift fulfild at last:
Into the gladsome fields they come, where arbers swéete and gréene,
And blessed seats of soules, and pleasant woods and groues are séene.
A fresher field of aire whom larger light doth ouerstrow,
And purer bꝛeath, their pꝛiuate sonne, their pꝛiuate stars they know.
Some to dispoꝛt themselues there sundꝛy maistries tried on grasse.
And som their gambolds plaid, and som on sand there wꝛastling was.
Some frisking shake their féet, & measures tread & rimes they sowne.
And Orpheus among them stands, as pꝛiest in trayling gowne,
And twincling makes them tune, with notes of musike seueral seuen,
And now with Iuery quil, now strings he strikes with fingers euen.
There were the Troian loꝛd, and antike stroke of noble race,
Most pꝛudent pꝛinces strong, and bꝛne in yeares of better grace.
Both Ilus, and Assaracus, and founder first of Troy,
Eing Dardan, at their armoꝛ wæds he wondꝛed much with ioy.
Their spears beside them stand, their charets strõg are set on ground.

Their

Their comely coursing stéedes along the landes do féede vnbound.
What minds, what loue they had, to déeds of arms whē life they drew
Or what delite in stéedes: the same them dead doth now pursue.
Another sort he séeth, with hand in hand where gras doth spring,
That feasting féede themselues, and heaue and how for ioy they sing.
Among the Laurell woods, and smelling floures of arbers swéete.
Where bubling soft with sound the riuer fresh doth by them fléete.
There such as for their countreis loue while liues in them did last
In battel suffred wounds, or priests that godly were and chast,
Or prophets pure of life, and worthy things to men did preach:
Or to adorne mans mortall life did science godly teach:
Their heads are cōpas knit with garland floures right fresh of hew.
To whom then Sibly spake, as round about her fast they drew,
Unto Musæus first, for he inclosed is in throng
With numbers great of soules, and him they kéepe alwaies among,
Bresthigh aboue them all, and all to him their heads incline.
Declare (quoth she) you blessed soules, and thou priest most deuine.
What place Anchises hath? where shall we finde him? for his sake
We be come here, and passed haue the flods of Limbo lake.
Then vnto her the sacred priest with wordes full gentle spake.
No man hath certein house, but in these shadows broad we dwell,
In beds of riuer banks, and medowes new that swéetely smell.
But you, if such desier you haue, passe ouer yonder downes,
My selfe shal be your guide, by easie path into those bownes.
He said, and went before them both and fieldes full bright that shind
He shewd them from aboue, and all the downes they left behind.
Anchises prince, that time in pleasant vale surueying was
The soules included there, that to the world againe should passe.
And reckned all his race, and childers childrens line he told,
And kept their destnies all, and liues, and lawes, and manhoods bold.
He when against him there Aeneas comming first beheld,
As he did walke in grasse, his hands to heauen for ioy vpheld,
With tricling tears on chéekes, & thus his voice frō him did yeld.
And art thou comen at last, long loked for, my son so déere?
Thy vertue ouercame this passage hard, and now so cléere,
Do I behold thy face? with rendring spéeche to spéeche of thine?
So verily mée thought, and in my minde I did deuine
Accompting stil the times, nor mée my carcke hath not beguilde.

What countries thée (my sonne) what combrous seas? what nations
Turmoyld with daungers all, thée scaped now do I receiue? (wilde
How sore affraid I was, lest Lybie lands should thée deceiue?
Ye thereunto: Thy ghost O father sweete, thy grieuous ghost,
Perturbing in my dreams hath me compeld to sée this coast.
On Tirrhen shore my nauy stands at seas, now let vs ioyne
Good father hand in hand, now thée from me do not purloyne.
Thus talked he with teares.
Thrée times about his neck his armes he wold haue set, and thries
In vaine his likenes fast he held, for through his hands he flies
Like winde, vngropable, or dreames that men most swift espies.

Lethee a flood of forgetfulnes.

This while Aeneas séeth a croked vale, and secret wood,
And shrubs of sounding trées, and fléeting through them Lethee flood,
With sléeping sound, that by those pleasant dwellings softly ran:
And peoples thick on euery side that no man number can.
As bées in medowes fresh, (whom sommer sun doth shining warme)
Assembling fall on floures, and Lilies white about they swarme,
With huzzing feruent noyse, that euery field of murmour rings.
Aeneas with that sight amazed stood, and of those things
The causes all did aske, what flood it is, so dull that glides?
And what those peoples bene, that fill so thicke those water sides?

Pagans opinions.

Anchises then to him. These soules (quoth he) that bodies new
Must yet againe receiue, and limmes eftsones with life endue,
Here at this Lethee flood they dwell, and from this water brink
These liquors quēching cares, & lōg forgetful draughts they drink
That of their liues, and former labors past, they neuer thinke.

These things to thée, full true I shall set forth before thine eyes,
And shew thée all our flocke, of thée and me that shall arise,
That more thou maist reioyce Italia land to finde at last.
O father, is it true? may soules that once this world hath past
And blessed bene in ioy, to bodies dull againe remoue?
What meane they so? why wretched worldly light do they so loue?
I will declare forsooth, nor long (my sonne) I will thée hold,
Anchises answere made, and all in order did vnfold.

First heauen and earth, and of the seas that flitting fields & fines,
These glorious stars, this glistring globe of moone so bright ỹ shines,
One liuely soule there is, that fedes them all with breath of loue,
One mind through al these mēbers mixt this mighty masse doth moue.

From

From thence mankind, & beasts, and liues of soules in aire that flies,
And all what marblefaced seas containes of monstrous fries,
One chasing fier among them all there sits, and heauenly springs
Within their séeds, if bodies noysom them not backward brings.
But lumpe of liueles earth, and mortall members make them dull.
This causeth them, of lust, feare, griefe and ioy, to be so full.
Nor closed so in darke, can they regard their heauenly kinde,
For carkasse soule of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison blinde.
Moreouer, when their end of life, and light them doth forsake:
Yet can they not their sinnes nor sorrowes all (poore soules) offshake.
Nor all contagions fleshly, from them voides, but must of néed
Much things congendred long, by wondrous means at last outspréd.
Therfore they plaged bin, and for their former faults and sinnes
Their sundry pains they bide, some hie in aire doth hang on pinnes.
Some fléeting bin in flods, and déep in gulfes themselues they tier
Till sinnes alway be washt, or clensed cleare with purging fier.
Each one of vs our penance here abides, then sent we bée
To Paradise at last, we fewe these fields of ioy do sée:
Till compasse long of time, by perfect course, hath purged quight
Our former cloddred spots, and pure hath left our ghostly spright,
And sences pure of soule, and simple sparkes of heauenly light.
Then all, when they a thousand yeares ỳ wheele haue turnd about,
To drinke of Lethee flod, by clusters great, God calles them out.
That there forgetting all their former liues, and former sin,
The mortall world afresh in bodies new they may begin.
Anchises said, and therewithall his sonne and Sibly takes,
And drawes them through ỳ mids of all ỳ prease that sounding makes,
Unto a mount, from whence they may their orders long a row,
By leisure ouer read, and as they come their faces know.

The painims purgatory.

Now let vs sée what glory great our Troyan line shall spréd,
And what redoubted lustie lads, Italia land shall bréd,
Most princely spirites, our noble Troyan fame aduance that shall,
In briefe I will dispatch, and thée declare thy destnies all.
Séest thou not yonder liuely childe that leaning bends his speare?
His lot is next to rise, and next in world his head shall reare,
Of Troyan and Italian blod commixt, thy worthie childe,
Thy Siluius, borne after thy decease in forrest wilde.
Whom late at last to thée thy wife Lauinia bearing brings,

Here Virgil

sketh a wonderfull occasion to discourse the posteritie of Aeneas, and to set forth the glory and nobilitie of Rome.

A stately king himselfe, and father great of stately kings.
From whom our linage long shall Alba kingdomes rich enioy.
Then yonder Procas next, the proud renowne of former Troy,
And Numitor, and Capis good, and he that thée by name
Shall represent, Aeneas Siluius of noble fame,
And déeds of armes with vertue mixt, if euer he may raigne,
If euer he his Alba lands, and kingdomes may obtaine.
Which lustie lads behold, from them what corage doth redound,
And how their tops with oken bowes, and ciuil crownes are bound.
They vnto thée Nomentum land, and Gabios townes shall tame,
And Fidenas, and cities great and proud they shall reclame.

The chief crowne of honoure among Romaines was of grasse and oken bowes.

Pometium, and Innus castles strong, and Bolam bowres,
And Collantine, and Coram hilles, suppresse they shal with towres.
These names shall then vprise, now nothing is but nameless dust.
Then Romulus, that valiant impe of Mars, him forth shall thrust,
To match his graunsir great, when Ilia Quéen shall bring to light
Of Troyan blood, séest not his doublecrested head vpright?
And with what grace ẏ king of heuẽ doth mark his chosen knight?

Romulus the founder of Rome.

Behold my sonne the man, for through his lucke and huge deuise,
That pérlesse mightie Rome, that glorious Rome aloft shall rise.
Whose rod shal rule ẏ total earth, whose minds shal match ẏ heauen,
And raise their wals they shall, including toures, & mountains seuen,
Most fortunate in frute of men, as Berecinthia Quéene,
From whom the race of Gods, and linage all descended béene.
She riding through the world, in charet borne with godly grace,
Her hundreth néarlings swéet, her childrens children doth embrace,
All heauenly wights, all scepter bearers bright, in stars on hie.
Now this way turne thy face, and on this nation cast thine eie.
Behold thy Romanes, sée where Cæsar is, and of Iule
The progeny that vnder poles of heauen shall beare the rule.
This man, this is the man, of whom so oft I haue thée told,

He puts Augustus next Romulus for dignitie, being many yeres after in time.

Augustus Empror, prince diuine, he shall the world of gold
Saturnus golden world (sometime that was) eftsones restore.
On Garamants, and Indes, and countries conquerd more and more
His empier out shall stretch. Beyond the stars the kingdoms run,
Beyond the firmament and signe, from course of yeare and sun,
Wher Atlas (mightie mount) on shoulders strong ẏ heuen doth turn,
And vnderprops the pole that beares the stars that euer burn.

At

At this mans comming, lo, euen very now, all Asia quakes
For dréd, and temples great of Gods with answers griesly shakes.
And Nilus flod for feare his illues seuen doth foule confound.
Nor neuer Hercules himselfe could walke so much of ground,
Though he with dart the windie foted hinde did ouertier,
Though monsters swift he slue, & dragons quaking brent with fier.
Nor Bacchus victor so could nations wild and proud reclaime,
Though he with bridling bits of vines did ride on tigres tame.
And stand we still in doubt by valiant déeds to purchase fame?
Or for Italia land to fight, should we our destnies blame?
But what is yonder he, that Olive palme so comely beares?
Most like a priest? lo now I know, I know those hoarie haires,
And whitish bearded chin of prudent Numa, Romain king,
That vnto lawes and peace shall first the simple people bring,
From poore estate to mightie kingdome cald, whom shall succéde
Ye that his countreys idlenes shall breake, and force of néede
To stur themselues in armes, king Tullus, he shall vp reuiue
Their sluggish spirites, and teach to win, and triumphs eft atchiue.
Next vnto him, with greater boast, king Ancus them shall guide,
That of the peoples praise too much alreadie takes a pride.
Wilt sée the Tarquin kings? and stately soule of Brutus brest?
Of Brutus, mischiefe wreaker? and by him the kings suppresst?
Ye first the Consulship on him shall take, and first of all,
His onely sonnes vnto their death, for wealth of Rome shall call,
When they with battels new against the Consuls would rebell,
Himselfe for frédom faire, with edge of axe shall do them quell.
Unluckie man, howeuer latter age shall praise the same,
His countrey loue him driues, and grédie lust of endles fame.
Sée Decios, and Druſos, and his axe that doth distraine
Torquatus. Lo Camillus, standards lost that brings againe.
But yonder matches twaine, whom shine thou séest in harnes bright
Now louing soules they be, while both are wrapt in darke of night.
Alas, what wondrous wars? if euer they in life appéere,
What blody fighting fields? what slaughters wild shal they vpstére?
The fatherlaw from Alpes hilles, and towers of France shall fall.
The son in law, from Estern lands shall moue with armies all.
Not so my lads, not so, such gréeuous wars do you not minde,
Nor with your hands your countreys wombe to teare be so vnkinde,
And chiefly thou, thou from the gods of heauen that dost descend,

For Augustus subdued Aegypt.

Here he returneth to Romulus succeision.

Brutus slue his sedicious sonnes.

Camillus recouerer of ensignes.

Iulius Cæsar and pompeius.

Cast from thy hand thy weapons, O my blood.
Ye with triumphant ioy, in charet borne, and mightie traine
Shall clime the Capitoll of Rome, when lords of Greekes were slain,
And tolones vpwted bin, Corinthus, Argos, great Micene,
Pompeius. Ye victor conquer shall, and from the ground subuert them cleane,
Quintius. Another vanquish must Achilles brood, sir Pirrhus wilde,
And wreke his grandsirs old of Troy, and Pallas church defilde.
Cato. Who can but thinke of thee, most worthy Cato sterne of minde?
Cossus. Or noble Cossus thee who can forgetting leaue behinde?
Gracchus. Or gracious Gracchus line, or captains twaine who can withstand
Scipios destroied-carthage. Two Scipios? two thunderbolts of war: for Lybie land
A deadly fatall plague: or who can thee extoll ynough
Fabritius. Fabritius? that much canst do with small, or from thy plough
Serranus. Serranus thou that comest? and after conquest sowest thy corne.
Where now away withdraw you weary me? you noble borne
Fabius max. You Fabij? thou Maximus, thou onely art the man
That all our wealth forlorne, by sober linguring rescue can.
Some forcing mettals fine shall brasen shapes with breath endue,
I weene they will to marble stones giue life with likenesse true.
They causes best shal plead, and course of heauen in wondrous wise,
Cicero. Firmicus. They shall describe with rod, and teach the state of stars that rise.
Remember Romaine thou, to rule thy realmes with empire iust,
Good councell. Let this thy practise bee. Too much on peace set not thy lust,
Thy subiects euer spare, and stomacks proud down vanquish plaine.
So lord Anchises said, and (as they wondred) spake againe.
Behold, how gorgeous gay with spoiles Marcellus goth vpright,
Aboue all men, by shoulders hie he doth surmount them quight.
He, when the Romaine state with great commotion troubled is,
Marcellus. Shal stay with horsmen stout, & make the Moores their purpose mis,
And ouerthrow their throngs, and rebell French in combat kilde,
His armour spoyles to Ioue, for offring third he shall vp yéeld.
Yong Marcellus, Augustus sisters sonne, that should haue beene his heire in the empire. Aeneas there, (for walke with him he saw a seemely knight,
A goodly springold yong in glistring armour shining bright,
But nothing glad in face, his eies downe cast did shew no chéere.)
O father, what is he that walkes with him as equall péere?
His onely son? or of his stocke some childe of noble race?
What blustring makes his mats? how great he goth wt portly grace?
But cloud of lowring night his head full heauy wraps about.
Then lord Anchises spake, and from his eies the teares brake out.

O son

O son, thy peoples huge lamented losse sēke not to know.
The destnies shall this child, vnto the world, no more but show,
Nor suffer long to liue. O gods, though Rome you thinke too strong
And ouermuch to match, for ennie yet do vs no wrong.
What wailings loud of mē in strets, in fields, what mourning cries
In mightie campe of Mars, at this mans death in Rome shall rise:
What funerals: what numbers dead of corpses shalt thou sée:
O Tyber flood, when flating nere his new tombe thou shalt flée?
Nor shall there neuer child from Troian line that shall proceede,
Exalt his grandsiers hope so hie, nor neuer Rome shall breede,
An impe of martiall more, nor more on man may iustly boast.
O vertue, O prescribed faith, O right hand valiant most.
Durst no man him haue met in armes conflicting, footman fierce,
Or would he fomy horses sides with spurs encountring pierce.
O pitious childe, if euer thou thy destnies hard maist breake:
Marcellus thou shalt be. Now reach me Lillies, Lillie flowres,
Giue purple violets to me, this neuews soule of ours
With gifts that I may spread, and though my labour be but vaine,
Yet do my dutie déere I shall. Thus did they long complaine.
And compas round the campe they wandring went, and beheld about,
In borders broad of aier, and of the soules surueyed the rout.
Which when Anchises thus had shewd his son in order due,
And kindled glad his minde with fame of things that should ensue:
Then him of al his warres, and great affaires to come, he told,
Of king Latinus towne, and of his realmes and peoples bold,
And how each labour best may voided be, or easily borne.
Two gates of sléepe there be, the one men say is made of horne,
Wherethrough by passage seft do spirites ascend with senses right.
That other gate doth shine, and is compact of Iuory bright,
But false deceitfull dreames that way the soules are wont to send.
With talking thus, when lord Anchises first had made an end,
And counsell gaue his son, and all his mind had put from doubt,
He brought them both, and through the Pucry gate he let them out.
He toke his way forthwith, and to his nauy went by land.
And finding there his mates, he brought them to Caieta strand.
Their ankers frō their foreships cast, their pups on shore they stād

He died in youth, and was buried with six hūdred herses. For these xxvi. verses Octauia mother of Marcellus did giue in reward to Virgil, as much as amounteth to more then fiue thousand french crownes, whiich in Englisn money is more then 1075. pounds.

Caieta in Italy betweene Circes and Tyber.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per T. Phaer in foresta Kilgerran 13. Aug. 1557. Opus ttiginta dierum.

The

THE SEVENTH
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Aeneas burieth Caieta his nurſe, and calleth the place Caieta, by her name. From thence he paſſeth by the ſeat of Circes, & by proſperous wind is brought to the mouth of Tiber, and driuen with a contrary ſtreame: he ariueth on the coaſt of Laurentum. And vnderſtanding there by Aſcanius words, that the ſame was the land that was predeſtinate vnto him: he ſendeth vnto king Latinus that ruled thoſe quarters, an hundred orators, which ſhould both cary gifts vnto him in his name, and requeſt a place wherein to build a citie. King Latinus gently hearing their embaſſage, ouer and beſides their requeſt, voluntarily offreth vnto Aeneas his daughter Lauinia to wife, whom by the propheſie of his father Faunus, & the anſwer of the ſoothſaiers, he was commanded to beſtow vpon a ſtranger. This while Iuno diſpleaſed with the proſperous ſucceſſe of the Troians, calleth Alecto out of hell to diſturb this peace. Who firſt enrageth with her furie Amata, king Latinus wife, & Turnus alſo. Then, turning herſelfe to the Troian youth, which then happily was buſied in hunting, bringeth vnto their hands a tame ſtag which was dearly beloued among Tyrrheus the kings heardmans children. Who when Aſcanius had wounded with an arrow, the husbandmen betaking themſelues to weapon, ſet vpon the Troians. Alecto frō an hie place giueth the alarme, in which tumult are ſlaine Almon, Tyrrheus eldeſt ſon, and Galeſus the richeſt husbandman in all that country. Who when they were brought dead vnto the citie, Turnus and Amata do prick forth Latinus to make war, and to reuenge this iniurie. But he calling to remembrance the deſtnies, and the league which he made of late with the Troians, could not be perſwaded to make war againſt them. Then Iuno her ſelfe openeth the gates of war. Mezentius with Lauſus his ſon, do accōpanie Turnus vnto battell. Likewiſe Auentinus ſon to Hereules by Rhea. Alſo Catillus and Coras Tyburtine brothers, and Camilla of the realm of Volica, a meſt valiant woman, & diuers other, whoſe names are recited in the end of the booke.

He burieth his nurſe Caieta, and giueth her name to the coaſt.



And thou Caieta, Aeneas nurſe, deceaſing on our ſhore,
Haſt therby giuen therto a laſting fame for euermore.
Thy bones, and name, thine honour there preſerues,
and ſetled bee.
In great Italia land, if that may worſhip do to thée,
But good Aeneas, whē her obit rights were ended al,

And

And tombe vpraised round, as sone as hie seas downe did fall,
Ye toke his way with sailes, and from the port departed quight:
The wind w̄ pipling blows, nor moone doth lack to giue thē light,
The trembling water shines w̄ beams reflected glistring bright.
He saileth along the coast of Circes a famous enchantres or witch, then dwelling in Italy, which turned men into beasts.

Along dame Circes coast adioynant next, their course they cut,
Where Circes Phœbus daughter proud her wealthy seeds hath put,
In sounding saluage woods, and sauours sweet by night she burns,
And precious weauing webs w̄ clattring toles she works & turns.
From thence were wailings heard, & lions wrathfull loud did grone,
Resisting in their bands, and nere to night they make their mone,
Both bristled groining bores, and beares at mangers yelling yawle,
And figures foule of wolues they heare for wo to fret and wawle,
Whom from the shapes of men, to brutish beasts, and faces wild
Dame Circes did transforme, with herbs of might, & charms vnmild.
Which sore mischance, lest simple Troians pore should fele the like,
Or in those hauens arriue, or on that parlous coast should strike:
Neptunus fild their sailes with prosperous wind, and gaue them way
To flée their cursed shore, and from their danger did conuay.
And now the sea with sunne beames wared red, and hie from skies
The golden morning bright with roset whéles did mounting rise,
When euery wind was laid, and sodainly no breath did blowe.
And they their ships in marble seas with Ores did wrastling towe.
And there Aeneas from the seas beheld a hugie wood,
Where fléeting swift w̄ whirling streams most pleasant Tyber flood,
Breakes out it selfe in seas, with sandie waters troublous red,
Where sundry sorts of foules, on euery side, and ouer hed,
Their wonted chanel kéepe, and banks, whose chéerfull noises shrill
Reioysed swéete the skies, and in the groue they flew at will.
Their forefeeps all to landward then to turne, and inward bend
Ye bids his mates, and to the déepe flood glad he doth descend.
Nere he espieth the riuer of Tiber in Italie.
They enter Tiber.

Now muse, now let vs sée, what gouernment, what state of things,
In Italy that time there was, what captaines great, what kings,
When first this strangers fleete in Latium land did ships ariue
I will set forth, and causes first of fight I will deriue.
Thou goddesse giue me might, of gastly warres now must I sing,
Of mortall battels fought and staine with armies king by king,
Vprores of angry realmes, and all Italia mixt with blowes
I must report, a greater course of things to me their growes,
In the first six bookes he described the trauels of Aeneas, now in other sixe

A greater

The declareth of his warres performing his promiſe of armes, and of the man I ſing.

A greater worke I ſtére. King Latin then that countrey held,
Well aged now, and cities long in welthie peace did weld.
This man was Faunus ſon, Marica goddeſſe was his dame,
King Picus, Faunus father was, and he doth fetch his name
From thée O Saturne great, thou art his ſire and firſt of blood.
No ſon to him there was, none iſſue male (ſo fortune ſtood)
For in his ſpringing youth withdrawne he was, and life did yelde.
One daughter did remaine, and all that houſe ſuſtaining helde,
Now husbandrie, now wedlockable full, of lawfull yéeres.
From large Italia land, full many a lord, and princely péeres
Full glad for her did ſue, but ouer all, of beautie moſt,
King Turnus luſtie prince (of kingly ſtocke that beſt might boſt)
Aboue them all was chiefe, and him the Quéene did ſéeme moſt méet,
And wondrouſly did haſte, to ioine with him her daughter ſwéet.
But mõſters great frõ gods, & heuenly threatnings makes her dréed.

Laurentum the citie of king Latinus.

A Lawrell trée there was, amids the court, that hie did ſpréed,
With ſacred crops and bowes, and many a yéere in reuerence had:
Which when king Latin firſt that tower did build, by deſtny glad,
He found, and vnto Phœbus great did conſecrate the ſame,
And of that Laurell trée, did Laurent call that cities name.
A wondrous thing to ſpeake, this Laurel buſh full thick of browes,
From ſkies deſcending downe, a ſwarme of bées beſet the bowes,
Inceſſant thicke with noiſe, and faſt with féet in cluſter clung,
All ſodainly did cloſe, and on the top with heft they hung.
Anon the prophet cried. An alien captaine, O (quoth he)
And alien army comes, and gets poſſeſſion here I ſée.
And parties cluſtring cleaue, & gathring ſtrẽgth the tower they take.
Beſides all this, when she her ſelfe to gods did offring make

Lauinia king Latinus daughter.

Lauinia virgin pure, and ſtood at the altars next her fier,
A wondrous ſight was ſéene, that all her haire had caught a fier,
And crackling flame outſpred, and all her garments burnt at once.
Her robes, her virgin locks, her crowne beſet with precious ſtones.
Which ſodainly did ſtint, then bluſtring ſmoke, and blaſing light
With violence vp flew, and to the roofe it ran vpright.
This dreadfull ſigne, & on this wondrous ſight men marueld much.
For like to her in fame all prophets ſang, ſhould be none ſuch.
But cauſes great of war, betokened were by her to grow,
But Latin king, that on theſe monſters all did muſe and carke,

His

His father Faunus minde and sentence soth he went to harke,
To darke Albumea wood, which on the mountain growes ful great,
Where sacred flood doth sound, and fountains falling down do sweat.
From thence the countries nere, and through Italia nations all
Do fetch their councell chiefe, and in their doubts for answers call.
The priest his offring makes, and kils the shéepe at dead midnight,
And laieth his limbs at rest, and soundly slæpes on fléeses whight.
There visions strange he séeth, & many a spryte full thin that flits,
And sundry voices heares, and with the gods in talke he knits,
In heauen, in Lymbo poles, and soules he séeth in hell that sits.
There: when king Latin first deuoutly praied for answer full,
A hundred chosen shéepe he downe did kill that bare their wull,
And spred their backs on ground, and resting slept vpon their skins,
With méeke desier: thē through that groue a loud voice thus begins
Séeke not to set thy daughter déere with none of Latin land,
O worthy son, nor trust his wedlocke now thou hast in hand.
A son in law from countries far there comes, whose stately race
Unto the stars our name shall lift, whose issue great of grace,
All things within this world, where euer sunne doth round recule,
On both sides lands and seas, shall vnder fæt downe tread, and rule.
These warnings of his father Faunus giuen at dead midnight,
King Latin did not hide, but Fame the cities fild forth right,
Of all Italia realmes, when to the shore this Troian fléete
In landing toke their banke, and fastned ships with cables méete.
Aeneas with his captaines chiefe, Ascanius faier to sée.
On gréene grasse toke their ease, and vnderneath a séemly trée
Their deinties forth they drew, and meat they set on cakes of meale,
Refreshing swæt their minds, so Ioue himselfe did please to deale.
And mountaine fruits they toke, and heaps of apples hie they pight.
When al things els were spent, & they by chance were driuen to bite
Their crusts of cracknel cakes, and eat for scantnes vp their crums,
And hungry brake with hands their leanings last, & set their gums
Upon their fatall bread, nor trenchers broad they did not spare:
Yow now sirs? haue we eate our tables vp for want of fare?
The childe Ascanius said. Nor more to this did he allude.
That voice receiued strait, all feare from them did first exclude,
And end of labours brought: and from his mouth as he it saide
His father toke that word, and with deuotion great he staide.

that time spirits gaue answers in woods.

here the propheſie of the harpy was fulfilled mencioned in the third

Then

booke, that they ſhould be driuen to eat their tables.

Then kneéling, thus. Alhaile O countrey mine by deſtnie due,
And you alhaile (quoth he) O Troian gods of promiſe true.
Here is my dwelling houſe, my reſting land: my father old
(Now comes it in my mind) theſe ſecrets me full often told,
When thou (my ſon) thy ſteps on coaſt vnknowne doſt firſt ariue,
And hunger hard for lacke to eate thy tables thée ſhall driue,
There maiſt thou truſt thy reſting place to build, and ſafely there
Foundations make of wals, and houſes hie be bold to rere.
This was that hunger ſore, this is our laſt of labours all,
All ſorrowes now ſhall ceaſe.
Wherefore come off, and in the morning next at ſight of ſun,
What people dwels hereby, what townes they kéepe, & where they
Let vs enquire and loke, & from the hauen withdraw we all. (wun,
Now ſkinke your cups to Ioue, and great Anchiſes chéerely call,
And pray to gods for helpe, and fetch forth wines in plenty round.
This ſpoken, he with garland bowes his temples freſhly bound,
And praied his gods of peace, & worſhip gaue vnto dame Ground,
(That formoſt is of gods) and angell god that kéepes that place,
And Nimphs, & fairie Quéens, & flods vnknowne he ſought of grace.
Then gods of night he cald, and ſtars by night that riſe.
And chiefly Ioue, and both his parents ſtrong in hell and ſkies.
The almighty father then, thrée times a row from heauen on height,
Did ſigne of thundring ſhow, & golden beames with burning light
Was ſéene, & with his hand himſelfe in cleare ſkie ſhoke the cloude.
Anon the rumor ſpred, and through the campe was blaſed loude,
That now the day was come, that houſes hie they ſhould poſſeſſe.
Their bankets they reſtore, and man to man their ioyes expreſſe,
And wines in bolles they ſet, and cups they crowne, & feaſts renew,
The morning next, when torch of burning ſunne the world did vew,
And day diſperſed was, on euery ſide they ſéeke, and ſend
Surueyors through the coaſt, and tops of mountains next aſcend.
A citie chiefe they find, of Numike lake, here ſprings the Well.
This riuer Tyber is, here Latin peoples ſtrong do dwell.
Then lord Anchiſes ſon, from all his bands a hundred knights
Embaſſadours did chooſe, and to the king on meſſage dights.
Their crownes in compas knit with bows of peace, and mild attire,
To beare the king his gifts, and league to Troians to deſire.
They forth without delay, with ſpéedie fáete did plie their pace.

Whiles

Whiles he describing drew to bilde his walls a comely place,
In fashion like a campe, with trench and bulwarkes strong and hie.
And now the knights their iourny nèr had past, and tours they spie,
Of king Latinus towne, and lofty castels large appère,
And orderly they set themselues, and walles approched nére.
Before the towne the lively youth, and children fresh of lust
On horses tried themselues, and coursers wilde vpturnd in dust.
Or whirling drue their darts, or launces lõg with strẽgth they shake.
And some their bowes did bend, & some for wrastling matches make.
A riding post forthwith vnto the king doth tidinges beare,
How forein knights vnknown, in garmẽts strange approching were.
He bids men them receiue, and to his court to bring and call.
Himselfe to counsell went, and in the mids he sat in hall.

A Hall of huge estate, with pillers hie a hundred borne,
Aboue the towne there stode, king Picus court in time before,
Beset with sacred woods, where olde religion dredfull dwels.
There wonted were the kings to take their crownes & no where els.
And there their scepters stood, this was both minster, court, and hall,
Here stood their offring pewes, and many a slaughter downe did fall.
And Lords at tables round in solemne daies did feast and dine.
There was besides all this, full many an image olde and fine
Of antike Cedar wrought, and row by row his graunsirs tall
But Italus and Sabin kings, and he that first of all
Did plant Italia vynes, Saturnus olde, with croked hooke
In hand, and doublefaced Ianus slie did backward looke,
At entry first they stod, and other kings of olde discent,
That for their countries loue, in battaile fight their blood had spent.
And ouer this, there hangs much enmies harneis firt on height,
And spoiles, and captiue chares, and halberd axes, huge of weight,
And helmet crestes, and brasen bolting bars of conquere townes,
With speares, & battred shields, and tops of ships, & garland crownes.
Himselfe in kingly throne, with cutted coap, most like a God
In heauenly armour sat, and held in hand his bagle rod.
King Picus, king, and tamer prond of stedes, whom caught with loue
Dame Circes dere his spouse from shape of mankinde did remoue.
She chaunged him by charm, and smit his head with golden spray,
And poysoned drinking draughts, and him of man she made a Jay,
And to the woods he flew, with sperkled wings of colours gay.

The description of king Latinus hall.

A bagle staf whom prelats that time did vse in their religion, and

In such a temple, and so costly seat, and comely wrought,

was called Latinus.

King Latinus sat, and bad before him Troyans should be brought.
When they were in, with gentle speech himselfe did thus begin.
Tell on you Troyan knights, for of your name, nor towne, nor kin
We need not aske, nor vnbeknowne to vs your ships arriue,
What seeke you here? what cause or need of things do you thus driue
To touch Italia land? so many a port as you haue past?
With wandring from your way? or by some storme haue ye bin cast?
As like mischances oft, in depth of seas do shipmen bide.
How entred you this hauen? and in our rode so safely ride?
Refuse not our relefe, nor let it be to you vnknowne,
How we of Saturns stocke, that quietly possesse our owne,
Do iustice truly deale, not bound by league, nor by no lawes,
But vncompeld, our gods example old our frée wils drawes.
And now I call to minde (the fame by yeares is made obscure)
Of aged mens report, and mention yet thereof doth dure,
How from this nation first king Dardan sprang, & from these bowns
Departed first, and pierced Asia land, and Troyan townes,
And Samoys Ile, that Samothracia yet by name is calde,
Now hie in heauen he sits, and on the golden stars is staide,
In pallais bright of skies, and power of gods he doth entrease.
He said, and Ilioneus thus began as he did cease.

King Latinus to the Troians.

Most noble king, O Faunus worthie blood, by neither blast
Of storme, nor winter winde, we to your countrey shore be cast.
Nor stars haue vs beguilde, nor we our way mistaken haue.
Of purpose here we come, and with good will did alway craue
To reach this coast. Erpulsed out from realmes, that none so fast out
The sun did euer see, that all the round world whirles about.
From Ioue our linage leades, the youth of Troy from Ioue on hie
Reioyceth to descend, our king in blood to Ioue is nie,
Aeneas Troyan prince, from him we seeke your sacred tower.
What plage, what tempest wood, frō cruel Greece did late down power
On Troyan fields and townes, and how the world on mischiefe set,
Both Asia and Europe sides in fatall conflicts iustling met,
Well knowne it is: and he that furthest dwelles in furthest iles,
Hath heard thereof (and if there be) whom scorching flame exiles,
Discouered out from men by strength extreame of straggling sun,
In mids the circles foure, as far for heate as man may run,
From that deluge, through many a desart seas we turnd and tost:

Oration of Ilioneus to king Latin most artificiall.

Beseeke

Beſæke your grace of reſt, and for our gods a harmeleſſe coſt,
Of water, winde, and aire, that open is to all mankinde.
No loſſe to your eſtate, nor vs vnthankfull ſhal you finde,
Nor ſmall your fame ſhalbe, nor never we will you deceiue,
Shall never Latins græue, the Troians pow're they did receiue.
By king Aeneas fortune great I ſweare, and valiaunt might
Of his right hand, who liſt with him to trie in faith or fight:
Full many a nation ſtrong (deſpiſe vs not that here we ſtand
As ſuters powrely ſent, with words of peace and palmes in hand)
Haue ſued likewiſe for vs, and faine with vs would haue compound.
But we commaunded come, and by predeſtin ſæke this ground,
By tokens ſtrange frō heauen. King Dardan hence that did deſcend,
Now claimes his right, and gods inforcing vs doth homeward ſend
To Tiber flood, and to the ſacred fourdes of Numikes Well,
Our wandring gods to place, and peaſably with you to dwell.
Ye giues you here alſo, theſe tokens ſmall of fortune left,
Remaines of former wealth, from burning Troy by force bereft.
This offring bolle of golde Anchices great was wont to liſt,
This roiall pall king Priams garment ſhewes, this ſtately gift,
His kingly ſcepter was, when lawes in peace he did pronounce,
Or nations ſubiect caid, or leagues of princes would renounce.
Lo here alſo, embroidred ſacred robes, and crownes attire,
And clothes, the Troian ladies worke.

At this oration of ſir Ilionce, the king Latine
With fixed countnaunce ſtod, and round about him keſt his eyen,
Conſidring much in minde, nor him the pall nor purple wæde
Doth moue ſo much, nor to king Priams ſcepter giues ſuch hæde,
As on his doughters fortune thinkes, he therin wholy ſtaies,
And in his breſt his father Faunus anſwers dæpely waies.
How this the ſtraunger is, whom gods appointment did prouide
To match his doughter to, and him his realmes to helpe to guide,
Of whom there ſhould (as lately bruted was by prophets true,)
An iſſue ſpring, that all the world with vertue ſhould ſubdue.
At laſt hæ chærely ſaid. God worke our meanings to the beſt,
And ſend increaſe of grace. Thou ſhalt haue Troian thy requeſt,
Your gifts I not reiect, and while king Latin hath his health,
Abundant ſoile ſhall you not lacke, nor wiſh for Troian wealth.
Now let your king himſelfe (if ſuch deſire he beares in minde,

If friendship such he seekes, and if he list his leage to binde,)
Approach our presence to, let him not feare his friend to see.
His right hand once to touch, shall pledge of peace remaine to me.
Depart your way and to your king do you my words declare:
A daughter I haue, whom ioyne to neighbor none I scarcely dare
For tokens downe from heauen, for wonders daily thicke that rise.
The destnies do forbid, and prophets bookes pronounce likewise,
That for the peoples welth a stranger born should haue that chance,
Whose famous blood should to the stars of heauen our name aduance.
Perhaps him fortune calles, and if in minde I rightly gesse:
This man is he, and if gods will so be, I would no lesse.
These things he spake, and horses straight frō stables forth he calles,
Three hundreth fresh there stood, at mangers hie bestowd in stalles.
For euery Troyan knight, a palfrey braue he bids out bring,
In crimsin couered all, and of their feete as swift as wing.
Their brest embroidred gilt, their poitrels pendant compasse fold,
All gildes glistring bright, and vnder teeth they gnaw their gold.
A charet for Aeneas eke, with coursers like in tire,
Of heauenly seed, and from their nosthrils fierce outbreathing fire.
Engendred of that race, whom Circes liuely did inuent
To mix with mortall steeds, and stale the stormes for that intent.
With such rewards, & with king Latins words, the knights of Troy
On horses hie returne, and peace they bring with feastfull ioy.

Behold, from Græcia land dame Iuno Queene did then remoue,
(The testie spouse of Ioue) and hie on cloudes he stood aboue
Beholding all these things, and from the Cape of Sicil strond
She bewd the Troyan fleete, and army safely set a lond.
She seeth Aeneas glad, and plats vpraise for men to dwell,
And nauy dekart stand: with bopling moode her brest doth swell.
Then shaking mad her head, her wrathfull hart did thus expell.
O hated blood, O spitefull fortune, me that alway frets,
This fortune vile of Troy, how euery chance my purpose lets?
Were they not clean downkilled? yet could they not be clean distroid?
Were they not caught, yet could they not be caught? hath fier thē noid?
Hath burning Troy thē burnt: but through ỹ throgs, & throgh ỹ fires
They found a way? I weene against their lucke my power expires.
Or haue I left my wrath? and yet not filde am I faine at rest?
Expulsed from their land I them pursued, and downe oppresst

With

Prophecies had setled his minde before the comming of Aeneas.

Circes inuented to ioine celistial horses to mortall Mares, wherof came a diuine race of steedes.

A new vexation by Iuno.

With totall power of ſtormes, and totall ſeas on them I brought.
Both force of ſkies and deepes on them I ſpent, and all for nought.
What god did Scylla me? what could preuaile Charybdis wood?
Or Sirtes parlous ſands? be they not now in Tyber flood?
In ſpite of ſeas and me? and where they wiſht are ſetled ſure?
Yet Mars could haue the might to kill downe quite without recure,
The hugie Centaurs kinde. Diana did of gods obtaine,
On auncient Calidon to wreake, while one man did remaine.
For what offence? or how could Centaurs ſo, ſuch wrath deſerue?
But I, the mightie ſpouſe of Ioue, whom all things els ſhould ſerue?
That nothing left vntried, to euery ſhift my ſelfe tranſformd,
My ſtrength, my practiſe ſpent, and yet my purpoſe vnperformd:
Aeneas makes me ſhrinke, and Troyes of me ſhal conqueſt crake.
What ſhuld I therfore doubt wher euer I can my frends to make?
Since heauens I may not moue, yet pits of Hell I will vprake.
From Italy to kéepe them of, no ſhift I ſée can hold.
Let paſſe, Lauinia wedded néeds ſhalbe, deſtny told.
Yet ſtill prolong the time, and diſcord foule betwéene them bréed,
And peoples both deſtroy, were in my minde a worthie déed.
The ſtepſon and the father both, ſhall haue their loue day ſée,
With Troyans and with Rutils blood, this wench endowde ſhall bée.
This Venus godly brode, and ſecond Paris, fine and nice,
Shall bring againe to duſt this ſecond Troy, by mine aduice.
For Priams wife alone ſhalbe, whoſe woombe a brand of fier,
To world did bring, but like ſucceſſe I giue this gentle ſquier.
These things when ſhe had ſaid, adowne on earth ſhe grisly falles,
From darke infernall dampes, Alecto mournfull vp ſhe calles.
Alecto fowleſt fiend, in dolefull warres that doth delite,
And wraths, and treaſons vile, and ſinnes, and ſlaunders, & deſpite.
A damned monſter grim, whom all her ſiſters deadly hates,
Her father Pluto loathes, and euermore ſhe bréeds debates.
Such faces foule ſhe ſhifts, ſo many mouthes ſhe turning makes,
So ſerpentfull ſhe ſeemes, and ouer all begrowne with ſnakes.
Whom Iuno quickned thus, and ſone with ſpéech ſhe ſet on fire.
Thou childe of night: Do (virgin) this for me at my deſire.
This trauaile ſhall be thine, let not our honour ſhrinke nor quaile,
Let not the Troyan league with king Latinus ought preuaile.
Nor let them land obtaine, nor yet this wedlocke to perſuade,

She reſembleth him to Paris, whoſe mother in viſion ſeemeth to bring forth a fier brand, Alecto is raiſed.

Virgin for none will haue her.

Thou best canst worke this feat: Of strife and wo thou hast ỳ trade.
Thou friendships all canst cut, and brethren kind constraine to fight,
And townes vntwine with hate, & cities whole subuert with spight,
And houses burne with brands, a thousand shiftes thou hast to spill,
A thousand names of harmes, now shake thy selfe, and worke thy fill.
Giue causes thicke of war, disturbe this peace that is begunne,
Set all their youth in armes, and to their slaughters let them runne.

She tarieth not to answer.

Anon Alecto vile, with poisons ranke infected, flies.
And first to Latium land, and vp king Latines house she ſties,
And to the Quéene Amata first in secret sort she slides,
Behinde her chamber dore, and close her selfe in silence hides,

Amata the queene vexed by Alecto.

Where she, with comming of this Troian nation much turmoild,
Both Turnus care and wrath, her female brest in flaming broild.
To whom this goddesse, from her vgly hear one viper blew
Did draw, and in her bosom soft against her hart she threw.
That therby all her house with sundry mischiefes should be vext.
Yée créeping through her cloathes, her tender brest approching next,
Did folde himselfe vnfelt, and serpents foule within her breathes.
Than shifting sundry shapes, about her necke himselfe he wreathes,
And séemes a golden cheine, sometimes a hearlace long to knit,
To rolle her lockes, and thus from lim to lim doth sall and flit.
And while the poison first, and tickling sting with soking sinkes,
And gropes her gristle bones, and venim drops her sences drinkes.
Nor yet in minde the burning flame did rage without restraint,
More soberly she spake, as mothers vse, and made their plaint,
Oft weéping for their child, and oft for Troians wedlocke day,
To wandring outlawes shall Lauinia thus be giuen away?
O man: nor of your selfe regard, nor doughter mercy showes?
Nor me her mother (wretch) whom with ỳ next northwind ỳ blowes
This traitor will forsake? and to the seas the pyrat théefe,
Our virgin doughter steale, and spoile from mée my comfort chéefe?
Dissembling rouer vile? hath not the like, ere this be séene?
Did Paris so not cloyne from lands of Greece dame Helen quéene?
Where is your godly minde? your wonted carke of countrey déere?
And faith so often plight in Turnus hand, your kinsman néere:
If sonne in law from countreys straunge, wée only must admit,
As Faunus answers bids, and in your breast it doth so sit:
All landes that of themselues from our estate are seuered cleane,

I call

I call them ſtraunge, and ſo I take, inꝺeꝺ the gods ꝺo meane.
Then Turnus (if ye liſt his elders line to call in minde)
Of great Micena towne, and mids of Greece you ſhall him finde,
Of Inachus deſcent, and of Acriſius noble kinde.

With language like, when ſhe Latinus minde in vaine had felt,
And ſeeth him ſtill withſtand, and poiſon moꝛe did inward melt,
Which from the ſerpent ſhed, and all her limmes infecting ſtraied:
Then verily with monſters huge affright, and deepe diſmaied,
She railing rampes & runnes, & thꝛough the towne ſhe troubleth all.
Much like, as when by ſtrength of ſling is caſt a whirling ball,
Whom boyes foꝛ their deſpoꝛt, in cloiſter wide, oꝛ vacant halles
Intentife ꝺꝛiue with noiſe. It thꝛown with foꝛce, befoꝛe them falles.
The careleſſe pꝛeaſe purſues, with wonꝺꝛing much the boule of boy,
From youth to youth that rolles, their corage kindleth moꝛe by knoy.
None other wiſe, and with no leſſe concours ſhe gads about,
Thꝛough cities mids and townes, and people thick ſhe gathereth out.
Beſides all this in woods, with fayning feaſt of Bacchus name,
A greater miſchief ſpꝛings, and franſie moꝛe and boide of ſhame,
She flies abꝛoad, and in the buſhie hilles her doughter hides,
The Trojans to pꝛeuent, while day of wedlocke paſſing ſlides.
With heaue and hoaw, on Bacchus name they ſhout. Foꝛ thée alone,
This virgin woꝛthy is, thou ſhalt her wed oꝛ neuer nons.
Thou god, thy cuſtome is, to ſhake triumphant hie thy ſpeares,
Thy chiefe delite is daunſe, thou comely kéepeſt thy holy heares.
The Fame outflies, & madnes like enflames the mountaine wiues,
To ſéeke them dwellings new, ỹ Quéenes example out them ꝺꝛiues.
Their houſes all they leaue, and with their heares diſheuilid bare,
Their naked necks they wag, and frantikelike they rage and fare.
Some other lift their voice, and ſkies they fil with quauering ſhꝛicks,
And girt in ſkinnes they iet, with vinetrée garlands boꝛne on pꝛicks.
Yer ſelfe among the mids with flaming toꝛch in hand outſpꝛinges,
Pꝛoclames her doughter bꝛide, & Turnus wedlockes feaſt ſhe ſinges.
With wꝛeſting wilde her face, and ſodenly with blooꝛead eyen
She makes a noiſe. O matrons wiſe, O frends, O ſubiectes mine,
Who euer Latine blood doth loue, and you that mothers bée,
Unlace your heades attire, and clebꝛate this daunce with mée.
To Bacchus let vs ſing, and to the mountaines out go wée,
If any gentle hart doth pitie this my wofull plight,

This play is yet vſed in Wales, and the bal is called knappan. Bacchus triumphes: much like to our morice daunces in ſommer. Commotion of women.

If any touched be with iust remorse of mothers right.
Thus into desart mountaine woods, and haunts of beasts vnmilde,
Alecto stinging driues this carefull Quæne with madnesse wilde.
When she with mischiefe such king Latins counsell troubled had,
And topsiturvy tost his houshold all with sorrowes sad:
Incontinent this dolefull dame vpstarts, with waylfull wings,
And to the walles of Turnus bold, in Rutil realme, she flings.
Which citie, when dame Danae by stormes was cast on ground,
Men say she first did build, and for a vow the same did found.
A place, which of our graunsirs old did Ardea name obtaine,
Of anticke date, and yet the name of great Arde doth remaine.
The fortune, sometime was: there Turnus king in toures of might,
Was taking swæt his rest, and slæping sound at darke midnight.
Alecto then, her frowning face, and fiendly limmes of wormes
Puts off, and to a woman olde in likenesse her transformes.
Her forhead foule with wrinckles lõg she plows, & hore white heares
In cap and kerchef knits, and Olive braunch theron she weares.
Like Calibee, dame Iunos temple Sexten, old of yæres.
And sodenly before his eies with these words she appæres.
Why Turnus? wilt thou sæ thy labours long thus lost in vaine?
And canst thou suffer Troian clownes thy kingdome thus obtaine?
King Latin thæ reiectes, and with thy blood that thou hast bought,
Thy wedlocke he denies, and heyres of aliens in are brought.
Go now, go venture yet thy selfe in danger, laught to skorne.
Go fight, and vanquish yet the Tirrhens host, their enmies sworn.
Bring Latines to their peace, and kill their foes, for thãke forlorn.
These things to thæ to tell (where now thou liest in pleasant rest)
Almightie Iuno bad, and mæ this time on message drest.
Wherfore come of, in mustring call thy youth, and through thy lands
In harneis put thy power, come boldly forth with all thy bands,
And Troians now by Tiber flood that sit, with captaines all,
Destroy them downe to death, and burne their ships resist that shall.
The great assent of heauenly gods so bids, and king Latine,
If he refuse to obey, and to thy wedlocke due encline:
Then let him fæle, and Turnus power at last repenting know.
The bachler hearing this, to her in mocking made a mow.
Then thus he said. The nauy lately brought to Tiber shore,
Not as thou dost conict, hath ben to me vntolde before.

Alecto incenseth Turnus king of the Rutils, to whom the virgin was despoused. Arde in Italy.

Faine

Faine mée no néedeleſſe feare, no ſuch tumult, noꝛ Iuno Quéene
Unmindefull is of vs.
But thou a doting trot, whom withꝛid age from trueth exiles,
In vaine thy ſelf doſt vexe, wꝭ cauſeles carke (O fœle therwhiles)
And kings affairs, & wars with néedeleſſe feare thy mind begiles.
Moꝛe méete thy temple kéepe, and ſerue thy gods good aged crone,
To men belongs the wars, let men with wars and peace alone.
In talking thus: Alecto flaming wood with wꝛathfull loke
Upꝛoſe, and ſodenly his limmes a trembling palſie toke.
His eyes vpſtaring ſtode ſuch ſundꝛy faces out ſhe ſets
So many hiſſing ſnakes, ſo many waies ſhe foming frets,
Thē burning bꝛoad wꝭ eyes, as he in ſpace wold moꝛe haue ſpoke,
She thꝛuſt him of, & ſerpēts twaine frō among her locks ſhe bꝛoke
And ſtrak him, loud thā frō her moth theſe woꝛds ſhe keſt wꝭ ſmok
Lo, I the doting trot whom withered age from trueth exiles,
Whom kinges affairs and wars with néedleſſe carke affraid begiles,
Loke hereupon: lo, here I am, of hags infernall moſt,
Both warres, and death in hand I bꝛing.
So ſpeaking, to the yonge mans bꝛeſt a firebꝛand hoat ſhe caſt,
With bluſtring ſmoky light, and in his heart ſhe firt it faſt.
Than from his dead ſléepe feare him bꝛake, his bones and al his lims
On water bꝛaſting out, and ſtreaming ſwet down guſhing ſwims.
Foꝛ armour mad he crieth, foꝛ armour, houſe, and bed he turnes,
With curſed rage of warres, and loue of ſtœle that inward burnes.
His wꝛath vpſwels, as when a caudꝛon great is ſet on fire,
And ſticks are kindled faſt, and flame with noiſe doth cloſe vpſpire,
The liquoꝛ leapes foꝛ heate, and water waues vptoſſing toyles
In ſmoke, and ouerflowing flod of ſome redounding boyles,
Noꝛ can it ſelfe receiue, the vapour blacke in aire vp flies.
A choiſe therfoꝛe of youth to king Latin to ſend he hies,
Renounſing league of peace, and bids him ſtraight pꝛepare to fight,
To cleare the coaſt from foes, and to defend Italias right,
Oꝛ he againſt them both with power ſufficing will deſcend.
When this was ſaid, his gods he cals with vows, good lucke to ſend,
Then ſtraight the Rutils ſtriue, who ſhal be firſt to ſerue the wars.
Each man himſelfe exhoꝛts, him beauty freſh of youth pꝛefars.
Him kings his grandſirs mones, him déeds of armes beforé time tried
While Turnus thus the Rutils minds with boldneſſe fiercely plied:

Alecto troubleth the Troians.

Alecto to the Troian nation drew, and soule with wings,
For new deuise a place she spies, and theron swift she springs.
Where faire Ascanius stood, and on the shore the time to passe
With engins after beasts, and course of running hunting was.
There sodainly among his hounds, this virgin vile of hell
Did cast a traine, and by the suite their noses fild with smell,
A Hart to find and rouse, which afterward of mischiefs all
Was chiefest cause, and first the plowmen made to fighting fall.

A tame stag.

A Hart there was of comely port, and huge with hornes yspred,
Whom Tirrhus children (from the dug withdrawn) for pleasure bred
And Tirrhus great their sier, that for the king had all the charge
Of beasts, and trusted was with heards that fed in pastures large.
Him tame at euery becke their sister Siluia dere did loue,
And wreathing garland flowres, wold trimly trick his hornes aboue
And pure in fountaines wash, and comely kembe his wonton locks.
He suffring euery hand, his masters bourd, and feeding flockes
Did vse, and thence abroad in woods, and through his wonted gate,
He would returne to home, though night on him were nere so late.
Him wandring lose astray, where childe Ascanius swift did hunt,
His hounds before them had, as he by custome kept his wunt,
To soile himselfe in flood, and vnder banks to voyde the heat.
Ascanius kindled then, with loue of praise and courage great,
His dart for ioy outdrew, and crooked bow he bent of horne,
Desirous of that stag, and seldome saw the like before.
Nor from his hand the goddesse absent was, but sharply sent
The quarry through the panch, & through the guts w̄ sounding went.
The wounded beast forthwith vnto his masters house he drew,
And braid with pitious noise, and wailings loud hee bleeding threw,
Like one beseeching helpe, and all the house with mourning vext.
Their sister Siluia beating both her hands, for woe perplex,
Out cals the hines for aid, and plowmen tough, & neighbors next.
They sodainly (for in the woods the plague yet lurking sat)
Assembling flocke themselues, one brought in hand a burning bat,
Another caught a club, with heauy knobs, and what they found
Echman outbrings, wrath weapon makes, thē Tirrhus gathreth rou̇nd
As he by chance that time with earnest mind an oke did cliue
In quarter shides, and wedges strong with force therein did driue.
He toke his axe, and down with threatning huge discending blowes,

But

But from her lotting place Alecto foule that miſchiefe ſowes,
(when ſhe her time eſpied) ſhe flew, and toke the houſes hie,
And on the ſtable top ſhe ſat, to reare the countrey crie.
Hir friendly voice ſhe lifts, in crooked crinckled horne on height,
And blew the heardmans blaſt, and wonted ſigne to riſe and fight,
So loud: ꝑ with the ſound therof, the trées with trembling ſhakes,
And caues of mountaine rocks, & woods of déepnes thundring makes.
The lakes alofe it heard, and floods & fountaines neighbours all,
And ſulphur ſtreams of Nar and mountain waters down that fal,
And trembling mothers to their breſt did claſp their childrē ſmal.
That verily vnto that noiſe, where firſt their trumpet blew,
The country clowns vproſe, with toles & weapons thick they drew,
Stiknecked plowmen ſtout: the Troian youth alſo brake out,
With open campe, and to Aſcanius reſcue drew for dout.
Their armies out they ſpread, not now like fraies of coūtreys chubs,
Nor work with burned bats, nor ſharped ſtakes, nor mountain clubs
But try with edged toles, and euery field with ſwords vpright,
As ſtubble ſtarkly ſtands, and thick with points of weapons pight
The ſhield with ſun vpſhines, & to the clouds repulſe their right.
As when the tempeſt riſeth firſt, and ſeas doth white begin
By ſmall and ſmall to ſwell, and belching floods reboile within,
At laſt aloft it mounts, and to the ſkies the bottom ſkips.
Before the howard firſt, an arrow ſwift that ſounding ſlips,
Doth Almon throw to ground, that Tirrhus child and eldeſt was,
Beneath his throat it ſtacke, & where his breath and voice ſhould pas
It ſtopt, and with his tender life expiring left his blod.
About him bodies thicke of men, and old Galeſus good
In medling making peace, a man of right and iuſtneſſe moſt
That was, and greateſt wealth ſometime in all Italy coſt
Fiue flocks of ſhéepe he had, and heards of cattels féeding fiue,
And ſoile ſo much did turne, as plowes a hundred ſtill did driue.
While theſe things working were w̄ equal chance on both the parts
The ſpitefull goddeſſe ſpied ſo great ſucceſſe in all her arts,
And peoples fierce of both, with blod and battell full embrewd,
And ſaw their armies ioynt in ſlaughters vile together glewd:
She left Italia land, and through the ſkies of compaſſe wide,
Dame Iuno to ſhe comes, and thus ſhe ſpake with bragging pride.
Lo, thy requeſt is done, now ſtrife, and warres among them is,

Go.

Alecto to Iuno.

Go bid them friendly ioine, and louingly like neighbours kiſſe.
Since Troians haue begun Italians blood ſo much to ſpill,
Yet more I ſhall augment (if I may know it be thy will.)
The townes and borders next I will with rumors ſet on fier,
And make them ſuch vprore, that battels mad they ſhall deſier,
And bluſtring run to helpe, and euery field with armour ſpréd.
Then Iuno ſaid: inough there is of falſe deceit and dréd,
Good cauſes ſtands of war. Togither now I ſée they run,
With bloodſhed both embrude, this game of thine is well begun.
Such wedlocks let them make, that godly brood, that Venus elſe.
Such feaſt is for them fit, and for the king Latin himſelfe.
Thy perſon ouer mortall ſkies with longer leaue to ſtray,
The guider great of heauen for eaſe of mankind doth denay.
Giue place this time, if any chance or trauell be behinde,
My ſelfe ſhall take that charge. So Iuno ſpeaking told her minde.
She mounting forth did flie, with ſqueaking wings of lothly ſnakes,
And leauing light of ſkies, her wonted ſeat in hell ſhe takes.

Deſcription of a place in Italy, where Alecto went downe to hell.

In mids of Italy, there is a place in mountaines colde,
Right notable, and for the maruell much in countries tolde.
A darke vale and deepe, with woods encompaſt thicke on ſides,
And headlong downe there ſinks, in mids of rocks that hils deuides,
A roring ſtinking poole, and breaking ſtones the broke doth ſound.
A dungeon darke there is, and dreadfull gulfe of gaping ground,
Where deadly breath out breakes. Alecto there (ſo god did pleaſe.)
Did hide her hatefull head, and heauen and earth thereby did eaſe.
For nothing leſſe this while, dame Iunos hand did working ceaſe.
The numbers all of heards, vnto the citie came with preaſe,
To king Latinus court, and brought in ſight the bodies twaine,
Of Almon flouring lad, and god Galeſus fouly ſlaine.
They crie their gods for aid, and to the king their caſe complaine.
In mids of that, is Turnus nere at hand, with ſword and fire
He treatneth Latin king, that Troians wedlocke would require
Outlandiſh blood brought in, himſelfe reiect, the realme defilde.
Thē from the woods the wiues, whom Bacchus dance aſtoined wilde
Came ramping down wō drums, ẏ quéns reſpect doth giue thē ſpríte.
From euery coaſt men come, and with the Troins crie to fight,
Each one againſt all right, againſt all gods, for war doth rall,
The ſubiects ſwarming riſe, and to king Latins court they fall.

Ye

He, like a rocke in seas resisting stands, vnmoued, fast,
Full like a rocke in seas, when surging waues with winde are cast,
Whō strokes of water strikes, with barking sound, and beats about,
It selfe with weight it staies, the flods in vaine their foming spout,
With ratling loud of stones the sides repulse the fleeting weedes.
When nothing doth preuaile, and blind outrage his counsell ledes,
And after Iunos becke he seeth how backward things appeeres,
Protesting much his gods, and aire of skies that nothing heeres,
We run to wrack (quoth he) that wo is me, with tempest borne.
Your selues shall first repent, and pay for this your blod forsworne.
O wretched soules, O sinfull Turnus, thou shalt bide the paines,
And call too late thy god, a dolefull death for thee remaines.
For I am safe at rest, my feeble ship is brought to shore,
Of happie funerals I am dispoyld. And made no talking more
But lockt himselfe in walles, and rule of things did cleane forsake.
The maner was in Latium land, which cities all did take,
And sacred custome kept, now Rome most mightie still retaines.
When first their wars they moue, or for renown will take the paines
To conquer seas or lands, or to the Moores giue mortall wars,
To nations vnder North, and countries distant far from stars,
Or pearce with power to Inde, and seeke the seat of morning sun,
Or from the Parthies people fetch, with blodshead standars won:
Two gates of war there be, for so their names at Rome they beare,
Religious, sacred kept to dreadfull Mars, and temple there,
A hundreth brasen bolts, and euerlasting strength of steele
Doth locke the same, and Ianus keeper stands at threshold heele.
These gates, when sentence first of fight the lords haue full decreed,
Himselfe the Consull chiefe, in robes of pompe, and purple weed,
In warlikewise begirt, with rombling noise abroad displaies.
And first proclaimes the war, then all the youth in their araies.
And blasts of brasen hornes with hoarce assent concording braies.
In such a sort, king Latin then the Troyans to defie
Commanded was, but he the greuous gates would not come nie,
The good prince did refuse, and from that seruice vile he fled,
And kept himselfe in close, and vnder darknesse hid his hed.
Dame Iuno then her selfe, the Queene of heauen, adowne did slide,
And toke the lingring gates, and shouing set them open wide,
Them turning swift with noise, and brasen postes & hingies brast.

Description of Ianus temple at Rome that neuer was shut but in peace and most in Augustus time. Ianus had two faces whereby was signified prudence to looke both before and behind in beginning of warre.

Then

Then all Italia land(vnmoued earst) their peace vptast.
Uncald they stur themselues,some runs as footmen fierce in field,
Som stur their startling steeds,& dust vp throws,& spears they wéeld.
Each man for armor cries,and some their shields and harnesse light
With fat of lard they scoure,& whetstones hack to make them bright.
Their streamers glad they beare,& trūpets sound with ioy thy beare.
Fiue cities great therefore,with forges set in countries neare,
Renue them fighting toles,both Tyber proud,and Atin strong,
And Arde,and Crustum towres,and great Antemna large & long.
Their mettal masse they bow,and for their hands the stedfast plates,
And buckler bosses broad,and wickers weaue for target grates.
Some beat them coats of braste,or sturdie brestplate hard they driue,
And some their gantlets gild,or bootes with siluer new contriue.
Regard of shares and coulters all they leaue,both sithe and plough
They turne to this,& swords, & glaues,in furnesse neale they tough.
And sagbuts now they sound,vp goeth the signe to battell strokes.
One gets his shield for hast,an other swift his horses yokes
In chace to ride,and helmet bright on puts,three dubbled shirts
Of Gold,with gorget great,and trusties sword about him girts.

He describeth the mustars, & thering of princes conspired against Aeneas.

Now Muses moue my song,now let me sup your learning springs,
To tell what nations tough,what captains fierce, what noble kings,
With armes fild the fields,what armour strong, what maured bold,
Italia sacred land did flourishing that time vphold.
You ladies,you remember best,and vttring best can speake.
Scant breathing thin of fame by vs doth passe with pipling weake.
First entreth war from Tirrhen coast,Mezentius,tyrant king,
Despiser proud of Gods,and armies strong with him doth bring.
Then Lausus next his son,whose corps in beautie péere had none
That time,and chiefest fame did beare,saue Turnus corps alone.
Prince Lausus conquerour of beasts,and tamer strong of stéedes,
A thousand men from Agillina towne him after léedes
In vaine that followd him for loue: well worthy to haue had
A father not so naught,and of his realme to be more glad.
Next them triumphant fierce with stéedes that wager all did win,
Duke Auentine,sir Hercles worthy séed,of heauenly king,
Victoriously out shewes his charet faier,and bare in shield
His fathers armes,a hundred dreadfull dragons huge to wéeld,
A hundred serpents grim,and Hydra monster girt with snakes,

Whom

Whom Rhea virgin prieſt, as ſhe to God her ſeruice makes,
In Auentinus mount, and buſhes thicke by ſtealth out brought
Engendring mixt with God, when Hercules had conqueſt wrought
In Spaine, and Girion downe kild, and to Italia ſtrand
Arriuing brought his beaſts, and open faier had ſet a land.
Their parlous pikes in hand, & punchions cloſe in ſtaues they beare,
And pikes like broaches long, and fight with foine of pointed ſpeare
Him ſelfe on foote, a fold of Lions huge vnwieldie hide,
With breſtled haires vnkemt, and tuſked white, and gaping wide
In helmet wiſe did weare, ſo to the court he come full rough
All terrible, and his fathers wéd he bare on ſhoulders tough.
Then brethren twaine of Tiber ſtrong, forſoke Tiburtus walles,
(A towne that of their brothers name the people yet ſo calles,)
Both Corus and Catillus, eger knights of Greekiſh kinde,
Before the howard went, in weapons thicke as ſwift as winde.
Like Buls or miſbegotten Centaures twaine, from cloudie hils
Deſcend with ſtamping noiſe, and hedlong down with reſtles wils
They run, that woods do ruſtling yéld, & bows with breaking crack.
Nor of Prænesta towne, the founder firſt thereof did lacke
Vulcanus dreadfull ſon, a king of beaſts and mountaines cold,
A fondling found beſides a fier (as all report hath told)
King Ceculus, a legion large of heardmen next his ſide,
And men of hie Præneste towne, and all that compas wide,
Dame Iunos facred land, and Auiena riuer chill,
And all that Hernick ſtones (with watrie ſprings bedewd) do till.
Whom Amaſeni paſtures fédes, and rich Anagnia fields.
Nor harneſſe to them all, nor charets ratling bin, nor ſhiels,
The greateſt ſort with bils, their plúmet lumps of lead outſquats.
And ſome their ſheues of darts, their heads defenced broad with hats
Of hairy ſkins of wolues, their right ſide ſhanks be naked bare.
Such is their ſhift, their left ſide legs with raw hides couered are.
But king Meſſapus, Neptunes child, that courſers wild can tier,
Whom neither ſtrength of ſtéele can ouerthrow, nor force of fier,
His peoples long in reſt, and out of vre of battell ſtrife,
Doth ſodainly vpcall, and teach to handle ſword and knife.
They from their Feſcen hils, and from Faliſcus equall toſts,
They from Soractus towers, and yellow fields of Flauine croſts,
And mount of Ciminus with lake, where Capens woods outſprang,

By

By numbers like they went, and on their king in prayſe they ſang.
As ſwans, that in the wauering clouds doe flie, with ſounding ſweet,
Returning from their foodes, when ſinging flockes in one do meete,
With ſtretched necks, their melodie do yeld, their mixed voice,
Rebounding beates the ſkies, that lakes and riuers do reioice,
And Aſia long alofe.
Nor by their noiſe men knew, ỹ harneſt bands their clattring caſt.
But like a cloude of foules, that from the ſeas were forced faſt,
And nere to ſhore were come, & hoarſe with cries their chanel paſt.
Behold, from Sabines ancient blood, ſir Clauſus doth proceede,
With mighty throng, and like a throng himſelfe, aſmuch to dreede.
From whom deſcending comes, both tribe and houſe of Claudia line
In Latium land, ſince Rome to Sabines firſt did part incline.
Togither Amiterna manred ſtrong, and burgeſſe townes,
And all Mutuſca ſtrength, that Diues beare, and all their downes,
They that Nomentum citie kept, and roſie countreis pure
Of Velin, and Seuerus hilles, and all that thought them ſure
In Tetrix rocky crag, and ſuch as turne the fertile ſoile
Of Forulos, and where Himella ſtreame full faſt doth boile.
And they that Tiber water drinks, or Fabaris good flods.
Or whom Caſperia ſent, or Nurſia cold for want of woods.
And peiſants all of Latin land, and ſeamen come from ſhips,
And all that feet in curſed ſtreames of damned Allia dips.
As thicke as winter waues in marble ſeas are turnd and toſt,
When ſtormes and tempeſt riſe, and light of ſtars and light is loſt.
Or like to ſtanding corne, that parched is with heat of ſunne:
So thicke the people preaſe, from euery coaſt to war they runne.
The ratling ſhieldes reſound, ỹ ſoile with trampling beatẽ quakes.
Then Agamemnons childe, an enmie olde of Troy, awakes,
Haleſus, borne on ſteedes, and to king Turnus armies great,
A thouſand people brings, of them that ground with mattockes beat
To till the bliſſull vaines, and they that rake the mountaines fat
Of Meſſica, and nere the ſeas all huſbandmen that ſat.
And all Auruncus youth, and they that Caleis land forſoke,
And dwellers all beſide the fourdes of ſhold Witurnus broke.
Saticula their teſty people ſent, and Oſca ſtrength,
Their weapons troncheons be, and malles of maces, ſmall of length,
But them by lethrin thongs they while and draw, ſuch is thir giſe,

Allia a riuer where the Romans had diuers ouer-throwes, and therfore curſed it.

Their

Their lefthands Targets kéepe, & hooded Fauchons from them flies.
Now thou from this accompt, and verses mine shalt passe vntolde
D Ebalus whom Telon gat (as goeth report of olde)
Of lady Sebethis (that Nimphe) when he the kingdome hent
Of Capreas, and landes, but not his sonne therwith content,
Sarrastes people riche with empier sore that time did tread,
And welthy countries large, where Sarnus broke to sea doth lead.
And they that Batulus doth holde, and Rufas fældes obiect,
And all that frutefull vale, that Bella city may prospect.
Like Almain rutters, borespeares long they whirle, or joining forks,
Their nuddocks bolstred ben, & skuls of heads with barkes of corks.
They shine w̄ brasē shéelds, they shine with swords, & rapiers bright.
And thée to wars thy countrey Nursa sent, D noble knight,
D Vfens, much renowned both of déedes, and great good chaunce,
Whose mountain people strong, with practise long of sword & launce,
And hunting still in woods, and breaking clots ben hard of flesh.
They weaponed till the ground, and euermore their praies a fresh
They fetch from countries nere, it doth thē good to driue and watch.
They liue by bootie spoile, it is their owne what are they catch.
Then from Marrhubia there came a Priest, and prophet gay,
His helmet compasse knit with lucky bowes of Diue spray,
From king Archippus sent, most valiaunt knight of V mber land,
That wonted was with songs, and with his charmes and holy hand,
All poisoned adders kinde, and serpents dreadfull cast on sléepe,
And calme their wrathes & stings, & from their biting peoples kéepe,
And ease with art their wounds, and venims all confound and choke.
But not the Troian blade could he auoid, nor heale the stroke
Of great Aeneas dint, nor to his woundes could helpe him ought
His sléeping songs in vain, nor leachcraft herbes on moūtains sought.
For thée, the woods did waile, for thée the fountaines cleare as glasse,
For thée, the waters wept, and lakes lamenting cried alas
In all Angitia land.
Then of Hyppolitus also, the childe most worthy went,
Sir Virbius, whom fresh of fame his mother Aritia sent,
Brought vp in saluage wood, and by the bancks of holsome streames
Of dame Dianas walke, and Nimphe Egerias desart realmes.
For when Hyppolitus (by olde report) was put to paine,
And by his stepdams craft, was of his father giltlesse slaine,

In péces drawn with stædes, againe to breath and worldly skies,
He was (men say) vpcald, and eft from death to life did rise,
By power of Phœbus herbes, and at Dianas sute for loue.
The almightie father then, and king of heauen that reigns aboue,
Disdaining, that a mortall man from dead soules might reuart:
Esculapius was thrown to Limbo for raising of Hippolitus to life. The finder of that phisick first, and him that made that art,
(Apollos learned sen) with lightning dint to Lymbo threw.
Diana than, Hippolitus to secret woods withdrew
From sight of man, and to Egeria Nimphe did him betake,
Where he alone in desart groues doth worldly care forsake,
Nor praise of people sækes, but leading life as he best can,
Virbius. i. bis vir. He yet remaines, with name conuerted Virbius, twise a man.
Therfore it is that from Dianas woods, and temples clére
All horses ben forbid, nor to her seruice may come nére.
For they affraied did flée, at sight of monsters then that sprang
From seas, and downe the yong man threw, and charet ouerflang.
Yet nere the lesse his son couragiously with horse in field
Did run, and strisprited stæds in charet fierce did wæld.
Turnus. Himselfe among the chiefe, with valiant body, Turnus bright,
Displaies himselfe in armes, aboue all men with head vpright.
Whose triple crowned creast, and helmet hie, with vgly pawes
Chimera monster holdes, and sparkling flames she spoutes at iawes.
The more she fretting fumes, & more with burnings wareth wood,
The more that fighting fieldes embrew thé selues in shedding blood.
But on his target smoothe, dame Io stands, with hornes vpright,
Imbossed pure in gold, euen like a cowe, with haire in sight.
A storie huge to learne: and Argus, with his hundred eine,
Did kæpe that virgin there, so portraid was that worke diuine:
And Inachus his noble streame did powre from pitcher fine,
A cloud of footemen following him pursues, and mixt with dust,
The shields & harneis dims, & clustring thick in throngs they thrust
As well the Greekish youth, as all the strength of Rutill handes,
Auruncus ayd, and all Sicanus cities, auncient bandes.
Sacrana crewes, Labicus painted bucklers, and besides
All such as Tiber hilles, and sacred shore thereof deuides,
That Rutil ground vpgrubs, and with their shares apply the soyle,
And all that on the mountaines necke of Sirces seat do toile,
And Anxurs holy hilles, where Ioue himselfe is patron chiefe.

Faronia

Faronia ioyfull towne, of grene wood groue that toke reliefe.
The way that Vfens mighty ſtreame doth ſtray, & blacke with poles,
Doth ſeke by diepeſt vales, and in the ſeas himſelfe he coles.
And ouer this, there came from Volſca realme, Camilla ſtout, Camilla a Ladie.
With trowps of horſmen freſh, and & gliſtring fotemen many a rout.
She cloſed laſt her crewes, a woman warlike, ſtrong and ſterne.
She neither weauing toles, nor diſtaffe worke did vſe or learne.
Nor female fingers had, but brunts of warres Virago grim
Would beare, and ouerpaſſe the windes, with lightnes ſwift of lim.
She for a paſtime would, on crops vpright of ſtanding corne
Haue flowen, and with her teder fet, haue neuer an eare down borne.
Or in the mids of ſeas, on ſwelling waues before they reele,
Would courſe haue fet, and neither dipt in water, toe nor heele.
From houſes all and fields, the youth with wondring iſſued out,
And matrons gazing ſtod, both how ſhe rides behind the rout,
How princly purple keps her ſhoulders light, how trim her hears
With gold are vnderknit, her quiuer gorgeous how ſhe beares,
And dreadful launce of length, and pointed like to foſters ſpeares.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran finitum. iij. Decembris. Anno. 1557. Opus xij. dierum.

THE EIGHT

Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Turnus giueth a signe of war out of Laurentum castle, and ioyneth vnto himselfe in ayd all Latium, and the cities neare about: Venulus also is sent to Arpos vnto Diomedes, to perswade him to war by likenes of the danger. Wherat Aeneas moued, and distrusting the smalnesse of his power, is admonished by Tiberinus, and brought vp along the riuer into that place where Rome was afterward builded, and there requireth aide of king Euander, who flying forth of Arcadia, founded a citie vpon the hill Palatinus, called Pallanteum. When Euander vnderstood the cause of Aeneas comming, he curteously receiueth him into his house, and taking him with him vnto the sacrifice & solemnities of Hercules wherin he was then busie, sheweth him the cause, and the maner of the sacrifice, and reciteth to his gest the names of the chiefest places in those quarters. The next day Aeneas being ayded with foure hundred horsmen, whom Pallas, Euanders only sonne did gouerne, the one part of the power he sēdeth vnto his mē down the streame, himselfe with the residue goeth to Agylla, the most flourishing citie of Tyrrhens, who bare deadly hatred against Mezentius, whom for his intollerable crueltie, they had driuen out of his kingdome. In this while, Vulcan entised therto by the flattery of Venus, maketh armor for his son in law, which she bringeth vnto Aeneas. Who being surprised with the beautie therof, diligently wondreth at euery thing therin, especially his Target, wherein were curiously engrauen such noble exployts as should be valiantly atchiued, by his worthie posteritie.

WHen signe of war from Laurent townes king Turnus vp did reare,
And hornes vp blowne with blasts, their trembling tunes full hoarse did teare, (clash:
The first his eger stœds, and armor clattring gan to
Mens minds molested rose, and sodēly vnbridled rash
The youth for madnesse runnes, all Latin townes for quaking feare,
Tumultuous clustring ioyne, & leage confedering knit they sweare
Messapus and duke Vfens leaders chiefe, and puft with pride
Mezentius gods despiser, power of men from euery side
They draw, and void of tilmen wide dispeopling spoyle the shrine.

Then

Then to the mightie towne of Diomedes with deſires
Is Venulus out ſent, his nædefull ſtrength in time to call,
Inſtructed plaine by mouth, what thing to him declare he ſhall:
How Troians to Italia landes are come, and what a fleete
Aeneas bringes of ſhips, and how their gods that vnder fæte
Were conquered late by Greekes, he now exalting ſets in fame,
And king will nædes be cald, and ſaith him deſtnie giues that name.
Dilating more, how many nations bën that ioyne their dëdes
With Troy: and how the Troian name in Latium ſhrewdly ſprëdes,
What theſe beginnings mean, & if his chaunce ſhuld giue ſucceſſe
What ſequel worke he would, more manifeſt himſelfe may geſſe
Then either Turnus king, or king Latinus liſt expreſſe.
Such worke in Latium land ther was. All which conſidering great,
The Troian prince did view, and flods of care his breaſt did beat.
His wiſdome ſwift, now here, now there, he keſt, and did deuide
In ſundry thoughts his minde, and eche deuiſe he toſt and tried.
As in ſome braſen cawdrons lips, where water ſtanding ſtreames,
When ſun reflected ſhines, or face of Mœne with quiuering beames,
The twinckling light vpleapes, each corner ſëkes & flickering flits,
Now hie, now low, and tops of houſe, and rafters wauering hits.
Then was it night, and creatures all that weary were on ground,
Both byrds & groueling kinds of beaſts, dëepe ſlëep hath ſetled ſound:
When lorde Aeneas vnderneath colde ſkies in ſight of ſtars,
Perturbed much in minde with troublous carkes of heauy wars
As on a banke he ſat, ſore muſing ſad with carefull breſt:
He laid him downe at laſt, and late his limmes he gaue to reſt.
To him the god of Tiber flod, which rules that pleaſant place,
In viſion ſhewed himſelfe, vpriſing graue with antique face,
Among the Poppler leaues in griſell gowne of dropping weedes,
A ſayle his ſhoulders ſpred, his hear beſhadowed was with rëedes,
Then ſpeaking thus, Aeneas hart with comfort wordes he ſëedes.
O heauenly childe of gods, that Troy deſtroyed doſt new reſtore,
Which bringſt vs Troian wals, and laſting wealth for euermore,
Long loked for of Laurent fieldes, and townes of Latium great,
Here is thy certein houſe, do thou out ſhrinke thy certein ſeat,
Nor feare thë not for all theſe threatnings huge: all dread and yres,
Of gods appeaſed ceaſe.
And now to thë (leaſt franſie vaine this dreame thou do ſuppoſe)

Tyber a riuer night Rome.

A Sow of of mightie ſſe forth with thou ſhalt ſée laid in woes
Beneath a banke, among the rootes, with thirtie ſucklings out,
All white her ſelfe on ground, and white her brats her dugs about,
There ſhall thy citie ſtand, there is thy reſt of labours laſt:
Where thy Aſcanius prince, when ten times thrée of yeres are paſt,
Shal famous Alba builde, and of that ſurname call this land.
No fables I pronounce, now of this thing thou haſt in hand
How thou ſhalt victor bée: giue eare in briefe I will thée tell.
A nation on theſe fronters cald Arcadia néere doth dwell,
From Pallants line they came, and king Euander vp they tooke,
They chaſe their place, and citie builded on that mountaines nooke,
Which of his grandſier Pallant ſlaine, now Palanteum hights.
This nation with Latinus folkes, diſcording daily fights.
Take them to thy reliefe, & league with them compound and ſmight.
My ſelfe along theſe bancks ſhal thée conduct with paſſage light,
Againſt theſe ſtreames with Oares, that nothing let thy ſpéede to ſtay.
Ariſe, go to thou goddeſſe ſon, and firſt when ſtars decay
To Iuno make thy vow, her threatning moode and wrathfull tene
With praiers méekely pleaſe: and when thy conqueſts ended bene,
Then mée thou ſhalt reward, for I am hée that fléeting déepe
To ſtraine theſe bancks thou ſéeſt, and paſtures fat do féede and kéepe,
Moſt ioyfull Tyber blue, beſt liked ſtreame to heauens on hie,
Héere is my mightie houſe, here cities great my head may ſpie.
He ſaid: And ſodainly his flood, he foltring mixt in lake
From ſight. Aeneas eies both night and ſléepe did then forſake,
He roſe, and with his face vpright againſt the mounting ſunne,
When firſt his hands he dipt in waters pure that there did runne,
He held them vp to ſkies, and thus his voice he ſtraight begunne.
O Nimphes, O Laurent Nimphes, O Queéne of of ſtreames & waters
And thou O Tiber, O thou bleſſed flood and father déere, (cléere,
Receiue Aeneas now, and from theſe daungers laſt deſend.
Where euer ſacred lake, that pitie ſuch doſt vs extend
In our extreme diſtreſſe, what euer ſoile and fountaine faire
Conteines thy holy head, vnto thy ſeat will I repaire.
Mine honours euer due, and euer gifts thou ſhalt haue good,
Horn fronted kingly god, of weſterne ſtreames Imperial flood,
Be with vs, O this time, and all thy grace do proſper full.
So ſpake he then, and from his fléete two barges apt doth cull,

With

With rancks of rowers twaine, and all his campe in armour set.
Behold, for sodeinly their eyes a wondrous monster met.
For by the shore among the rootes on ground in grēnwood shawe
A Sowe of syse vnsēn, all colour white with brod they sawe.
Whom god Aeneas vnto thée (O Iuno most of powre.)
Euen all to thée he kild, and on thy altars did auowre.
That liuelong night did Tyber flod his streams down couch & calme
With lingring soft, that neither mouing made of waue nor walme,
But milde most like a pole, or pleasant pond of water dull,
So setled smoth it stod, that nothing lets their Ores to pull.
Their way therefore begun with talking chēerly plied they fast:
Thannointed Firtrée slides, by shelues and fourds along they past.
The waters wondring stod, and woods with wondring gazing made
At shining shields of men, far glistring straunge of newcome trade,
They gaze at gorgeous ships, and painted pups aloft that swims.
They plucking swift their Ores, that night & day do tire their lims,
And reaches long they win, that trées with bows do hide them oft,
And circles wide they cut in waters grēne of shadowes soft,
And thrugh ỹ woods they wade, & gladsom groues that grow aloft.
The flaming sun his compast midst of heauen had entred in,
Then towre and walles they spie, and from a far the houses thin,
Which now the Roman might, to match ỹ stars haue made so tall.
Euander king that time, that citie kept of substance small,
They swiftly turne their ships, and to the towne approching fall.
That day as fortune was, Euander king in solemne guise
His patrone feast did kēep, with honors great to gods in skies.
But vnto Hercules most chiefe, in grēnwood groue vpstald
Afront the towne. His onely son with him was, (Pallas cald)
With him the chiefe of youth, and Senate counsell powre and god,
To gods encense they gaue, on smoking altars moist of blod.
When first the loftie ships they saw, and darke in shadowes low
So sliding through the wood, and swift with Ores to silent row:
With sodaine sight affraied they rose, and tables troubling reaue.
Whom Pallas bold forbids, that offrings holy they not leaue,
Himselfe with sword outrawne, against them fast to shore he flew.
Then from ỹ banke alose, how sirs qᵖ he? what causes new? (light?
What moues you thus these waies vnknowē to serche? wher wold you
What people? what place dwel you? bring you peace, or list you fight?

This sowe was prophecied of before.

They came where Rome now stands.

Oliue in token of peace.

Then lord Aeneas from his pup on hie this answer told,
And Oliue braunch in hand betokening peace he forth did hold.
The men of Troy thou seest, and Troian weapons, Latins foes,
Whom they with armour proud thus wandring stil to driue dispose.
Euander king we seeke, go cary this and say that knights
Of Troians strong are come, and pray with him to ioyne our mights.
At such a reuerent name, did Pallas then astonied stand.
Come forth (quoth he) O prince, what euer thou art, and here at hand
Go speake my father to, and strait his righthand clasping held,
They landing left their flood, and to the frith they came and feld.
Then lord Aeneas to the king these words did frendly moue
O best of Grætian blood, to whom dame Fortune strong aboue
Compels me now to seeke, and bowes of peace and garlands beare,
I nothing fearfull was, that thou of Greekes a leader were,
And cosin neare in stocke, to twaine, Atridas, Troian rods.
But mée my valiant life, and holy motions great of Gods,
Our Gransiers ioynt of blood, thy wide renowne in countries spred
Haue knit me thus to thée, and glad by destnies here haue led.
King Dardan founder first of Troian towne and parent old,
That son to Dame Electra was, as auncient Greekes haue told,
To Troian kingdomes came, Electra father void of doubt
Most mightie Atlas was, that heauens sustaines on shoulders stout.
Your line from Mercury procédes, whom May most white of hew,
On old Cilenus Mount, conceyuing bare by stony trew.
Mayes father Atlas is, if iust report hath fild our eares,
That Atlas her begat, that stars of heauen on shoulders beares,
So both one blood we bée, from one good spring our stocke departes.
These things considering I, by neither message, frend, nor artes,
Did practise thée to groape, euen I my selfe my person here
I ventred haue my head, and to thy court I sue most dære,
That nation proude of Turnus land whose wars doth thée molest,
The same doth vs likewise most deadly vexe, were we suppest
Nothing they thinke should let, but all Italia landes at eas
They may subdue with yoke, and East, and West, possesse the seas.
Receiue and render faith, we lacke no breastes in battaile bold,
Wée lacke no feruent mindes, and youth wel tried in warres of old.
He holding still his eyes his tale did harke,
And fired vewed his face, and lims and countenance all did marke.

How Aeneas and Euauander are of kin.

Few

Few words at last he said: Most puissant lord (O prince of Troy)
How glad am I of thée? how welcome here thou bringst me ioy?
How well thy parent great thou dost présent? his words and voice
Me thinks I heare, in great Anchises face I do recoice.
For I remember well, when Priam king in progresse went,
To view Hesiones his sisters lands, he was content
From Salamina coast that time his countrey cold to know,
Then flowings fresh in youth, my budding beard on chéeks did grow
I wondred at the Troian dukes, I wondred sore indéed
Such princely states: But ouer all most hie Anchises yéed,
My youthfull minde for loue did in my brest with burning sit
Till we acquainted were, aud hand in hand conioyning knit.
I led him forth, and to my towne of Pheney glad him brought.
He vnto me a quiuer rich, with arrowes finely wrought
At his departing gaue, and golden mantell bradred faire,
And bridle bits with gold (which now my Pallas kéepes) a paire.
At your request therefore, confedering fast with you I cling.
And when the morning next, on earth her light shall rendring bring:
With succour home I shall you send, and aid with comfort more.
Therewhiles, this offring feast (which to differ were sin too sore)
This yéerly sacrifice diuine (since here O friends we be)
With gladnesse let performe, and celebrate this day with me,
And your confederates faire, accustome now your selfe to bide.
When he thus said, the deintie meats and cups withdrawne aside,
He bids againe resort, and Troians set on grœne grasse banke.
But chiefe, on beds bespred with Lions hide of haire full ranke
Aeneas he receiues, and Maple throne to him prefars.
Then all the princely youth, and temple priest from the altar bars
Contending bring their meats, entrailes of Buls, and seruice rost,
And bread in baskets lade, and wines they skink with cakes compost.
Aeneas iointly fed, the Troian youth also did dine
With tripes of sacred stéeres, and totall backs of oxen chine.
When hunger stanched was, and lust of eating first gan slake,
The king Euander said: This chéere, quoth he, that here we make,
This offring deintie day, this yérely feast religious pure,
This altar great of god, no superstition vaine obscure,
Nor errour blind began (O curteous guest) but cause extrœme
And due deserts of him that vs from daunger did redéeme,

Deliuer

The storie of Hercules and Cacus.

Deliuering free from paines, as by good signes thou shal estéeme. J
Now first behold yon rock, which hang thou séest wt threatning sway,
Like halfe the mountaine faine, & stones downe wrested shew decay.
The bulwark broken stands, whom rocks & hil downe ratling drew.
A dungeon caue there was, of wideneste waste, most dépe to vew,
Which vgly Cacus kept, that halfe was beast and halfe mankinde,
A loathly lurking den, whom beames of sun could neuer finde.
Whose flore did alwayes réke with slaughters new, and euer fresh,
His heauy gates were hung, with heads of men, and dropping flesh.
Vulcanus to this monster father was, whose flamings blacke
He spued at mouth, & where he went all things he threw to wracke.
At last also for vs long loking helpe, time comfort brought,
And aid at last we found at god. For after conquest wrought
In Spaine, (and Gerion triple bodied kild) with booties braue,
Most mightie Hercules here came, and heards of buls he draue
This way, with steéres right huge of sise, this riuer side they fed.
The beasts but setled were, and broke and bale along they sped:
But Cacus fiendly spite that nothing ment but shameleste theft,
No mischiefe left vntried, no craft vnsought, but all things reft.
Foure goodly bodied buls he from their pasture stealing toke,
And foure of heifers large, and most of beautie faire to loke.
And lest perhaps their fét bewray them should by steps of cleaze,
He by their tailes them drew all backward plucking frõ their leaze.
Their treadings outward shewd, & euery path did outward guide,
And to his caue them brought, where dark wt stone he did thẽ hide.
Whẽ mẽ should séek, no sign they saw, al tracts were outward tried
This while when Hercules from hence departing would remoue,
And gathering toke his béeues, that ful were fed from lands aboue,
The cattell roaring cried, and euery wood with bellowing fild
Lamenting thence to moue, and hils with noise they left ylwild.
One heifer lift her voice, and loud in dungeon sounding shrill
She yelling answer gaue, and Cacus hope dispointed ill.
Then verily sir Hercles furious minde for eger paines
Did burne with bitter gall, his armor toles in hand he straines,
His heauy club with knobs, and vp that hill he ramps on hie.
There Cacus, shrinking first and first afraied, our men did spie,
With troubled eies more swifter then than wind he trudging flings,
Straight to his cave he flew, feare to his tentoes added wings.

When

When he his lodge had lockt, and by his chaines a sunder wrung
His huge vnweldie stone downe let, that there for rampier hung
With iron and Vulcanes art, his bolts and bars he fastning ramd,
His dungeon mouth he stopt, and strong with stuffe he stifly cramd.
Behold forthwith sir Hercles present was with flaming brest,
And entries all he vewed, now here now there his eies he kest,
For anger gnashing téeth: thrée times alone in feruent mode,
All Auentinus mount he compast round, and thrise he stode
Attempting still those gates, and strong assaulting bounst thereat
In vaine, and thrée times in this vale he wéerie resting sat.
A rocke right sharpe of flint there stood, with crags offcut from sides,
Against the dungeons backe vprising hie where cloudes diuides.
A nestling fortresse fit for birds of spoile, and foules vncleane.
That rocke where hedlong next the flood it partly low did leane,
With shoulders shouing long in vaine he tried, yet adding strength
He shogging still did striue, at last it shoke, and quite at length,
He losened low the rootes, then sodainly where most it swaied,
He ouerthrewt, that with ẏ throw, hie heauen rebounding braied.
The bãks w̃ murmur brake, ẏ stream ran backward wild afraied.
But then the caue, and Cacus vgly court disclosed clére,
His hole, with all his darksome dens, and kennels close appére,
None otherwise, then if by force whose earth should gaping clinue,
And shew the infernall seats, and kingdomes pale reuealing riue
Most hateful sight should be: an endlesse gulfe downe reaching dépe,
Should soule appear, & crauling soules at light should quaking crépe.
When he with day vnlooked for was caught, and shrinking low
His dépest den he tooke, nor neuer earst so lowde did blow:
Sir Hercles with his toles on him did preasse, and weapons all
He fiercely plied both logs of timber long, and milstones tall.
He grunting foule at mouth (for hope was none to scape by flight)
A cloud of stifling stinking smoke (a wondrous thing to sight)
He from his iawes outspued, that all the vaut with darknesse stuft,
Depriuing eies from sight, and through the dungeon thicke he puft
His fumes as blacke as night, and mirt with mist he perbrakt fier.
That thing sir Hercles wold not bide, but hedlõg down for ire, (doũd
Cuẽ through ẏ flames he lept, where smoldring streams did most re-
Of smoke, & where most boiling breth did caue most darke confound.
There Cacus black in cloud, and belching fierce his burnings vaine

Hercules brake vp Cacus den.

Cacus slaine.

He groping straitly gript, and round in knot he wound in twaine.
Then crushing necke & eies, his thirsty throte of blod did choke.
Anon the gastly den wide ope is set with gates vpbroke,
The cattell forth are set, then piles of pelfe and robberie spoiles
To heauen are shewd, his carkas eke misshapen vile of foiles,
Is by the legs outdrawne, mens hearts in loking take no rest.
His grisly squealed eien, his lothly face, his bristled brest,
His mongrell members rough, his quēched fier in iawes oppresst.
From that time forth this honor grew, that youth w̄ gladsome game
This holy day do kēpe, Potitius first began the same,
And great Penarias house, that Hercles offring euer serues
From yere to yere, and for his worship more that thus deserues
This groue and altar set, which euermore the chiefest shall
Be cald of vs, and shall in dēd be euer chiefe of all.
Wherefore come off, O youth, and for the praise of so great gift
With brunches bind your heads, and cups in quaffing loke you lift
And call our general God, & skinke forth wines with glad good wils.
He said, thē twisting Poppler branch, his crown with leaues he hils.
With Hercles Poppler leaues (all double hued) his temples tide,
And sacred boll with wine in hand he gripte, then side by side
All men with feasting dranke, & bords they lade, & gods did pray.
The sun this while from skies did nēre to night descending sway.
And now the seruice priests, and first Potitius led their bands,
Of custome great in skins, and torches burning bare in hands.
Their bankets they renue, and iunkets courses after meats:
Their presents hie they heape, that euery bord with burden sweats.
Then singing measure layes, at the altars burning daunsing round,
The skipping Salij were come, with poppler branches bound,
In ray men set themselues, the yong men here, the old men there,

Hercules praises.

That Hercles praises great, and doughtie dēds to heauen may beare
How first he tender child his stepdames monsters kild with ease
By hand, & serpents twaine to death he wringing flat did squease.
How stoutfull he by war, did cities downe destroy full strong.
Both Troia, Oechalia with more, how thousand labors long
At king Euristeus request, by Iunos dēpe despite,
He ouercame and bare, thou lord vnuicted most of might,
Thou slewest the mongrell beast, misshapen Centaures gottē of cloud.
Both Hileus, and Pholus foule, thou Cressies monsters proud

Didst

Didst kill with hand, and Lion bold in Nemee rocke didst quell.
At thée did Lymbo quake, to thée the porter huge of hell,
To thée he trembling shooke, and left his bones begun vngnawn,
Ye left his murthering cauc, by thée frō thence he was forth drawn.
Nor was there neuer face that euer could thée make afraide,
No not himselfe Typhœus, in burning armor vgly raide
With hundred hands that fought, nor thée that time thy reason failde
When Lerna dragon thée with heaps of heads all round assailde.
Alhaile vndoubted childe of god, new ioy to saints aboue,
Come visit vs with grace, and these thy gifts accept and loue.
Such things in hymnes they sang, but ouer all at Cacus hoale
They mention make, and of himselfe with breath as burning coale.
The woods with songs resounds, and hils with carols answers yéld.
Then euery man when seruice all diuine was first fulfild,
Unto the towne them drew, the king himselfe of stouping age,
Aeneas next him toke for mate, his sonne him led as page,
With sundry spéech of things to ease their way the time they past.
Aeneas wondring much on euery side his eyes did cast,
With euery place in minde he rauisht was, and oft enquéres
Each thing, and monuments he gladly learnes of elder yeres
Then king Euander spake, that first the towres of Rome did found.
The woods (quoth he) somtime both Fauns & Nimphs, & gods of groūd,
And fairy Muéns did kéepe, & vnder them a nation rough,
A people saluage strong and borne in trunks of timber tough:
Who neither nurture knew, nor trade of life, nor bullocks taught,
nor gods vpkoze thei could, nor wisely spare those things thei caught
But bowes of trées them fed, and hunting hard them kept from cold.
First from Olympus mount (right neare the skies) good Saturne old,
When he from Ioue did flée, and from his kingdoms outlawd stood,
He first that wayward skittish kind disperst in hils and wood,
Did bring to thrift, and gaue them lawes and all the land this way
Did Latium call, for safely here long time he lurking lay. Latium why so called.
And vnder that good king, men say, the golden world did dure,
Such pleasant peace he taught, and peoples kept in iustice pure:
Till worser age at last, of baser sort by small and small,
With mad desier of wars, and loue to haue corrupted all.
Then came Ausonia strength, then Sicil folks and countries strange,
And oftentimes her name, Saturnus land was driuen to change.

Then

Then kings, and chiefly Tyber great with body burly tall,
By whose surname Italia folks this flood did Tiber call,
(For Albula the former name it lost forgotten quite.)
My selfe expulst from out my countrey land by wrongfull might,
And folowing long the seas, with course extræme, as cause did shape
Almighty fortunes lucke, and destnie strong whom none can scape,
Haue planted in this place, and here my mother did me chase
Carmenta prophet Nimph, by dreadfull songs of Phœbus grace.
Scant this he said: and walking forth her altar huge of state
He shewd, and Carmentalis cald by Romain name the gate,
Which builded was, men say, for dame Carmentas mention déere,
That prophet destnie speaker, first that sang in destnies cléere
Of great Aeneas line, and Pallantee that noble fort.
From thence the shirwood great, where safe defence, and frée resort,
Duke Romulus uptooke, and in the rocke full cold outhewd
Lupercal temple close, and mystries all thereof he shewd.
He shewd also the sacred groue of Argilethus heath,
Detesting in that place where Greekish guest was done to death.
From thence to Tarpey seat, and Capitoll he forth him led
All guilded now, but then with briers and brambles thicke bespred.
Euen very then, religious feare the plowmens hearts did shake,
Euen then, that dreadful rock & groue for reuerence did them quake.
This groue (quoth he) thou séest, this bushie hill so slope that climes
(Unknowne it is what god) here dwels a god, full oftentimes
Arcadia men beléeue their Ioue they saw, when darkesome blacke
His fearful shield he shooke, & thundring stormes there made to crack.
These boroughs twaine besides with wals downe cast decaid that be
(Their ruines lo thou mayst, and monuments of old men, sée)
This Ianus auncient built, that other towne Saturnus wald,
Ianiculum this was, that other then Saturnia cald.
Such talke betwéen themselues they had, & now they entring drew
To powre Euanders house, and heards of beasts full thicke they ewe
And bellowings loud they heare, where nowy shambles fat of Rome
Are kept, and where the markets stands, and Judges sit in dome.
When to the court they came: This gate (qd he) this threshold small
Hath Hercules gone through, here he was lodged in this hall.
Be bold good guest, and learne to shake off pompe, and worthy déeme
Thy selfe by God, and with good will our welcome powre esteeme.

He

He ſaid, and to his ſimple hall he brought full void of feare
Aeneas mightie prince, and him on bed he ſetled theare,
On mattreſſe ſtuft with leaues, & laid with hide of boyſtous beare
The night down fals, & black wᵒ wings embracing hides the ground.
But Venus as a mother, whom great carks did confound
Of Laurent threatning lords, theſe tumults hard in breſt ſhe rold.
To Vulcan then he ſpake, and in her huſbands bed of gold
She thus began, and loue deuine inſpiring thus him told.
Such time as Greekiſh kings did Troian walles with fire deface
Wel worthy then to fall, and towres with wars did quite down race
I neuer helpe to them (poore ſoules) nor armor yet requierd,
Of thy relief or craft, (O huſband ſweet loue moſt deſierd)
Nor thée (deere heart) could I permit that time thy ſelfe to ſtraine,
Nor ſée thy labours loſt, or cunning worke to waſte in vaine,
Though I to Priams ſonnes for great deſerts good will did beare,
And for Aeneas labours hard I wept haue many a teare.
Now he in Rutil realmes by Ioues commaundment ſetled ſtands.
Moſt lowly now therefore to thée I ſue, and at thy hands
Enforced craue reliefe, O ſacred ſpouſe moſt vndefilde:
A mothers part I worke, I aſke but harneſſe for my childe.
Dame Thetis for her ſonne did like requeſt obtaine ere now
Of thée, ſo could Aurora cleare thy minde with weepings bow.
Behold what nations ioine, what cities wald with gates vpſhut
Do whet their fighting toles, that me and mine to wrack wold put.
She ſaid, and with her armes as white as ſnow his necke ſhe helde,
Him ſoftly colling ſweet, with tender toyes: he loth to yelde,
At laſt conceiued flame, and ſuddenly the acquainted heate
Outran through all his bones, and mary tickling moyſt did ſweate,
In maner like, as through ſome thundring cloud wᵒ rūbling ript,
The lightning ſhining ſhotes, and fire at clift outſprings vntript.
She felt her beautie worke, and falſe her hart for gladneſſe ſkipt.
Then father Vulcan ſpake, conſtraind with loues eternall luſt.
What nēds this circumſtance far fet? where is thy ſtedfaſt truſt
O ladie, fled from me? If I had knowne thou hadſt thus carde,
Defence for Troian walles we might that time haue well preparde.
For neither God almightie, neither deſtnies were ſo ſore,
But Troy mought ſtil haue ſtand, & Priam liue yet ten yeares more.
And now, if warre thou wilt, and thereupon thy mind is bend,

Venus ſpake to Vulcan.

Vulcanus anſwere to Venus.

What

What euer I with craft or cunning casting may inuent,
What can be wrought in stéele, or siluer pliant mixt with brasse,
Loke what the fier, or breathing blasts may make (let praying passe)
Of me, and all my strength assure thy selfe, be bold of this,
What euer lieth in me, vndoubtedly, thine owne it is.
These words he spake, & close embracing swéet his spouse he clipt,
And gaue desires of ioy, with lap to lap relenting dipt,
Resoluing limmes at rest, and senses déepe in slumber slipt.

Thē first when midnight course wō race outrun, him brake frō slœpe
As doth some wedlocke wife, some thriuing dame ỳ house doth kœpe,
Who life by labour sékes, and distaffe worke doth weaue and spin,
Yer couched harth she stéeres, and sturging sparke of fire doth tin,
Encroching worke by night, and hard with taske her maidens all
By candles early plies, whereby she may her children small
Bring vp, and chaste herselfe maintain, and husband help withall.
In likely sort this firie puissant god, nor slacker wise
From bed full soft that time, to smithie works did earnest rise.
As Ile there is, by Sicill side vplifted large in skies,
Cald Laparen, where smoke from stones to stars vpsteaming sties.
There vnder créps a caue, and Ciclobs chimneis gnawne in rocks,
Through Aetnas thūdring dens, of smiting strokes & boūsing knocks
That wails wō sighing soūds, such battring beating through ỳ chinks
Far rendring answers ring, and yngot gads with clashing clinks,
In blustring forges blowne, where dints replied with peise & pithes,
Done mettals dinging driue, & sturdy stéele they stretch on stithes.

Vulcania. Vulcanus house it is, and Vulcans name that land doth bere.
The firy puissant god that time from heauen descended there.
The gyants in that caue of widnesse waste their toles did plie,
Pyragmon naked limd, and Steropes, and Brontes hie.
A worke in hand they had vnfashioned yet, but part made bright
One thundring burnisht bolt, wō many a such frō heauen doth smight,
When Ioue to ground them throws, but part vnperfit did remaine,
Then store of strugling winds, & stormfull cloudes of clodded raine.
Thrée winterwrested showres, thrée firyforked flashing beames.
Thrée ratling tēpest bals, thrée southwind winged lightning leams.
Now glistring blasing lights, now gastly sights mēs harts to skeare,
In forging fire they shope, wō thump thump, sound both noise & feare,
They mingled through their work, & wrangled wraths of following flame.

Another

Another ſort for Mars a charet ſwift with wheéles did frame,
A charet wilde wherby the god vpſtéeres both campes and townes.
A ſhield for Pallas eke, in troublous fields full grim that frownes
All horrible, with ſerpent ſkales beſet, and fine with gold
Were dragons drawen in wreaths, and poliſht pure in plated fold,
And monſter Gorgons head (with necke off chopt) amid her breſt
They put, that men to ſtones may turne with eies to death compreſt.
Set ſet aſide all things, caſt off (quoth he) your workes begun,
You Ætna lads, let ſtudies all to this one charge now run.
An eger man muſt baliant armour weare, now ſhow your ſpéed,
Now ſhifting hands requiers, now maiſters all of craft is néed,
Breake headlong all delates: nor more he ſpake. Ehey ſwiftly than
Beſturring ſtriue to ſtoupe, and by their lots to labour ran.
Out gulhing flowes in ſtreames both gold & braſſe, and ſiluer ſwelts,
And lumps of murthring ſtéele, in furneis glowing ſoftning melts.
A huge hie ſhield they ſhape, one ſhield alone for weapons all
Of Latines, and againſt all foes and force reſiſt that ſhall,
Embolled broad with bowes, whom bars in bars entangling bindes
Seuenfolded thick. Som thrilling forth frō bellows blaſting windes
Inceſſant yelo and draw, ſome dips in lakes and troughes of ſtones
Hot hilling gleads: All Ætna bauts with anuils mourning grones.
Ehey ſtill among themſelues their armes in course by force vplift
With numbrings iump, & graſping tough in tongs their maſſe they
while theſe things halting wer by Vulcan lord in Lemnos land, (ſhift.
Euander king from bed, the dawning day bad vp to ſtand,
And early ſongs of birds his roofe that fild with mirthfull noate,
He riſeth aged man, and on his limmes he puts his coate,
And thongs in Tyrrhen guiſe about his féete he wrapt and tide.
Thē ſword with girdle ſtrong frō ſhoulders downe he next his ſide
Did girt, and baldrich wiſe his wreath he ware of Panthers hide.
Ewo waiting dogs alſo that thentry doore at threſhold kept
Came forth, & marching foote by foote their maiſters pace they ſtept.
Unto his gueſt Aeneas chamber ſtraight, he ſoftly drue,
Remembring former talke, he of his word a lord full true.
Nor morning ſtirer leſſe, Aeneas then abroad was ſtalkt.
Sonne Pallas with Euander, but with him Achates walkt.
Ehey meeting ioyne right hands, and in the mids of hall downe ſet,
In ſpéech at laſt they fall, of cauſes vrgent frée from let.

The king thus first.
Most doughtie Troyan guide (which while thou art aliue in health
I neuer Troy destroyed shal think, nor vanquisht voyd of wealth)
To such a carefull war, and for the fame of thy regard
Smal succour we can giue, here Tyber streame vplocks vs hard.
On this side Rutils wring, and at our wals their harneis sounds.
But peoples huge to thee, and kingdomes rich of larger bounds
I go about to ioyne, whom very now euen chaunce vnsought
Doth show to thee, eue destnies luck this time thee here hath brought.
Nor far from hence a towne there is, with ancient stones vpframde,
Which Agillina hight, where people somtime Lidia namde,
A nation strong in war Etruria downes possesse and till.
This land that many a yere did flowing raign with welth at will,
A proude king caught at last, and long by force with armes oppresst,
The cruelty of Mezentius. Mezentius lawles wretch, whose mode miscreaunt neuer ceast.
What shall I tell the furious slaughters foule? to shame to speake
That tyrants odious deedes? god on his head and sede so wreake.
Mens bodies dead he did deuise to ioyne to bodies quicke,
In tortures, hãds to hãds, & mouthes to mouthes them binding thick.
(O plague most miserous) and them through filth, and rotting cloied
In wretched claspings vile, with lingring death most lothly stroied.
But wery long at last, whẽ he more mad would worse haue wrought,
His subiects weaponed rose, and him in house beseiging sought.
His mates they slew, and to his rafter tops their fier they flang.
He through their slaughter thrõgs to Rutil realme outscaping sprãg.
Where with his beast and mate king Turnus fearce himselfe he fẽds,
With iust reuenge therfore Etruria land all whole ascends,
Their king by war they claime, and him by death they minde to quit.
These millions strong of men I will to thee Aeneas knit.
Their navy furnisht full already thicke at shore remaines,
And streamers out they crie, an auncient prophet them restraines
By destny singing. O you chosen youth of liuely lust,
You flowre of former yeres, you strength of men, whom anger iust
Prouokes to vengeaunce due, whose wrath Mezentius doth deserue,
No prince Italian borne may for this armie captaine serue,
Seeke alien lords for guides. Then all Etruria sore affright
Did setling stay themselues, and in that field their campe haue pight.
Himselfe embassadours to mee with crowne, and sceptre sent

Duke

Duke Tarchon, and with kingly robes mée here he did present.
But vew the campe I should, and Tirrhen kingdoms all possesse.
But mée my slothfull cold, and worlds outworne in yeres excesse,
Enuies me now to raigne, and fæble strength too late to stére.
My son I would exhort, saue he by mother mixed nére
Of dame Sabella part that countrey drawes. But thou whose yeres,
And kinred fortune loues, whom destnies lucke and gods requeres,
Go thou D Troian, and Italian prince, most strong of might.
Besides all this I shall, our onely hope and déere delight
My son sir Pallas here to thée commit, that vnder thée
He may the feates of war as with a maister learne, and sée
Most weightie works of Mars, that from his youth thy worthy déedes
He wondring may conceiue, and practise like if chaunce him nédes.
Two hundred horsmen strong of freshest youth take héere in hand,
So many more also shal Pallas bring of priuat band.
These words he scantly spake, and fixed fast with eies on ground
Aeneas sadly sat, so did Achates frend most sound.
Much heauie things in hart they through their brests cõsidring waied.
Had Venus not from heauẽ by signe downe sent their musing staied.
For suddenly with whirling noise the skies broad open flusht,
And lightning whistling came, as round about all things had tusht,
And blast of trompet blown in welkin brim was heard to roare.
They loke: lo yet againe, and yet, two, three, great thundrings more.
Bright armour through the clouds in coast of heauẽ most cléere of sun
Readshining rough they sée, that back repulsing rombling run.
All other stood astoind, but he himselfe most valiant knight
Aeneas, knew that noise, and what his mother him had hight.
Then thus he spake. Be you good hoast, be you no whit appald,
What nedes these monsters meane, tis I aloft in skies am cald.
This token me from heauen my mother said she would downe send
If wars should roughly rise, and Vulcans armes me to defend
She brings me through the clouds.
Alas, what slaughters wilde on wretched Laurents hang at hand?
What torments thée (D Turnus) must I giue? how mixt in sand
Both shields and helms of men, with many a body strong and tall
D Tyber flood with waters troul thou shalt: and many a fall
In fight sustain they must, whẽ truce they alke yet break they shal.
These things when he had said, himselfe vplifting hie from bench,

Pallas committed to Aeneas.

To Hercles altars firſt & ſléeping fiers whom night did quench.
Ye went them to reuiue, and ſeruice left ſince yeſterday
Ye gladly vpreſtores, and houſhold gods they pleaſe and pray.
Both king Euander ſelfe, and Troyan youth with whole aſſent.
Then to his ſhips forthwith, to viſit there his mates he went.
Among which number ſuch as him to warfare ſhould purſue
Moſt hardy practiue knights he choſe, the remnant downward drue.
The groueling ſtreame thē beares, & ſwift they home by water dreſſe
To bring Aſcanius newes, both of his father, and ſucceſſe.
To Troians then are horſes giuen, to paſſe to Tirrhen towne,
A roiall courſer for Aeneas, whom of Lion brownе
One hide al ouerſpreds with guilded clawes bright pēdant downe.
The rumour runnes, and through that citie ſmall is blazed wide,
How horſemen vnto Tirrhen coaſt with ſwift courſe poſting ride.
For dréd mens wiues with vowes do lade their gods, & more & more
When dangers caſt, and face of Mars apperes not ſéene ſo ſore.
Then good Euander olde, Aeneas righthand clipping hyld,
And thus at parting ſpake, and wéping ſtill could not be fyld.
O if almighty god would mée my yeres of youth reſtore
Euen as I was, when at Prænеſte walles (my troupes beſore)
I fought, when heapes of conquerd ſhéelds I victor offring brent,
And with his righthand then, king Herilus to hell I ſent,
Whoſe mother at his birth him gaue thrée liues in limmes to lag,
(A grilly thing to ſpeake) thrée weapons he by courſe did wag,
Thrée times to death he muſt downe vanquiſht be, yet breathings all
This righthand him bereft, and ſoules, and armour thriſe made fall.
Not now déere ſon, from thine embraſings ſweets ſhould I be pluckt,
O dulſet ſon: nor ſo Mezentius horderer, blod had ſuckt
Diſpiting ſtill my head, ſuch murthering deathes had not ben ſéene,
Nor ſuch a ſort of burgeis wiues ſhould widowes now haue béene.
But O you glorious gods, thou chiefe in heauen that raignſt on hie
Moſt mighty Ioue, of pore Arcadia king reſpect the crie,
Giue gracious eare this time, and to my praiers piteous bend.
If deſtnies mée by you r good grace my ſon home ſafely ſend,
If looking him I liue, and wé in one may méete againe:
Then craue I longer life, and glad I ſhal receaue all paine.
But if (as god forefend) ſome fore miſchaunce doth fortune threat,
Now now let mée depart, and cruel life of calling freat,

The patterne of a kind and louing father.

Whil

While doubtfull carke me kéeps, while hope in minde vncertaine is,
While thée my darling childe, mine onely ioy, my parting blis,
Thus haulsing here I hold, ere tidings worse mine ears may woũd.
These things his father shed at leauing lask, and flat in sound
With sobbing fainting fell: his pages him to house conueyed.
And now the horsmen band at open gates went out vnstayed.
Aeneas with the first, Achates truskie next his side.
Then other Troyan lords, himselfe in mids did Pallas ride
In glistring painted armes, and gay with cloke embroidred newe,
Like Lucifer that gracious dawning star, whom pure of hue
Dame Venus chiefly loues aboue all fiers in heauen that shine,
All darknesse he resolues, and gladneth skies with face diuine.
The women stand on walls with trembling harts, and far with eies
Pursue their glistering harneis troupes, and clouds of dust that rise.
They thrugh ỹ thornie downs wher nerest way no compas makes
In armor ioyntly ride, hie shoutes vprise, and clustring strakes.
They gallop, & vnder their trampling féete ỹ groũd with breaking
There is a groue of grénwood frith, by Cerits riuer cold, (quakes.
Religious, long and broad in reuerence kept by fathers old,
Whom caues of crooked hils with dales & downes that compasse fets
On euery side doth close, and woods of furtræ blacke besets.
To Siluan god of beasts and fields that auncient Greekes men say
Did consecrate that place, and gaue both groue and feastfull day,
Which Greeks sometime possest of Latium country first the lands.
Not far from thence duke Tarchons hoast, and all Ætruria bands
Incamped safely laie, and from the hill their legions strong
All plain might now be vewed, that broad in fields outstretched long.
Aeneas to that place, and warlike youth, in minde well pleasd,
Alighting, weary went, and horses trimd, and bodies easd.
But goddesse Venus white, from thrugh ỹ clouds descending cleare
Was readie there with gifts, and to her sonne approching neare,
When secret him she saw, far from the flood in crooked vals
She offring shewed her selfe, and thus she shortly brake her tale.
Lo here my husbands worke, my promise due, cast off thy doubt
O son, nor feare not now to coape with all proud Laurents rout,
And Turnus now to combat call, though he be nere so stout.
She said, and of her sonne th'embracing swéete forthwith she set.
Then vnderneath an oke in sight, those glistring armes she set.

Ye gladfull of those gifts, with minde for ioyes in myth extolde
With sight could not be fild, but eies on eche thing stil he rolde.
Ye wonderth, and betweéne his armes, and handes he oft vpturnes
A helme most horrible, with crests, out spitting flames that burnes.
A murthring fatall blade, a brestplate stiffe of brasse most fine,
All blodred, sanguine, big, like many times when sun doth shine,
Som blew cloud catcheth beames, & burning bright with ruddy raies
Alofe it selfe it shewes, and streaming light likewise displaies.
Then bootes of siluer light enameld gorgeous mixt with gold.
A speare also with shield, whose wondrous worke cannot be told.
There all Italia state, and pérlesse Rome with triumphs all
(Not ignorant of age to come, and destnies that should fall)
The firie puissant god had made: there all Ascanius race
In order faire was wrought, and foughten fields in euery place.
Ye there also had put, where gréene the caue of Mars begins
A she wolfe downe was laide, and nert her dugs two gadly twins,
Two dagling sucking boies, her flanks betwéen they hanging plaid,
Their mammies teats they lap with hungry lips nothing affraid.
She turning round her neck, now one, them swétly lickt
Reforming soft their limmes, & soft with tong them smothly strickt.
Nor far from thence was Rome, and Sabines virgins rashly raught
At sight of stately plaies, and then by force for wedlocks caught,
The story all there stod, and sodeinly new war did rise
To Romulus and Tatius old, and lords of Sabines wise.
Within a while those kings (their al contentions quenched quite)
Before Ioues altar came, and holding bolles in armour bright
They stod, and with a swine down slain did league cõclude & smite.
Not far from thence was Metius torne, in quarters pluckt by stéeds,
But why thou Alban to thy words accorded not thy déeds?
And of that lying lord did Tullus drag those false entrailes (bailes.
Euen through the wood, that thorns & briers with blod besprinkling,
Then king Porsenna strong commanded Romanes eft restore
Their Tarquin outlawd king, and long besieging wrang them sore.
Aeneas people fierce for frédome fast on weapens ran,
Him angrie, threatning like, you mought sée chafe disdaining than,
That Cocles durst resist while bridge behind him broken was,
And Cloelia captiue wench with broken bands the streame did pas,
Upon the Tarpey rocke, and Capitoll most lordly braue,

The famous deedes of Romanes, were engraued in the armour of Aeneas.

Stod

Stood Manlius that champion chiefe, his countrey walles to sane.
Ye for the temple fought, and enemies clambring downe did pull
With stubble starke of steele, the Pallas court of Rome was full.
And flickring there in gold, the siluer Gander keaking cried
At hand, and in the Porches next the Frenchmen entring spied.
The Frenchmen entring were, & taking Towres did fierce inuade,
By bushes cluming close, and kept with helpe of darke night shade.
Of Gold their Tresses were, their goldē garments trim them decks,
In garded frocks they shine with rodded welts about their necks,
In partlets knit with Gold, two slinging speares each one doth lift,
In Mountain guise, and shields of length defend their bodies swift.
Then came the skipping sort, in daunce disguised shaking shankes,
The Salij praūsing Priests, with mitred crownes, and coppid tancks.
The Luperts naked went, and armour holy liften aloft,
That down from heauen did fall, the matrones chast in Charets soft
Religious led their gods, and through the town procession brought.
Along way far from thence, the dens of Hel most dēepe wer wrought,
And louring Limbo gates, with sundry sinfull wretches pangs.
Thou Catilin wert there, on threatning rocke thy carkasse hangs,
Thy torments there thou bidest, & stil dost feare those fiendly iawes.
But good men by themselues, and Cato them did giue their lawes.
Among all this there went the salt sea broad with swelling broth
Of gold, but grēene the frisking flods did some with hoary froth.
And cut in siluer clēere the Dolphins swimming compasse danst,
The streams wō tailes they swept, & throgh ȳ tides they shering glāst.
In mids were brazen flætes of ships, and Actia wars at large
Men might haue sēen, how battels both conioyning bent their charge.
The seas with harneis shines, ȳ boyling flods with gold did spring.
Their all Italia strength Augustus Emprour prince did bring,
With commons al, with lords, wō saints, wō gods most great of might, Augustus Cæsar.
Aduancing chief in ship, whose temples twaine with flames vpright
Out sparkling spouts a fier, his fathers star his crowne bespredes.
Another wing with prosperous windes, and Gods in army ledes
Agrippa lofty prince, whose pendant streamers proud stands out,
His crown outragious shines with garland won from toplhipsnout.
On th'other part with all Barbaria force of diuers armes
Anthonius drags his train of nations thick, in throngs that swarmes.
Ye victor late in wars, from countries far where Sun doth rise,

From peoples blacke of Inde, from red sea shore, from easterne skies,
Cleopatra concubine to Anthony. All Ægipt, and all Asia strength extreame with him he drew,
Whom proudly (fie for shame) his Giptian wife doth nert pursue.
Togither all they rusht, and pluckt with ores conflicting clasht,
The waues wt wrestling fumes, & frõts to frõts their ships thei crasht
To chanel déep they draw, a man would thinke the mountains méete
In seas, or iustling woods with wood whole rocks, and Ilands fléete.
So huge wt wait mẽ work: frõ toures, & tops their darts down strikes
Their wildfire Dham flies, & storms outthrown of toles with pikes.
The clouds wt cries are mirt, both ships & seas with slaughters spred,
All Neptunes slittring fields with bloodshed stremes are darkned red.
The Quéen in mids them all with timbrel noise her bands vpchéers,
Nor yet two deadly serpent snakes, to her at backe appéers,
All monstrous kinded gods, Anubys dog that barking slaue,
Against all Romane guides (both Venus, Neptune, Pallas graue)
Their weapons vp they hold, outragious Mars among them stamps,
All cut in carued stéele, and hags infernall fiercely ramps.
Dame Discord through thẽ runs, with garmẽts torn she ioyful skips.
Whom grim Bellona mad pursues at hand with bloody whips.
These things begolding thus, Apollo shooting plied his bow,
Aloft from skies, all Ægipt then, all Inde downe couched low,
All nations wilde of South Arabia proud for all their cracks,
All Asia scattring fled, all Sabey kingdoms turnd their backs.
The Quéen her self was séene with windes aduanst vplifting sailes
To flée, and stil with slacking shrowds she more and more preuailes.
Among those slaughters, her (for death at hand) wt countenance pale,
The firie god hath made be borne with waues, and westerne gale.
But there against with bodie great, was Nylus mourning put,
His bosome opening broad, and calling home their course to cut.
His garment gowne he spred, and wide his lap of waters blew,
And to his lurking floods his conquerd men alluring drew.
But Cæsar through the Romane wals thrée times triumphant borne
To great Italia gods he payed his vowes eternal sworne.
Churches. Thrée hundred * Minsters chiefe along the towne wide open stands,
All strœts wt mirth resouns, with games, wt sports, wt clapping hands
In euery temple wiues, at euery altar singing quéeres,
At the altars, euery flore with offring slaughters strowd of stéeres.
Himselfe at Phœbus porch (so white as snow) in throne downe set,

Surueys

Surueys all countries gifts, and garnisht posts with present frets.
In long arayes they gone, the conquerd nations captiue sad,
As diuerse of their tongues as in their wéedes and armour clad.
Thére sundry sorts of Moores had Vulcan cast, some tuckt in shirts:
Some trayling mantles lose, or surplesse windie wide of skirts:
Of Caras Lelega, by south, and archers bred in caues
Of Gelon sands, Euphrates now did fléete with softer waues.
And Flemings furthest out from men, & Rhine with hornes in twain,
Vnconquerd Danes, and swift Araxes (bridge that did disdaine.)
Such works in Venus gift he wondring saw by Vulcans shield,
And knowing not the things, their figures glad he long beheld.
At last, his childrens chance, and fame he did on shoulders wéeld.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran
x. Septembris, finitum. 1558. Opus
xl. dierum per interualla.

THE NINTH
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Whilſt Aeneas is buſie in Tuſcia to ſeek aid, Turnus is by the Rainbow admoniſhed not to omit ſo good an occaſion, who ſpeedeth himſelf forth ſo neare as he can to his enemies. And ſeeing them defenced on euery ſide in their tents, to the intent that he might cut away from them al hope of flight, aſſaieth to burn their fleet. But at Venus earneſt ſute, Iupiter deliuered the ſhips frō preſent burning, and transformed them into ſo many Nymphes of the ſea. Towards night Turnus laieth a watch before the towne gates for feare of ſudden eruptions of the enemy, in which watch Meſſapus is chiefe. Therewhiles the Troians take counſel whō to ſend to Aeneas to make him priuy of theſe things, which Nyſus & Euryalus, a paire of faithfull friends take in hand to do. Who departing forth of the towne, & finding the watch ouercome with wine and ſleepe, they ſlay Rammetes with a number of Rutilians, & lade themſelues with the ſpoiles. But in ỹ morning being ſpied of Volſcens horſmē, they flie to the woods. Ther Eurialus by waight of his armor, & ignorance of the way much hindred, falleth into his foes hands, and is by Volſcens ſlaine. Niſus likewiſe, when he had ſlain Volſcens, & valiantly reuenged Eurialus death, being ſtrooke through with many a mortall wound, falleth downe dead vpon his friends body. Their heads are caried vpon ſpeares points into the tents, where the Troians knowing them from the walles, a great ſorow riſeth through the whole town. Turnus ceaſeth not to aſſault his enemies with all force, and great ſlaughter is committed on both parts. There Aſcanius killeth with the ſhot of an arrow Numanus, that ouer proudly aduanced himſelf: Pindarus and Bitias proud of their good ſucceſſe, open the gate, and driue back the enemies entring in with great ſlaughter. Whereof Turnus being certefied, iſſueth into the towne through the open gate, and putteth the Troians to flight, but at length oppreſſed with multitude, retireth to the ſide of the town which is next the riuer, and armed as he was, leapeth into the ſtreame, and ſo eſcapeth.

Iuno pricketh forth Turnus by the Rainbow.



While theſe things working were, on ſundry ſides with purpoſe bent,
Dame Iuno down from heauen the Rainebow red her ſeruaunt ſent
To Turnus dredles prince. King Turnus then did ſeat depoſe

In

In great Pylumnus vale, his parents woods whom rotho did close.
To whom dame Rainbow thus, wō mouth bespake as red as rose.
Turnus (quoth she) that thing which neuer god if one had sought
Could grant to thée: lo, tumbling time alone it selfe hath brought.
Aeneas now from home to king Euanders house is gone,
And left both campe & mates, and town, and fleet with sauegard none.
The fines extreme of Corytes townes he sékes, nor yet inough,
But Lydas power he drawes, and armor giues to men from plough.
Leaue doubting, take thy time, call charets out, now set forth stéeds,
Breake boldly all delayes, go take that campe that all things dréeds.
She said, and lifting equall wings to heauen she mounted flowe,
And huge in flight she spred, and vnder clouds cut off her bowe.
The yong prince her beknew, and holding hands to skies on hie
He wondring her pursued, and as she fled he thus did crie.
O Rainbow beauty bright of heauē, who through the clouds this tide,
Hath drawne thée thus to ground? I sée, I sée, whole heauen diuide.
I sée the stragling stars, that from the poale their course declines,
Such clearbright storme? I follow fast all these miraclous signes
What euer thou art that me to armor calst, and with that word
Went forth, and from the swelling streame, the water sipt at ford
Requiring much his gods, and aire did lade with vows outpowrd
And now the totall hoast in fields displaied their pace did hold,
Right rich of horse, right rich of brodred robes, and braue of gold.
Messapus voward held, the rereward kept yong princes twaine
Of Tirrhus, but himselfe king Turnus midst in battaile maine,
Hauntlquaring spreds his armes, and ouer all by shoulders shines.
Resembling Ganges flood that ouerflowes seuen streames, and fines
In silence burbling broad, or Nylus fresh with water fat
When couching close he swels, and seaseneth fields with fléeting flat.
There suddenly a darksome duskie fog most like a cloud
The Troians might behold, ỹ round with rols the skies did shroud
First from a banke on hie did Caycus wathman crie aloud.
What is you black, O mates? that like a bowle such dust vpscrauls?
Set swiftly forth your toles, bring weapons out, and clim your wals.
Here is our enmie lo, heylagh, loud clamours then they throw,
The Troians all about at gates and wals, them close bestow.
For such commandment them Aeneas best of martiall skill
At his departing gaue, if any chaunce should rise them ill,

Not

Not rashly ioine they should, nor trusting fild their strength extend,
But closely keepe their campe, & safe their wals with banks defend.
Though shame therfore w̄ wrath prouoks to fight disdainful deep,
Yet gates to them they set, and due precepts obedient keepe,
And harnest hie they stand, forstalling foes on rampiers steepe.
Turnus (as he before the people slow, in post did flie)
With twentie chosen knights, on horsebacke stout the fortresse nie,
All suddenly vnlooked for is come, whom white with specks
A Thracian steed vpheaues, and helmet red gold crested decks.
Is any here good lads, will first with me prouoke our foes?
And to the winds a dart he whirling shooke: lo, there it goes
Quoth he, this fight begins, and boistous large on field he flies,
His mates with noise pursuen, with grilly shouts vplifting cries.
They wondred at the Troians daskart harts, their courage weake,
That neither giue them dare in open field, nor fierce outbreake
In armes as men, but faintly keepe their fort, now here now there
Ye troublous bewes their wals, & riding sekes each entring where.
The noble valure of Turnus. Aye watching like some woolfe, that counterwaiting sheepfold cots,
Through stormy showres & winds about mens deiries houling trots
At midnight seking stealth, when careless loud the lambs do bleat
In safegard nere their dams, he fretting false and mad for meat
Doth absent teare their lims, so gripes his guts ỹ gathring gnawes,
Long fasting forth him driues, and thirst of blood vpdries his iawes.
Euen so to Rutile prince, as searching wall and campe he turnes,
His fumes vpsparkling spreds, & sore in bones his grief him burnes.
What shift inuent he shall to giue th'assault, or where find place
To breake the Troians trench, or driue them downe to equall space.
Their fleete that secret lay, euen at the side of Troian wall,
Enuironed with trench, whom water flods encompast all
He suddenly onsets, and to his mates for fire exclames.
Himselfe outcasting flings his pinetree brands with feruent flames.
Thē echman stoutly stirs, the kings own presence men forth pricks.
On euery side fresh youth for armor takes blacke burning sticks.
They sparpling spoile their fiers. Then blasing cloud w̄ pitch cōmixt
Doth rise, & smoke frō torches mount, to stars with sparkes betwixt.
Now Muses tell what god did from the Troians turne this ire
So great, and who then kept their fleet from fumes of fatall fire?
Speake trusting old report, but fame therof shall neuer expire.

What

A fable of Aeneas ships.

What time Aeneas prince in Ida woods his naue made
At passing first from Troy, & through deep seas should take his trade:
The mother of gods men say, that Berecinthia heauenly height,
Petition that time made to Ioue celestiall great of might
Entreating thus by speech. Giue sonne (qd she) to thy deare dame,
One boun which I must aske, since heauens to the bin brought so tame.
A Pinetree frith I had, which many a yere I fauoured much,
And in the top a groue there grew of trees, there was none such
For beames of timber blacke, and firtree bourds with pitch and tar.
Great offrings there I toke, and folks to serue me came from far.
Those trees to Troyan prince, when he so much of ships had need
I gaue with glad good will, now care my heart doth gripe for dred.
Release my feare, let now thy parents words thus much obtaine.
Let neuer surge of seas, nor whirlewind storme their naue straine,
Nor course of sayling shake, since on my hils sometime they grew.
Her son to her then spake, whose wind doth stars and world subdew.
O mother what thing menst? or which way destnies wouldst ỹ prese?
Can frames of mortall hands immortall state by right possesse?
Or should Aeneas prince in doubtfull dangers wandring stray?
That certeine is of seat? what god so great such maistries may?
Nay when fulfild they haue their fatall course, that ports & realmes
Of Latium lands they touch, what ship somtime so scapes ỹ streames,
Their mortall shape from them I wil withdraw, & change them all
To maidens bright of seas, like water Nimphs with bodies tall.
Like Clotho goddesse clere, or Galatee with members white, (smite
Who through their foming waues w̃ puissant brest doth swimming
He spake, and by the fens of Stigies flood his oth he toke
By pitch of Limbo pits, by gulfe and banks of Plutos broke.
He gaue a nod, and at his becke, whole heauen trembling shoke.
The day therefore of couenant present was, and destnies dew
Performed had their time, when Turnus fierce with dredfull dew,
Compeld that lady saint from sacred ships that fire to driue.
There first a sodaine light before mens eies did strange ariue,
And huge frõ morning skies descending cloud down gliding ran,
With queers of spritual wights, then dredful voice wide aire begã
To fill in Rutiles eares, and troupes of Troians brim to scan.
Do not affright your selues to saue my ships with labour vaine,
You Troians, nor in armor put your strength, nor take that paine.

For

For firſt ſhall Turnus waters all conſume, and burne vp ſeas
Ere he my ſacred trées haue power to touch, go looſe at eaſe,
Go ſaltſeas goddeſſes, your lady bids, and as it ſpake,
Incontinent ech ſhip their bands at ſhore, and hallers brake,
Aeneas ſhips tranſformed into Nimphs of the ſeas. And down (as dolphins don) conuerting ſharpe their beaking ſnouts,
In deep ſea ſands they drowne, whence vp forth wt they riſe by routs.
A maruell monſtrous much, in virgins ſhapes and faces trim
On ſeas themſelues they ſhoue, & ſporting ſwift in ſight they ſwim,
Like Mermaids ladies light, of number taſt, and not one more
As they before did ſtand, with braſen ſtems in ſhips at ſhore.
Aſtonied Rutils ſtood, euen he himſelfe in mind affraid
Meſſapus, and his horſes troubled were, the ſtreames eke ſtaid
Their waters hoarſe of ſound, and Tiber trembling ſote retraid.
But not to Turnus bold did courage ought relent or hope.
Mens harts with words he lifts, & chéering chides wt ſcorns at ſcope.
Theſe monſters to the Troians come, lo god himſelfe you ſée
Hath take from them their ſtrength, and wonted ſhift alwaies to flée,
No Rutil power doth néed, our fiers, our ſwords, they durſt not bide,
The ſeas therefore to Troians faſt are ſtopt, no place to ride
Nor hope to ſcape they haue: lo, halfe the world bereft them is.
As for the land in our poſſeſſion lieth, and ouer this
So many thouſands ſtrong Italian nations armour beare.
The Troian fatall ſongs, nor iugling ſights can me not feare,
Nor anſwers from the gods, if any ſuch the wretches boaſt.
Inough for Venus is, and deſtnies paſt, that once this coaſt
Of franke Italia land the Troians pore had leaue to touch.
My fortune them withſtands, and I likewiſe may deſtinies vouch
To kill that curſed brood, and for my ſpouſe vprote them quite.
Nor not alone this griefe doth Agamemnons kinred bite,
Nor Greekes haue only cauſe for wedlock ſpoile themſelues to arme.
Yet had it bin inough to ſtroy them once, if but one harme
Suffized had their ſin, and not with ſpite all female kinds
Thus villainly diſdain: what? doth this halfe trench paſt their minds?
Doth dich words giue the prize? ſo neare the death? ſuch ſafegard thine?
Saw they not Troian wals in fiers downe ſinke with gods within?
But what is he (good mates) will yonder trench with me go teare
With toles, and ouerran this campe, that trembling ſinks for feare?
I néed no Vulcans armes, nor thouſand ſhips I ſeeke them not.

Let

Let all Etruria rise, and ioine for helpe in Troian knot.
They shall not feare no darke, by night on them we list not steale,
We will betray no watch, nor keepers kill as Greekes did deale,
Nor blind in horses paunch will we goe lurke, but clere by day
Their wals in compas round with fire, and force assaulting fray.
They shall not thinke vs Greekes, nor at our youth haue cause to scoff,
I warrant them, nor such as Hector ten yeeres long kept off.
And now therefore since better part of day from vs is fled,
Remaines no more, but sith we haue our things thus far wellsped,
Prouide your selfe good chere, and loke for fight to giue dispatch
Ther whiles to set the scout, and euery gate with ward to watch
Messapus charged was, and wals to girt with fiers and lights.
Of Rutils seuen and seuen to gard the siege, most actiue knights
Elected were by lot, each one his hundred souldiers led,
Carnation crested youth in burnisht gold gay glittering red.
They stay, they shift their turnes, & all along do wne laid on gras,
With wines themselues they chere, & cups vpturn & bols of bras.
Their fiers before them shine, & long with watch ỹ night they pas
Auoyding sleepe with mirth.

He preferreth him selfe before Græcians.

These things beholding him did frõ their wals the Troians spie,
In armour strong they stood, and some their towers did hold on hie,
For dreed they grope their gates, & some did bridges clamping ioine
And bulwarke banks they wrought, & engine tooles to fend and foine
All weaponed, them sir Menesteus and Serestus sharpely plies,
Whom lord Aeneas had, if any fortune hard should rise,
Made masters ouer youth, and gouernours all things to guide.
Afront the vammures long by lots to dangers truly tried
The legion waiting stood obseruing course, each keepes his charge.
One gate did Nisus keepe most eager knight with speare and targe.
Whom huntresse Ida sent as friend to serue Aeneas part,
A bowman stout with shafts, and swift with stroke of whirling dart.
Nert him Eurialus his mate, whose fairer was there non
Through all Aeneas campe, nor Troian armor did put on.
Fine primcock fresh of face first bttring youth by buds vnshorne.
One loue betwern the was, & iointly fought like brethren sworne:
That time also they twaine one standing kept with gate before.
Sir Nisus first, what is it? god sets thus mens minds on fire?
Sweet friend, or is ech mans mind his god forth drine by dern desire?

Some

Some great conflict or famous fact to attempt long while my brest
Incessant me prouokes, nor can content with quiet rest.
Thou seest how careles now these Rutils bin this watch that kéepe,
Their lights dilleuered shine, & they themselues in wines and sléepe
Resolued slurg on ground, wide Silence walks, now friendly harke
What rising mœues my spirite, & whereupon my thought doth carke.
Aeneas home to call bœne lords and people firmely set,
And men they séeke to send, what tidings certaine sone may set.
If they will giue to thée such benefites as I requier,
(For vnto me shall same of so great fact suffice for hier,)
By yonder banke thou séest, I could a way me thinks finde out
To passe to Euanders court, and by the same reuert about.
Euryalus astoned stood, such loue him prickt of praise,
Ye could him not containe, but to his friend thus feruent sayes.
In things of so great weight my fellowship dost Nisus grutch?
Forsakst thou me? should I send thée alone to daungers sutch?
Not so my father Opheltes beaten in warres did me conduct
Through fearefull Grœcia frayes, nor so my minde did euer instruct
In trembling toyles of Troy, nor I with thée such parts haue plaied
Since great Aeneas campe, and destnies me extréeme haue frayed.
I beare a minde perdœ dispising death, I lacke not spright
To thinke this praise wel bought, with losse for thée of life and light,
Nisus to this. Such things of thée in faith did I not dred,
Gods forbod so to thinke, no, me almightie Ioue so sped
Or who so else of gods indifferent lokes, my head so strike.
But if there should as many things thou séest in daunger like,
If any sore mishap or chaunce, or god should backward shoue,
I would thou shouldst remaine, thy yeres to liue done best behoue.
Let one suruiue that me from foes may take, or my dead corse
For money may redéeme, and to enter haue some remorse,
Rewarding me with earth: or if my lucke not so vouchsaue,
Giue offrings for my soule, and it set forth with tombe or graue.
Nor cause will I to thy dœre mother be of so great griefe,
Who thee alone (O lad) pursues good soule of matrones chiefe,
Respecting daungers none, and left Acestes land to liefe.
Ye thereagainst. Ercules vaine, in vaine thou dost but knit,
Nor mine affection first doth from my brest ought change or flit.
Let vs be gone (qd. he) and calles the scoute, they strait supplied

One friend would saue the other frō danger.

Their roums, & kept their turns. Thei leuing ſtādings both forth
In one mind knit like mates, & for their king enquering ſpied (hied
All other breathing ſoules, on ſoiles diſperſt, thē eaſments toke,
Releaſing paines with ſleepe, and cares from harts forgetfull ſhoke.
The dukes of Troian chiefe, and choſen youth about them bold,
Their counſaile then ſupreame for kingdōs weight did carkfull hold,
What ſhould be don, or to Aeneas now who meſſage beares,
They leane with ſhields in hands, conſulting ſad vpon their ſpeares.
Amids the campe in field then Nyſus to them freſh of chere,
With mate Eurialus beſēkes acceſſe, to ſpeake them nere,
A thing of burthen great and worthy of thanke they haue to breake.
Aſcanius firſt they toke, and Niſus quiuering bad to ſpeake.
Then thus, giue equall mindes, and eares to vs O princely pēres,
Nor iudge not our deuiſe by our apparaunce light of yeres.
The Rutils ſilent lien in wines and ſleepes and ſurfets dround,
Eke we our ſelues haue bewd for our atempt good ſpace of ground,
Where from our gate the way deuided parts, their fiers vnbroke,
Deſcries their vacant ſhore, and to the ſtars the thick blacke ſmoke
Diſſeuering ſpreads in ſkies, giue vs but leaue to take our chaunce,
We to Euanders court vnto Aeneas cloſe will glaunce.
Him here with ſlaughter ſtrong, & ſpoyle more great then we cōceiue
You ſhall ſee ſtrait returne, nor vs our way can ought deceiue.
We ſaw from far that towne in vales obſcure down croking low,
Continuall hunting there, and all that flood beſides we know.
When this Alethes heard right graue in age and ripe of yeres,
Gods, Gods, O countrey Gods, in whoſe protection Troy ſtill ſtēres,
You minde not (I perceiue) powre Troians yet to quench down rights,
When ſuch corragious youth, ſuch breſts ſo bold, ſo liuelike ſprights,
It pleaſeth you to ſend. And as he ſpake, he did embrace
The necks and arms of both, and teares down trickling fild his face.
What gifts? what worthy gifts for ſuch attempts & ventrous dēedes
May recompence you Lords? but for your vertues ſuch muſt nēedes
From gods come beſt reward? your maners eke no worſe can gaine,
All other things to you Aeneas prince ſhall pay full faine.
Aſcanius alſo when he to perfit age attaines
Such kindneſſe will requite, nor neuer ſhall forget your paines.
Yea I my ſelfe Aſcanius then ſaid, whoſe onely wealth
Depends on you to ſee my fiers returning ſwift in health,

By puiſſaunt Troian gods, vnto you Nyſus both I ſweare,
By mine aduoury ſaints, by Veſtas ſecrets hoare of heare,
I here proteſt my faith what euer chaunce or fortune haps
What euer luck be mine, I put it whole in your two laps
Call back my parent ſweet, let me of him haue once a ſight,
No heauines my minde can in his preſence make affright.
Two comely ſiluer cups I ſhall you giue with grauing dreſt,
My father wan them both, when he Arisba towne ſuppreſt.
Two big threefoted bolles, eke talents twaine moſt large of gold,
An auncient baſon broad Quœne Didos gift of price vntold.
And if our chaunce preuaile, that we our kingdome here may ſtay,
To take Italia land, and by the lots deuide our pray,
Thou ſaweſt what palfray ſteed, what armor braue king Turnus bars
All guilt, what ſheeld? and how his helmet creſt did ſtreaming ſtare?
Euen them to thee ſhal I from out the lots except with cure.
Already thine they be, thou maiſt accompt them Niſus, ſure
A doſen matrones eke, of thriftie kindred largeſt limd
My father thee ſhall giue, with bondmen twelue of all things trimd,
Beſides thoſe whole demaines, which king Latinus ſelfe doth kæpe.
But as for thee, O lad, to whom my yeres more nere do creepe.
Thou reuerent ſtately child, how deepe in breſt I thee receiue?
Thou euer art my mate, whom force nor chaũce nor time can weiue.
Shall neuer pompe to me without thy porcion ſure be ſought,
What euer peace or wars I make, my deeds, my words my thought
Shall moſt remaine to thee: And he again made anſwere thus.
No day ſhall me diſprone, nor of my deedes, vnlike diſcus
Fall fortune good or bad, thus much I graunt, but one thing thee,
One graunt let me require that paſſing all gifts is to mee.
I haue a mother here, of Priams ſtock ſhe comes of old.
Whom neither Troian ſoyle could after me (good creature) hold,
Nor king Aceſtes walls, but me at all times following ſues.
She her eof nothing knowes, what euer chaunce may mee miſuſe,
Vngreeted her I leaue, this night I take and thy right hand
To my record, that I my parents teares could not withſtand.
But thy relief to her I muſt needes craue to appeaſe her wo,
Let mee that hope of thee for certain beare, the bolder go
To daungers all I ſhall. Then teares of eyes did thicke downe fall
From Troians pearced breſts, and from Aſcanius firſt of all.

Pietee and duety towards parents.

Eke

Eke print of pure paternall loue, his pitcous minde gan gall.
Then thus he spake.
I promise all to thée that worthy is for so great fame.
My mother she shalbe, and sauing only Creusas name:
No difference make I shall, nor small rewards doth her remaine,
Who such a fruit forth brought, what euer chaunce this fact obtaine.
Now by this head I sweare whereby my sire did oft protest,
What euer graunt I gaue thy saulf returne if things did best:
Unto thy mother sure and all thy kin shall firmely stand.
So spake he wéeping then, & from his shoulders gaue with hand
His bright broad golden sword, whom wondrous arts and works did
Of smith Licaons craft finefitted light with Juery sheath. (wreath
Duke Mnesteus Nisus giues a Lions hide of roughnes straunge,
Unspoild with pawes, Alethes iust did helme with him exchaunge.
Strait armed out they gone, whom lords and captains chief of sway
Conducted through their gates, thē youth and age for them did pray.
Eke faire Ascanius came forth nor vowes to gods did spare
Discréete beyond his yeres, endewed with sprite and manly care.
Much things vnto his father tell he bad, but blastes did breath
His words with wind, and scattring vain to clouds, did all bequeath.
They ouer diches went, and by the shade of darke midnight
Their enmies camp they pearce, there to destroy first many a wight.
On euery side lay drinke, and strowne on grasse all fast on slépe
Mens bovies thick they sée, and carts with charges non did kéepe
Here wheles, here halter thongs, and men on traces slurging laid.
Their armour mirt with wines. Then Nisus first bespeaking said.
Eurialus, now bold bestur thy hands, now time prouokes,
Here lieth our way, take héede, loke well about, bestow thy strokes.
Let no man rise behind, make all things sure anenst our backes,
I lead thée through this lane, and wide, and wast, put all to wrackes.
This spoken, speech he stopt, and sodenly with soine of sworde
Proud Rammes through he strake, that on his carpet clothes at borde
Lay stretched breathing big, outsnorting slépe with puffs from brest.
A king he was, and to king Turnus déere he calkings kest.
But not with calking craft could he his plague bewitch that day.
Then seruaunts next him thrée, which by the weapons rashly lay,
With squire of Remus chief he strait suppresst, and strait did sang
His charet kéeper there, and cut their throtes that down did hang.

Slaughters done by Nisus.

Then he their maisters head with swoꝛd of chopt, and left his tronke,
Foꝛth yering belching blood, the soile, ỹ streames the tents vpdꝛũke,
With Lamirus, and Lamus, and Siranus stripling gay,
Which daunsed had that night with amoꝛous face, & pꝛompt did play.
His limmes had Bacchus bound most lucky lad if he that night
Suruiued had his spoꝛt, and dꝛawn his ioy to bꝛoad day light.
Euen Lion lyke, that troubling flocks of shéepe when folds are full
(Wod hũger him pꝛouokes) doth fée̊de, doth fret, doth teare, doth pul,
The sely soft beast (dum foꝛ feare,) his bloudy téeth doth gnash.
Slaughters committed by Eurialus.
Foꝛ nothing lesse this while, Eurialus did slaughters lash
Ye thꝛoughly wareth mad, and people much not woꝛthy name,
With Fabus, Hebesus, and Retus strong he kild foꝛ game,
Eke Abaris, vnwares they were dispatcht, but Retus than
Bꝛoad wakened all things saw, and hiding shꝛanke behind a pan.
But following face to face he thꝛough his bꝛest did thꝛust his blade
Euen whole as he did rise, and in much death he made him wade,
Ye spued his purple soule, and as he died his blood did spout
Vpꝛendꝛing wines with life, he still by stealth bestuꝛs him stout.
And towards now Messapus mates they dꝛew, wher fiers on groũd
They saw did furthest faile, & stéeds there stood at maũgers bound,
On foꝛage féeding faier. Then thus in eare did Nisus round,
Foꝛ him he did perceiue to soꝛe, to furious set abꝛoache.
Let vs now leaue (qᵗ he) malicious day doth neare appꝛoache.
They méetely well bin pated, our way is won thꝛough mids our foes.
Much plenty siluer plate behinde them left they glad did lose,
Good armour, chardgers great, and costly carpets tapstry gay.
King Ramnes trappers had, of goꝛgeous woꝛks that much did way,
With bulions bꝛoad of gold, and girdling gyꝛthes miraclose fine,
Which old duke Cedicus (men say) when he first did combine,
In absence frendly league with Remulus of Tyburt coast,
Ye sent that pꝛesent then, foꝛ he of wealth had riches moast.
Bequethed then from him his nephews kept them many a day,
But after his decease, the Rutuls wan by war that pꝛay.
Eurialus them caught, and on his shoulders strong in vaine
Ye fitly them bestowd, and of his spoile he was right fayne.
Then duke Messapus helme with beauteous cresses adoꝛned pure
On head he puts, then campe they leaue and passe their toꝛney sure.
This while from Latin town, one troupe of hoꝛsmen sent that way,

(While

(While all the reſt in legion armed ſtood and did but ſtay)
Came forth, and anſwer brought of theyr eſtate to Turnus king.
Three hundred ſhieldmen all, all vnderneath duke Volſcens wing,
And towards now the campe they drew, and walls approched nie,
When from a far theſe men take left hand courſe they might eſpie.
And by the glimſing night Eurialus that ſwift went on
His hie helme him betraied, that brightſome beams reflecting ſhone,
Was not for nought eſpied. Duke Volſcens cryed amids his troupe,
Stand fellows, where this way? what be ye ſo that ſhrinking ſtoupe?
Where run you armed thus? they not anſwere to them gaue,
But ſwiftly through ỹ woods made haſt in truſt that night ſhuld ſaue.
The horſmen reſt themſelfs in crookings known of quainted ground,
Here, yonder, there, ech where, and entries all with kæpers cround.
A wood with buſhes broad there was begrowne with bigtrée bows,
Whom thick intãgling thorns, and bryry brambles fild with brows.
No trade but tratling pathes, ſom here, ſom there, ỹ ſecret ſtraies.
Eurialus the braunches darke of trées, and heauy praies
Don let, he cleane contrary runs beguild by wandring waies.
Niſus went on, and ennies all vnwares had ſcaped quite,
And paſt that place that afterwards Albanus mountain hight
Of Albas name, king Latin there great paſturs did maintaine
When firſt he ſtood, and for his abſent friend did looke in vaine.
Eurialus poore lad, what country now ſhall I thée ſéeke?
What pathe ſhuld I purſue? ſtrait back againe from créeke to créeke
Through that deceitful wood with winding waies perplext he ſought,
Still tracking marking ſteps through thickets ſilent ſtragling blind.
He heres their horſe, he heres their ruſtling noiſe, and ennies wind.
Not long betwéene there was when to his eares the cry came hot,
And furſt Eurialus he ſéeth whom all mens hands had got,
Through fraud of night and place of troublous tumult wareles trapt,
Vainſtrugling working much, but round about him all they wrapt.
What wold he do? what ſtrẽgth? how could he ſhift or dare diſpoſe
To reſcue thus this lad? ſhould he run raſhly mids his foes?
Enforcing faier to death with comely wounds his life to loſe?
He ſwiftly ſhooke his dart, and hie beholding bright the Mone
He whirling bent his arme, and thus he feruent made his bone.
Thou goddeſſe thou this time, thou in our labours lende reliefe,
Thou beauteous Quéene of ſtars in foreſts virgin kæper chiefe.

Eurialus is taken.

If euer gift for mée sir Hircacus my father gaue
Unto thine offrings seates, if euer I encreased haue
Thy sacred altars fées, with hunting daily through my costs,
Or deckt thy church with spoiles, or hangd about thy holy posts,
Giue me to breake this plump, & through ŷ skies now guide my dart.
He spake: and straining totall strength his towle with hand and hart
Rest forth, it whirling flew, and through the shade of shimring night
It past, and into Sulmons backe with noise did sharpely light,
In péeces there it brake, and to the hartstrings perst the wood.
He tumbling (cold) outspued al hoat from brest his reking flood,
Farfetching yering flow, his guts upgathering smites his sides.
Eche man about them woke. Lo, yet againe a smarter glides,
Which he with force outflang, and leuell kest direct from eare.
Whiles all they troubled stood, to Tagus whisking ran that speare,
Athwart his head it came, and thirld him quite through tẽples twaine
With noise, where fired fast it stack warme waxing through his brain.
Duke Volscens storming frets, nor him that did that weapon fling
He one where could behold, nor whither feruent mad to spring.
But thou this while (q he) these two mens death shalt surely rue,
If any hoat blood in thy hart there bée. And strait outdrue
Against Eurialus his sworde. Then verily indéede dismaide
Did Nisus loudly shrinke, nor more to lurke in darknes staide,
Such torments then him toke, he cried amain with voice affraied.
Tis I, tis I, here, here I am that did, turne all at mée,
O Rutils with your toles, my onely craft here it is, not hée,
He neither durst nor could, this heauen, these stars, I witnes take.
Onely for too much loue his wretched friend he nold forsake.
Such words he gaue, but déepe with dint the sworde enforced first
Had ransackt through his ribs and swéet white brest at once had burst.
Down falls Eurialus in death, his limmes, his faier fine flesh
Al runs on blood, his neck down fainting nods on shoulders nesh
Wel like the purple floure that cut with plough let falling lops
In languish withring dies, or like weake necks of poppes crops
Eurialus slaine. Down perising heauie heds, whē rain doth lading greue their tops.
But Nisus to his enmies fearcely ran, and through their mids,
Duke Volscens out he séekes, he onely Volscens battail bids.
Whom Rutils clustring close on eche síde shoues, and stout with lãds.
Yet nerethelesse his sword like lightning bright with both his hands

Hée

Ye swinging sturd, and as duke Volscens tried, he smote him so
That through his throte in went, and euen in death he kild his fo.
Then weary digd with wounds, on his dead friend him selfe he kest
Expiring life at last, and toke his death for pleasant rest.
O fortunate both twaine, and if my verse may get good lucke,
Shal neuer day nor time from mindfull age your praises plucke,
While prince Aeneas house, while Capitol most stately stone
Unmoueable shal stand, while Romain rules this world in one.
The Rutil victor knights with spoyles and pray departed there,
And Volscens dead their duke all weeping sad to campe they beare.
Nor wailing lesse there was, when Rannes king was headlesse found,
So many Lords at once through all the campe so strowd on ground,
With Numa, with Serranus huge concourse and preasing strong
About their bodies came, some yet half panting stretcht along.
Eth place of slaughters smokes, & stremes of blod did flushing fome.
Anon they knew their spoiles, and duke Messapus helme come home.
King Rannes trappers eke with no small swet recouered sore.
And now dame Morning first bespreding lãds with light renewd,
Forsoke sir Tythons bed all heauenly painted saffron hewd.
Now sũ disperceth beams, now things discouered broad bin bewd.
King Turnus fresh his folks and strength of men, and armour stéres
In complet harneis bright his brasen troupes to wars vpcheeres.
Eth captain cals their bands, and rumors run mens mindes to prick.
Be sides all this (a pitious grisly sight) on speares they stick
The heads of these two knights, and loud with cries they thẽ pursue, Eurialus, and Nisus.
The painfull Troians tough did on their left hand walles within
Resisting set their front, for sted their righthand compast in.
Thir trenches hie they hold, and lofty towres defending kéepe,
All pensiue standing sad, and heads on poales before them péepe
To wel por wretches known wt filthy blod down dropping déep.
This while doth flickering Fame on messaglie with fethred wings
Through all the trembling town, and swift in momẽt tidings brings.
And fills the mothers eares of that yong stripling earst of tolde.
All sodenly poor wretch, all heate her bones forsoke for colde,
Her weauing web down fell, & spindels scattring thrown on ground,
She flies forth (wofull soule) and howling shrill in womans sound
Disheuilled teares her haire, and to the walls in hast she spéedes,

Volscens slaine. Nisus slaine.

They stick their heads vpon speares.

Fame.

Lamentation of Eurialus mother.

She neither daunger keſt, noꝛ men regards, noꝛ weapons dꝛéeds.
But heauẽ wꝺ moane ſhe fils, & thus thꝛogh people wailing ſpꝛéeds.
And is it thus, Eurialus, that I thy face behold,
Mine ages late relieſe, mine onely ioy, my comfoꝛt old?
And couldſt foꝛſake me thus thou cruell hart to leaue me alone?
Noꝛ entring daungers ſuch might I thy mother caytiue crone,
Obtaine thy talking laſt, and make on thée my latter ſtoundes?
Alas, in land vnknowen, alas, to féede Italian houndes,
To foules a pꝛay thou lieſt, O welaway foꝛ euermoꝛe.
Noꝛ wꝛetched mother I, thy funerals bꝛought out befoꝛe,
Noꝛ could come cloſe thine eyes, noꝛ woũds wꝺ waters waſhing bath
With clothing couering ſoft, which I both nights and dayes to rath
Did oꝛdain gay foꝛ thée, and hourely haſting did pꝛepare,
In webbing waſting time to eaſe therby mine aged care.
Where ſhuld I ſéeke? what contrey land containes my lims diſtract?
What nation teares my fleſh, my funerals my members ract?
Is this thy gift O ſon, thou bꝛingeſt me home, thy woꝛks of hands?
Is it therfoꝛe that I thus followed haue ſuch ſeas, ſuch lands?
Dig, dig me downe with darts, thꝛow all on me your weapons kéene
O Rutils (if ought pitie be) conſume me I be not ſéene.
Oꝛ thou moſt mightie father of gods, haue mercy on my vnright,
Down thꝛuſt this hateful head to Limbo lakes moſt lurking light,
Since otherwiſe my loathſome life to bꝛeake I haue no might.

With ſoꝛowing thus mens minds moleſted ſhꝛank, & ſad thꝛogh all
Déep mourning makes them ſlack, vnnicted ſtrengths begin to pall.
She blubbꝛing ſtill, and kindling further grief two kinſmen ſtept,
Commaunded by ſir Ilione and Aſcanius much that wept,
Betwéen them her they toke, and bare to houſe and there hir kept.
But bꝛightbꝛaſſe troupe from far, his fearful ſhiuring ſounds exprels,
Thick, thick, and therupon men ſhout, that hie heauens yalping yels.
The Volſcans toyntly knit, with targets couering cloſe their heads,
The trench attemting tear, & rampier ſtakes with dich down treads.
They giue an aſſault.
Some ſéeke their entring bꝛeach on ſkaling ladders clambꝛing quick
Where few reſiſters ſtand, and ſoldiours round ring not ſo thick,
Where wall moſt enterſhines. Againſt them Troians hie from tops,
Al ſoꝛts of toꝛments turne, & thicke thẽ down they thꝛuſt with pꝛops,
Expert in long defence, and pꝛactiſe old to kéepe their towne.
Great ſtones alſo they weld intollerably tumbling downe.

If any where that couered plumpe might breake, when they againe
Did vnderneath their shields all chances hard conioynt sustaine.
Nor now they more can bide, for where their engins ioines his iolle,
A huge vnwéeldie weight the Troians rumbling downe did rolle,
Whose fall did Rutils whelme and brake their tortais rof distwinde.
No more with such deceit they care to coape in conflict blinde
Stronghearted Rutils bold, but from the trench they séeke to driue
With darts and hurling toles.
On th'other side, with odious noyse a lothsome sight to loke,
His fierie smoking brands on standarstaffe Mezentius shoke.
But duke Messapus tamer strong of stéeds, god Neptunes brood
Cuts down their trēch, & scales their wals, he cries outragious wood.
Now muses help, now help, now to my sōg aspire your breath, (death
what murdring quars of mē, what heaps down thrown, what toils of
King Turnus then did giue, and who: what man sent down to hel?
Reuolue with me this war, and chances huge what things befell.
You ladies you remember best, and vttring best can tell.

A towre of stéepe vpsight there stood, with scaffolds large of length
In place vpframed fit, whom all the Italians totall strength
Incessant still did sault, and force extreame of charge at once,
They spent to ouerturne. The Troians it defend with stones,
And through their lancet loups their whirling darts do thick bestow,
A blasing burning linke of cresset light did Turnus throw,
And to the side the flame did fire, whom wind vpheauing hoysts,
Which fastning caught the bourds deuouring posts & timber ioysts
They buskling quicke within for feare gan quake, and as to flee
They sought, and toke the side, which of that deadly plague was frée,
While clustring close they cling: When suddēly the towre for weight
Down fel with thundring force, ỹ heauen did ratling roze on height.
Halfe mangled dead to ground men by that building huge oppresst
Come péecemeale tottring down, some torne wō timber through their
Some wō their own toles thirled were, yea scant wō much ado, (breast
One Helenor, and Lycus scope, the elder of them two
Was Helenor, whom bond Licinia maid to Meon king
Brought forth by stealth, his father him to wars while youth did
Unlawfull sent to Troy, his worship win he should in field, (spring
All light with naked blade, yet honorlesse, yet blanke in shéld.
Ye when himselfe he saw so many thousand men among,

Helenor borne of Meons concubine.

Great armies here, great armies there, on each side Latines strong:
Euen as a beast whom hunters round in ring haue gotten in hold,
She seeth no way to scape, then willingly to slaughter bold
She frantike runs on death, & beares down toles, & boresperes edge.
None otherwise this lad, where enmies thickest him did hedge,
With will to die did breake among the mids constraining stripes,
But Lycus better far with feet, euen through his enmies gripes.
Euen by their weapons swift escaped had, and swift with hands
Endeuoring climes his wal, his mates to reach on roses that stands.
Whom Turnus in pursuit did with his weapon thrown aresst,
Him catching railing thus. What dost thou think ỹ madbraind beast,
Lycus taken. To scape scotfree from vs? and as he there did pendant scrall,
He pluckt him back by force, with great peece following frō the wall.
Euen as an Egle doth some timrous Hare, or neere great brookes
Some Liliwhited swan vplifting beaue, in talent hookes.
Or suckling lambe whom bleating long, the dam still seekes about,
Which from the coat ỹ rauening wolf hath caught. On ech side shout
Doth rise, inuasion hot begins, then rampire banks are brast.
Some other burning brands to houses tops do flingring cast.
And as Lucetius came with pitch and flame to fire the gate,
Sir Ilionee with stone downe tumbling, quite did quash his pate,
With stone downe toppling great, no little lumpe of broken hill.
Then Lyger did Emathion, Corynee Asylas kill,
He good at dart, that other chiefe with shaft that far beguiles.
Sir Ceneus Ortagium slue, but Tarnus him exiles
From life, and Turnus, Ityn kilde, and Clonyus, and with him
Sir Promulus, and Sagar, sir Dyoxip large of lim,
With Ida boystous knight, before the towres that ward did beare.
Pryuernum Capis kilde, him forth before Themillas speare,
Had pinched small wich pricke, he like a dolt kest off his targe,
And handling groapt his griefe, an arrow therfore swift w̄ charge
His left side wing came by, and to his ribs his paw made fast,
That longs, & breathing pipes, that mortal stroke with brusing brast
There stood in amor fine, the worthy son of Arceus duke,
Gay needle wrought in cloke, embroided brown in Spaniards puke,
Much noble, faire in face, his father him to warfare sent,
Sir Arceus bred in woods, and by the flods of Simeth banks,
Where stands Palycus church, & altars gracious rendring thankes.

A whift.

A whistling whirling sling Mezentius toke, & armes downe slang,
Himselfe three times he thongs about his head in compasse twang,
And leuell right him strake, that in the mids the melting lead
His temples twain did slice, and large on dust outstretcht him dead.
Then first, Ascanius in war his swift shaft (as men say) Ascanius' first exploit in warre.
Did shoot, which wonted was before wilde skittish beasts to affray,
And with his hand sir Numan proud down laid, whose surname hight
Duke Remulus, he Turnus yonger sister lately plight,
Then wedded had. He roister first in forefront raining loude,
Things too too bad reuiled, of kingdomes new promotion proude,
All spitefull swolne in brest, and big with noyse himselfe did beare.
Are ye not yet ashamed to lurke in holes eftsones for feare?
Twise captiues Troians? what? thinke ye by wals to saue your liues? First by Hercules, next by Greekes.
These the princocke bloods, lo how they loke that fight for wiues?
What deuil? what mischance? where were your wits, what madnes (blind
Italia made you seeke, you shall not here Atridas find,
Nor prated preaching lier Vlysses fine to teach men speake.
We be a stouter stocke, in other sort our sonnes we breake.
Our children first frosk birth into the floods we throw to swim,
With waters numme and from we harden tough both hart and lim.
Our boyes on hunting run, they studie still to beat their woods,
Their playes are darts of horne, and for disport breake horses moods.
As for our youth they toile, and either ground they tame with rakes,
Contenting minds with small, or towns in wars besieging shakes.
We wear our liues in spending steel, w̄ speares our brests we prick,
Our droue of heards, our bowties dayly encrease, nor age vnquick
Enfeebleth ought our minds, nor altreth natures force in flesh,
Our heare haire helmets hide, and euermore our prayes afresh
We fetch from countries far, it doth vs good to driue and watch,
We warlike liue by spoyles euen by the things our hands can catch.
You must haue painted weed, gay iolly Jerkins, saffron shirts,
Your slipcoats must haue sleeues, your corcō coiues, bōgraces girts
Your study chief is daunce in pampring feasts with giglet flirts.
O very Troian truls (for Troians are you none) go foles,
Go fisgigs, frisk your woods with double pipe in skipping scholes
Hark how your minstrels cal, your tabrets, bagpips, shalms of bor
Go trim your trestock tires, get on your gloues, your finest frocks
Giue weapons vp for men, let wars alone for catching knocks.

Him

Him cracking thus, and iangling moze diſpite with obious ſongs
Aſcanius could not beare, but ſinnowy bow of hoꝛſehide thongs
Ye bent, with pointed ſhaft, and armes diſbuckling ſeuerall wayes.
Beſoꝛe hie Ioue he ſtands, and humbly thus with vowes he pꝛayes.
Almightie Ioue giue to my bold beginning good ſucceſſe,
Unto thy temple ſhall I ſolemne gifts of offrings dꝛeſſe,
A yong ſtẽre white as ſnow, with gilded front of liuely luſt,
Yieheaded like his dam, and with his hoꝛne deſires to iuſt,
Alreadie ſtrong, which with his tẽte vpſparkling ſpꝛẽds the duſt.
The father aloft him heard, and vnder cleare ſkie left hand lowe,
Did ſigne of thundꝛing ſhew, then with a ſound from deadly bowe,
The ſwift ſhaft whiſtling fled, & thꝛogh ſir Numans tẽples twain
It griſly ſtrake. Go, go, mens manly dẽds with mocks diſdaine,
Twiſe captiues Troians lo, thoſe anſwers Rutils ſends againe.
Aſcanius ſpake put thus, the Troians then with ioyfull voyce,
All ioyntly gaue their ſhouts, and lifting minds to ſtars reioyce.
That time as foꝛtune was, bꝛightheaded Phœbus foꝛ diſpoꝛt
Behold from airy coaſt both Latines hoaſts, and Troian foꝛt,
As hie on could he ſat, and thus to Aſcanius gaue repoꝛt.
Thats thats my pẽrleſſe lad, ſuch vertues new leads loꝛds to ſtars,
Begotten of gods, and gods engender ſhalt, by right all wars
Muſt vnder Dardanes line, in time by deſtnie quite downe ſinke.
Noꝛ Troy can thee containe, and with that woꝛd ere one could winke,
Himſelfe from ſkie downe ſkips, & bꝛeathing puffs remoues frõ aire.
Then to Aſcanius he dꝛawes, and changed countenance faire,
Reſembling Buten old. He to Anchiſes great from childe
Was henchman bearing armes, and kept his gard of truſt vnfilde,
The old man him to Aſcanius then had put, ſo Phœbus went
All things like aged man, both voyce, and hew he did pꝛeſent,
White hairy lockes and angry ſounding armoꝛ, calme of bꝛeſt,
And to Aſcanius thus that feruent wae his woꝛds he dꝛeſt.
Let it ſuffice thee now that Numan freely vanquiſht is
Good child: lo now Apollo great commends thy pꝛayſe foꝛ this.
Ye gines thee chief renown, noꝛ like with toles to match doth paſſe.
Abſtaine hencefoꝛth from blowes my boy, ſo Phœbus entring was:
And in the mids his his tale, mens moꝛtall eyes he cleane foꝛſoke,
Diſſeu'ring thin from ſight, and flittring foꝛme to ſkies betoke.
The loꝛds beknew that god, perceiuing ſtraite his toles diuine,

Phœbus reſembleth Buten.

His

His arrowes sheues they heard, and ratling noise of boltbag fine.
At Phœbus word therefore, and in respect of his great grace,
Ascanius backe they kept that eger was, themselues in place
Succéeds, and bentring liues eftsones to dangers turn their face.
A clamorous noise vpmounts on forstres tops & bullwarks towres.
They strike, they bend their bowes, they whirle from strings sharpe shoting showres.
All stréets wt toles are strowd, thē helmets sculs wt battrings mard,
And shields dishiurings crack, vprise th roughnes bickring hard.
Loke how ẏ tēpest storm, when winds outwrastling blows at south,
Raine ratling gets the ground, or clouds of haile from winter mouth
Down dashing headlong driues, when god frō skies wt grisly steuen,
His watry showres outwrings, & whirlewind clouds downe breaks Pindarus
Sir Pindarus and Bitias, two brethren, Troian stout, (from heauen. and Bitias.
Whom to Alcanor knight dame Hera saluage Nimph brought out
Among Ioues sacred woods, in firtrée groues of mountaines cold,
Two valiant boystous knights, couragious, strong, and equall bold,
A gate that by their captaine damned was they broad set ope,
So trusted they their strength, and bids their foes come nere to cope.
Thēselues before their towres, both right, & left hand braue out stept
All armed stif in stéele, and bright with crests their standings kept,
Hyheaded like two trées, like two great Okes by Padus banks,
Besides their ioyfull flood, aboue their mates they rise by ranks,
Their heads to heauen they lift, with lofty tops vnshorne they beck,
Beshadowing broad the bows, and hie surstretching skies they check
The Rutils in they breake when first they saw their entrie fræ.
Immediatly the Dukes in armour gorgious gay to sée,
Sir Quercens, and Equicolus either beaten turne their backs,
Or they with all their bands euen in the gate went dead to wracks.
Thē more & more mens minds disordring chafe contēning doubts
And thither Troians now roūd gathring draw, by plumps & routs,
Conflicting hand to hand, and further salying dare run outs.
To captaine Turnus fierce, then troubling folks on backfort side
A post with message runs, how Troians now haue caught new pride,
Great murther stoutly made, and now their gates broad ope they set.
Ye leaues his works begun, and huge with wrath to giue the onset.
To that presumptuous gate, and brethren proude, he rushing runs.
And first Antyphaten, of king Sarpedons bastard sons.

The

The chief by Theban dame, for he against him first did shoue,
He threw downe dead with dart, the Italian trunke in skies aboue
Disseuering, tender aire, came through his brest and out at backe,
His stomack round it rent, ỹ wound frõ caue giues blod out black
Permixt with fomes, & first in lungs the steel warm waxing stack.
Then Merops, Aphidnus, and Erimanth with sword he slew.
Then Bitias that boystous stird with eies of sparkling hew,
Not with no dart, for dint of dart, could life not make him yéeld,
But thrown wi strẽgth extreme, a trũcheon spear most strõg to wéeld
Big like a lightning bolt at him he draue, whom doubled folde,
Could neither backs of buls, nor brestplate faithfull strong of golde
Bitias slain. Sustaine from mortal plague, his mẽbers huge down foltring flusht,
The ground at falling grones, & thũdring huge his shield he crusht.
As by the Bayon shore men building hauens done for the nones
With laboring lõg before, through engins means lay mõstrous stones.
Down sinks the weldelesse wight, and on the ground it setled stands.
The wild seas méeting mixe, and darkning skies vpleaps the sands.
Then with the sounds the soiles adioynant shake, & mountains nert,
Where whelmd by gods reuenge in dungeons dẽp are giants vert.
Their army puissaut Mars both pricks, and force to Latines harts
Did ad, and stings of egre wrath, in each mans brest vp starts.
He made the Troians flée, and gaue them blackday mixt with dréede,
From euery side they flock since now the fight procéeds in déede,
And in their minds the murthering angels sits.
When Pandarus his brother saw downe falne before his eyes,
In what case fortune stands, and how things now in danger lies:
The gate with much turmoile conuerting hinges hookes on rings,
With shoulders shouing broad at last he shuts, and bolts vpwrings,
And many his mates in hard conflict he leaues, and out them lockt.
But other he receyues as with the preasse they rustling shockt.
Unprudent man, that when the Rutil king did through intrude
Could him not entring spie, but in the fort did him include,
Euen like a Tyger wilde among the flocke of cattels rude.
Incontinent new light their eies distraines, and armor strange
Did grisly giue their sound, his quiuering crest with blodred range
Like beams of lightning burns, & frõ his shield that flames outflew.
Anon their hatefull face, and monstrous lyms the Troians knew,
Distraught with sodaine sight. Then for his brothers Pandare huge

Incenst

Incenst with ſeruent wrath: Thou ſhalt haue here but bad refuge,
This is no toynter towne, king Latins wife gets here no gage,
Nor ſée (quoth he) thy fathers wals this time empounds in cage.
Thine enmies fort thou ſéeſt, hence neuermore ſhall Turnus out.
To him then Turnus ſpake, all ſmiling ſober frée from doubt.
Begin (if any manfull minde thou haſt) approch me round.
Ith make thée Priam tell that here thou haſt Achilles found.
Thus ſpeaking an vnſhapen bunſhie ſpeare with barke vnpilde,
Sir Pindare whirling threw, wt ſtrength extreme it went welwilde,
The winds vpcaught that ſtroke, & Iuno Quéene the danger brake, Iuno preſerued Turnus life.
Wrongwreſting as it went, and in the gate did ſticke the ſtake.
But not this tole of mine, which in my right hand here I ſhake,
Shalt thou eſcape, great difference now ſhall our puiſſance make
(Ad he) & ſtretching broad with armes his ſword did mounting liſt,
His brainpan through it ſmote, and in the midſt it made a cliſt,
Diuiding chéeks, & chaps, & haires vpgrowne with gaping wound.
The ſoile then ſhuddring ſhoke, & with the weight did yéeld a ſound.
Down liueles fals his lims, and armor mixt with blood and brain
With corps he ſtrowd ỹ ground, & equal cliuen in portion twain,
His head on ſhoulders hung, one here, one there, diſſiuered ſlain.
The Troians than for feare their féete gan take with tremblig flight,
And if he victor then remembred had, and tane foreſight,
Straitwaies to breake the bolts, & through the gates his folks let in,
That day to Troian war, and to their linage laſt had bin.
But furious ſeruent minde, and grédy luſt of ſlaughters more
Enforſt him forward ſtill.
Firſt Phalarim and maſter veines of Gyges huge he ſheares.
And as the people fled he gathering darts, and ſcattred ſpeares
Beſtowed them in their backs, for Iuno gaue both might and minde.
Then Halim felow vnto them he ioines, and kils behinde
Sir Phegius with targat pike downe puſht, then vp the wall
He runs, and ſuch as fighting there, of this knew nought at all
Neominus, and Prytanis, with Hellus he downe flew,
Alcander then and Lynceus which toward him ſtout drew.
Dutinuſtring mates for helpe, he leaping trench did ſwift preuent,
And with his glittering glaiue he ſuch a ſtroke vnwares him lent,
As hand to hand him fought, that quite from ſhoulders at one chop Lynceus ſlaine.
His head with helmet fel, and far from him did hobbling hop.

From

From thence sir Amicus he slits that wild beast euer stroied,
More lucky none there was, nor neuer man more oft them noied,
With ointments arming steele, w̄ poisoned twles he stil thē cloied
Then Clytius and the dulcet friend of Muses Cretea fine.
Sir Cretea Muses mate that euermore with voice diuine
Melodious warbled songs, his pastime chiefe was harpe and kit,
By numbring ran his rimes to snowy cords concurrant fit:
Alwaies of stēdes, of armes, of men, he sang of battels maine.
At last the leaders great, when they first heard their men so slaine,
The Troian captaines came, sir Mnestеus and Serestus strong,
They saw their straggling mates, and enmy entred thicks among.
The Troyans are recomforted. And Mnestus, what auailes this flight? where run you now (qd he?)
What better bulwark wals? what other townes or trench haue ye?
One man alone (O sirs) euen in your mids inclosd in campe,
So many slaughters made? in such a sort round shotfrē rampe
So many chiefetain knights vnuenged sends to Limbo dampe?
Make ye no more of countrey soyle remorse? fainthearted fie?
What shall we shame our gods? and great Aeneas nought set by?
With such rebukes mens mindes vpkindlid staied, & thick w̄ preasе
They stood. But small and small from fight did Turnus then surceasе,
Retiring to that side where stood the sortresse girds about.
So much the more pursute the Troians make with restles shout,
And clustring close they shoue. As whē somtime men clustring thick
A Lion wild assailne, and hard with twles oppressing pricke.
And he afraid resists, sowrescowling grim he backward strides,
And neither taile to turne his pride him lets, nor wrath his sides
Will suffring make him shew, nor forward can set forth his ioynts,
Though fain he would, not able he is yet for men, for weapōs points.
None otherwise did Turnus then retracting seeke bypath,
With stalking doubtful steps, and dеrpe in mind reboiles his wrath.
Yet notwithstanding twise his enemies mids he did inuade,
And twise conuerting backs them take their wals in flight he made.
But th'uniuersall campe togither ioyning whole did rise,
Nor Iuno Quеene durst more against such strength so great suffice.
For Ioue vnto his sister downe her airie Rainbow sent
With message nothing milde, and how that some should sone repent
If Turnus from the Troian lostie wals did not reyeeld.
The yong prince now therfore, w̄ neither right hand yet, nor shield

Enduring

Enduring can reſiſt, ſo thick thrownе twles on ech ſide preſt
About his temples round bigbounſing beats, nor neuer at reſt
His helmet tinckling tings, & ſtones with bumps his plates diſgloſſe.
His topright creſt from crown downe battred falles, nor brazen boſſe
Sufficient is for ſtrokes ſo doubledriuing they not ſtint.
The Troians all with ſpeares, eke he himſelfe with lightning dint
Syr Mneſteus forward ſhoues, then euery lim on ſtreaming ſwet
Doth drop down black as pitch, nor giues him time his breth to fet.
Faint pãting puls his ioints, and tierd with paines his entrails beat.
Then with a leap at laſt to Tyber flod in all that heat
He headlong keſt himſelf, in complet armour compaſt all.
He ſmoth with chanell blew did ſoftly him receiue from fall,
And to his mates him glad(frõ ſlaughters walght) home ſẽt withal.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 3. Aprilis finitum.
1560. Opus 30. dierum.

P THE

THE TENTH

Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

Iupiter calling a parliament of Gods, exhorteth them to concord. Venus complaineth of the Troians danger, and Iunos vnsaciable malice, & requireth at length some end of calamities. Iuno laieth all the blame in the Troians, as the first causers of war, and in Venus her selfe. When Iupiter perceiued they would grow to no agreement, to offend neither his wife nor his daughter, he promiseth to take part with neither, but will put off all to the indifferencie of destenies. This while the Rutilians returne to thassault with all their force, whom the assaulted repell with all their might, and this in Latium. Aeneas hauing brought all things in Etruria to wished end, being assisted by diuers peoples, returneth to his mates with a nauie of thirtie saile. There he meeteth with the Nimphs that were not long before transformed from ships, and is by them certefied both of the losse of his fleete, and of the danger of his men. Then he landeth his power within the sight of his enemies. The Rutilians leaue the siege, and run to shore to keep the enemy from landing. There they fight with great losse on both sides. Where Pallas, after many slaughters on his enemies, is at length slaine by Turnus. With sorow whereof, Aeneas all enraged, maketh plentie blood offrings on his foes for his friendes soule. Then Ascanius issueth forth, and ioyneth power with his father. Iuno carefull for Turnus, casteth before his eyes a false representation of Aeneas. Which, whilst hee pursueth into a ship, Iuno breaketh the cables, and by force of a tempest, bringeth him to the shoare neare Ardea. Mezentius then, at Iupiters commaundment, entreth the battail, and sleyeth many both Troians and Etruscans, vntill Aeneas haue wounded him, and being rescued by Lausus his son, is scarce able to depart the field. Lausus is also slaine by Aeneas whilst hee endeuoureth to reuenge his fathers wound. Which when Mezentius vnderstood, he returneth into the battail, and is slaine by the same hand that his sonne was.

BRoad open in this while of glorious god th'almighty hall,
The father of gods, and king of men himselfe doth councell call
Into the starbright seat, whence kingdoms large in seas & lands
He lofty low beholds, both Troians fort, and Latins bands.
In parliment house they sat twigated wide: himselfe begins,
Celestials great, how happens now so sone your sentence twins

Reuolting

Renolting indgement firt? why shew ye thus with minds vnmeete,
Ioue foredefending warres, by Latins now on Troian fleete?
What discord now contrarious makes you fearce? what wroth, what
Sets these or those on gog not suffring rest to shield nor speare? (feare
A time to fight there comes, call not so fast for fatall houres,
When wild Carthago proud in tract of yeres to Romish towres
Destruction great shal send, and mountain tops down tearing breake. Punick warres.
Then spare not your despites, thē rap and reaue who lift and wreake.
Now let them rest, and quiet league compoūd your selues to smight.
Thus Ioue in brief, but not in brief then golden Venus bright
Replied as thus.

O father, O thou euerlasting strength of god, and man,
For what thing els haue we to whom for helpe now cry we can? Venus complaint.
You see how Rutils rampe and with what brauery bolne in pride
King Turnus prosperous rides, scant in their wals can Troians bide,
But euen amids their gates, euen on their bulworks rampier brims
They bickring dayly die, that trench and dich with bloodshead swims.
Aeneas absent knowes not this, will you giue neuer leaue
To rest pore soules from siege, must enmies euer still downe reaue
The walles of springing Troy? & yet more stil with straūgers hoasts
Pore Troians troubled bene, yet once again from Greekish coasts
Must Diomedes rise? I wene my flesh must yet be cut,
And mée your heauenly child, man mortal shal to daungers put.
But if contrary to the pleasure of your heauenly grace,
In Italy bene Troians entred wrong, vsurping place,
Then let them buy their sinnes, nor ayde them not, but if they haue
But folowed your precepts, which gods & spright such nūbers gaue,
Why now should any creature dare controle or hang down groine
To bend backe your decrées, or destnies now presume to royne?
What should I now rehearse our nauy brent at Sicil shore?
Or name the king of stormes with all his tempest winde vpsore
Against vs whole vpraisde, and Rainbow clouds so oft down straínde?
And now the fiends forsoth, for that one quarter yet remainde
Vnsought besides the world, yet sodenly to thence to skies
Alecto reare she did, and made by madnesse townes vprise.
Supremitie, nor for their empier moues me not such things,
We loked long in baine while fortune was, but this not wrings.
Make victours whom you fauour most, our hope so hie not springs

If one corner be that your spouse can vouchsafe to giue
To Troians peace for spite, nor country none, nor place to liue,
Yet by the piteous fall of smoking Troy from soile destroied,
God father I beseeke, let me Ascanius kéepe vncloied:
Let me my nephew small withdraw from Mars, as for my son
Aeneas, he shall tosse in seas vnknown as earst hath don.
And what way fortune leades, where euer it bée, let him go proue,
Yet let me saue his childe and him from battails hard remoue.
In Cypres land some cities faire I haue, I haue Cythere,
Idalium, Paphos hie, and Amathus, let him dwell there,
Unfamous frée from wars, and honourlesse lead out his age.
Then may your grace condemne all Italy to great Carthage
In slauedome vnder Moores, no hindraunce then to Affrick towres
Can come, large empier rule they may no Troiãs nere their bowres.
What hath our seruice now preuaild, what goodnes haue we got
By scaping Greekish fiers, and mortall plagues of Mars so hot?
So many parlous lands, such wast wide seas with pains outworne,
While Troians Latium séeke, to raise the walles so oft down torne?
Had it not better bèen, if in their countries reking dust,
On soyle where Troy did stand they setled had, then thus to trust?
Yet giue them wretches leaue to turne their backs, and home retier
Unto their natiue streames, lord be so good at my desier.
Reuert their former toiles, all miseries that earst haue béene
Iunos reply. Giue once again to Troians gracious sir. Then Iuno Quéene
Enforst with furious rage vprose: why dost thou me constraine
Déepe silence now to break, and to disclose my couched paine?
Did either god or man Aeneas thine to war compell?
King Latin to impugne, or yet his subiects cause rebell?
Italia land he toke by destnies word, admit so were
Through mad Cassandras spite, yet did we euer tice him there
To leaue his campe vnkept? and to the winds his life commit?
To giue his childe the charge of walles, & wars did we giue wit?
Or make him nations moue in rest that sate, or faithes remit?
What god did such deceit? where was that time that power of ours
So sore? or where was Iuno then, or bowe down sent with shoures?
It is so vile a thing that springing Troy besieged stands
With fier? and that king Turnus séekes to saue his country lands,
Of king Pilumnus blood Venilia Nimph that had to dame?

What,

What is for Troian thæues, all Italy with brands to flame,
Subdue their neighbors lands, and robbrie bwties riue by fnaps,
Compel mẽ giue them wiues, and fpoules reaue frõ parents laps,
Entreat for peace by beckes, & traitors arme their fhips for traps?
Thou couldſt Aeneas thine frõ hands of Greekes fomtime withdraw,
Suppliedſt his place with cloud, with empty wind of wauering flaw.
Thou couldſt cõuert their fleete to ſeueral fhips with ſtorms renewd.
If we help Rutils ought, lo what a fin, what broile is brewd:
Aeneas abſent knowes not this? nor may he abſent know.
Thou haſt Cithera townes, hie Paphos and Idalium low,
Why troublous ſtirſt thou thus mẽs angry mwds, why dwſt procure
New wars to Latium towne that trauailes old could ſcant endure?
Iſt we that will vpturne the flittring ſtate of Troy from foyle?
Came it by vs, or firſt by him, that Greekes made Troy a fpoile?
Who firſt began that cauſe, why roſe in armour firſt on wreake
Europa and Aſia both? who did their leage by thæuedom breake?
Was it by my conduct, th'aduoutrer ſtale the Sparta Quæne?
Gaue I them wples to trie, or louers wars maintaind with ſpleene?
Then oughſt haue ben affraid for thine, now cauſles dwſt but fquare
In vaine and flimflam flirts out throwſt at them that nothing care.
Such talkings Iuno gaue, and heauenly wights with murmor roũd
All fundry cried aſſents, as firſt when blaſts begin to ſound,
With puffes they wag ỳ woods, and tumbling blind with ſoft vproze,
They nere pronoſtike winds, and tels the ſeaman ſtormes before.
Th'almighty father then that all thing rules in totall ſome,
Beſpake, and at his ſpeech, the court of high gods ſtaggred tomme,
And from the grounds the foule contrembling ſhoke, then lofty ayre,
Then windes layd downe their noiſe, & calme ſea ſurges ſetled fayre.
Take this therfore in minde, and in your breſts imprint my laws,
Since Rutils with the Troians will not knit nor take no laws,
And for aſmuch we ſee your quarrell ſtriuings make none ends:
Loke how mens fortune ſtands, this day what hope ech one pretends,
Be it Troian or Italian he, no difference finde they ſhall,
Our iudgement right ſhall ſtand, this is our ſentence once for all.
If fatall fortune be that Troian campe beſieged is,
Or Troians by deceit Italia lands haue taken amis,
Nor Rutils we diſcharge, eche mans owne medlings euen or od
Shal praiſe or penaunce bring, loue ſits indifferent all mens god.

God is indiffrent to al men.

The destnies will inuent a way, yea by our brothers brooke,
By pitch of Limbo pits, by gulfs and lakes so glom that looke.
He gaue a nod, and at his beck, whole heauen obedient shooke.
This end the talking had, king Ioue from golden throne vprose,
Whom home to heauenly court celestials garding all did close.
The Rutils all this while, at euery gate their battries plyes,
With dead men ground they strow, & wals beset with fier that flies.
The Troian garisons in campe with hard siege be bestad,
Nor hope of flight they haue, on towres poze mẽ they stãd full sad.
Smal furthring roũd at vamures tops, wt strẽgth which then they
Duke Imbras out of Asia land, and duke Tymetes bold, (had.
Assaracus two captaines, with sir Castor Tyber old,
At forefront battell kept, with them their stode the brethren twaine
Of king Serpedon great, then noble Ethmon dragd his traine
With lords of Lycia land, himself right huge with total might,
For burthen bare a rock, a mountaines peece not small in sight.
Syr Agmon at Lyrnesia borne, inferior not in facts
To great sir Clitius his sire, or his brother Mnesteus acts.
Those ply their darts, these other striue to fẽd with stones and bows.
Their wield fier fast they fling, from sinowy strings sharp shafts out
Himself amids them chief dame Venus darling, iustest care, (throws.
Their yong prince loth procẽdes with reuerent face headnaked bare.
As perle it precious shines, or glistring stone bright gold that parts,
Which garnish maidens necks, or set forth heads, or as when arts
Ascanius described.
Haue medled finely moldes, and Iuery cleare enclosd in bore,
Frõ tablet sẽmely shews, his milk white shoulders lifts his locks,
His heare downshadowing shed, but gold embroiding binds their
Thẽ there also coragious knight sir Ismar all men saw, (locks.
With cast of canes enuenimed, thine enmies blod to draw.
Thou gentle knight of gentle Meons house, where fields right fat
Bene batful wrought with men, where flood Pactolus gold doth srat.
Syr Mnesteus also there was sẽne, whom proud of all mens praise,
For Turnus hard repulse, much glory hic to heauen doth raise,
And Capis, he to Capua towne did surname first deriue.
They still among themselues, in hashards hard of wars did striue.
Distrest Aeneas then with ships at midnight streames did cliue.
For from Euander first when to Etruria campe he came,
He met their king, and to their king declared his blod, and name,

What

What help he ſéekes, what help alſo he brings, what peoples mights
Mezentius gathering drawes, of Turnus breſt the ſpitefull ſprights
He ſhewes, and wherupon mans wit in ſuch caſe may conclude
He giues aduiſe, with mixt entreating words: al which thing vewde,
Strait Tarchon ioines his ſtrength, & leage compoũds, then frée from (crime Duke Tarchon.
By deſtny ſongs of gods, the Lydian hoaſt did nauy clime,
With alean lord for guide. Aeneas formoſt held ſhith ſhip,
Her ſtately ſtem on ſtreames, with Lions large of Troy doth ſlip,
With Ida mount on pup moſt friendly ſigne to Troians loſt:
There great Aeneas ſits, and with himſelfe reuoluing toſt
The various ends of warres. On left hand Pallas next his ſide.
And now the ſtars he ſéekes that ſhips in dim night ſerue to guide.
Now call to minde he doth, by ſeas and lands his trauailes tride.
Now muſes moue my sõg, now let me ſup your lerning ſtreams,
To tell what manred strõg, what company from Tuſcan realmes,
Aeneas armed brought, conueyed by waues on timber beames.
Duke Maſsicus with brazen ſhip cald Tyger, cuts the flods,
With him a thouſand hands from Cluſa walles, all youthfull blods, The names of ſuch as tooke Aeneas part.
And they that came from Coſa towne armed with ſhafts, and dartes.
Corites with ſhoulders light, and from their bowes but death departs.
Grimſkouling Abas big, his bands fine harneſt gorgeous ſteames
Reflectes, and Phœbus on his golden pup ſtood light with beames.
Sixe hundred valient lads dame Pupulon his dame him gaue,
Expert in feates of war, three hundred more from Ilua braue,
Where neuer ceſſing ſoyle doth ſtéelebright ſtuff ſend out frõ mines.
Then don Aſila prieſt, that gods and men can ſcrie by ſignes,
Whom ſecret vaines of beaſts, whom ſtars of heauen obeyen at beck,
And threatning lightning fiers, & chattring birds with tong ỹ queck,
His .M. people thick in throngs he drawes rough ranckt with ſpeares.
All theſe obedient came from Piſa coaſts whom Alphe reares,
Their towne is Tuſcan ſoyle. Then faireſt Aſtur next purſues,
Sir Aſtur truſting ſtéed, and armour braue of chaunging hewes:
Three hundred they do adde, all iſſued out with one good will,
Such as Cerites houſe did kéepe, or Mymon crofts did till.
All Prigus antique brood, Grauiſca timeleſſe troupes did fill.
Yet will I not neglect thée alſo luſtie Lumbard lord,
Thou Siquus warriour ſtrong, and with thy few of ioynt accord
Sir Supaue from whoſe helmet creſts riſe feathered wings of ſwan,

Your slaundring grew of loue, your cognisaunce your fier began.
For Tignus (as men say) when he for Phaeton mourning made
Among the Popler bows, and vnderneath his sisters shade,
Whiles whewling sad he sat, and long lamenting sang for loue,
Al fethered white with down, hoar age did him from man remoue.
Then Swan he left his lands, and followed stars with voice aboue.
His son with equall bands accompanied with fleeting ships,
His mõstrous Centaure shoues with ores, the huge w̃ tugging trips,
And to ỹ water threatning stone she shewes, with strength men pull
The vnweldy weight in waues, & deepe seas lõg she shears with hull.
Eke from his native countrey coasts great strength sir Ocus toke,
Of Mantus destnie speaker, and the sonne of Tuscan broke.
Which gaue thee Mantua walles, and of his mother made the name
Of graundsiers Mantua rich, but all of one discent not came.
Three nations rule she doth, and vnder them foure peoples good,
She prince on peoples sits, her strength procedes from Tuscan blood.
Fiue. C. knights from thence against himselfe Mezentius armes,
Thẽ Mintius lake, Benacus child, whõ grey reeds close beswarms,
Set forth to seas in Pinetree ships, ful strõg to venge their harms.
Then graue Auletes went, and with his hundred beating Ores
He topsie turns vp streames, the marble fomes reboiles at shores.
Him Tryton combrous bare, that galeon blew with welked shell,
Whose wrinckly wreathed flue, did fearfull shrill in seas outyell,
He swam with swinging sides, and bresled heary rough from haunch,
His face like mankinde showes, but foule in fish decaies his paunch.
His monstrous saluage lims throgh froth, throgh fome with flushing
So many chosen lords in threetimes ten of ships did slide (launch,
To new Troy fast for ayde, and salt sea fome with brasse deuide.
And now the day departed was from heauen, and hie with whéeles
Night wandring dame Diane did midskie beat with palfreis héeles.
Aeneas (for in carke to rest ons lims it naught preuailes)
Himselfe at sterne he sits, he guides his helme, he serues his sailes.
To him in mids his way, th'assembly faire of ladies whight,
Nõtime his mates that were frõ ships transformed creatures bright,
To whom great power of seas Dueene Berecinthia dip commit,
They ioyning sweetely swam, and sweeping salt sea skum did flit.
As many iust as ships with brasen stemmes did stand at shore.
They knew from far their king, and sporting daunst his fleete before.

Mantua of Mantus.

The ships of Aeneas transformed into Mermaids met him on the way.

Of

Of whom the talker best, Cymodocee by name that hight,
With right hand held his pup euen hard at backe, and bolt vpright
She brest high shewes her selfe, then faire in sight she cleare appeerd,
With lefthand couching waues, and smoth her selfe she vnderstéerd.
Thẽ him vnwars she speaks, now wakest thou? wakest ỹ gods elect?
Aeneas wake (quoth she) and sailes to bowling ropes obiect.
We were thy sacred trées, on Ida mount sometime that grew,
Now salt sea maids we béene, thy fleet of late, when force vntrue
Of Turnus king, would vs, wt swords & flames haue quite consumed:
Unwillingly thy bands we brake, and thus far haue presumed
To séeke thée through the streams, in this forme is our Lady put,
Lamenting thy mischance, and made vs Mermaids seas to cut,
In water lines to lead, from whence none age vs out can shut.
Thy child Ascanius in walles with déepe trench is beset
Amids thy mortall foes, and Latines grim that armours fret.
Euanders horsemen safe at place commaunded kéepes the lands,
Conioind with Tuscan strength, to set against thẽ halfe his bands
(Lest force to thée they ioyne) king Turnus full determind stands.
Arise, go to, and in the dawning first call forth thy mates,
In armor first appéere, and take that shield which broad in plates
The firy puissant god vnuict, gaue thee with golden grates.
This morrow morning next (if thou beléeuest I speake not vaine)
Shalt slaughters huge behold of Rutils blods by heaps downe slaine.
She said, and in departing she with right hand pup did shoue,
In sort as well she knew, the ship then straight in streames aboue
Fled swifter forth then swiftest dart, or shaft that pierceth winde.
Then others mend their course, himself vnwares astonied in minde,
The Troian prince did muse, yet wt good luck mens harts he chéeres:
Then shortly thus he praied, beholding round the Zodiac speheres.
Almightie mother of gods, in whose great mercy Troy yet sits,
That rulst both towns & towres, & lions yokst with brideling bits,
Thou be my patrone prince, my guide in sight now prosperous stand
To Troy good gracious dame, cõfirm thy signes with mightful hand.
These onely words he said, and in this while the gray day light
Returning ripe appéerd, and darknesse far did chase of night.
First to his mates he bids, that they their standars shall pursue.
With armor match their minds, and wait for fight in order due.
And now in sight of Troian campe he hath, and vewes their field,

Aduancing stout on pup, in lefthand then his gl istring shield
Uplisting large he shewes, the Troians gaue to stars a crie,
Ioy for succour. Upmounting on their wals, hope kindleth wrath with comfort nie:
Their weapons vp they throw, as in ỹ clouds done herds of cranes
With crockling casting signs, whē lōg in air they lanch like lanes
Whē southwind first they flée, & glad wᵗ soũs their ioy proclames.
But these to Rutil king, and Latin lords great maruels were,
Till toward shore they loke, then fléets arriuing bustling there
They saw, and vnder ships the seas all couered shew no where.
His topright crest it burnes, and flame forth sparkling hie from head
Outbelching spouts forth beams, his goldbright shield fire perbraks
None otherwise, thē when by nighttime nest som blasing star (read
All bloodred sanguine shewes, and lowring lokes on men from far.
Ye not for creatures welth, but sores, & droughts, and sicknes strange
Doth spring, & sad wᵗ frowning soure due light frō skies doth change.
But not from Turnus bold did courage ought or hope remoue
To fend them lose from land, or from the shore with force to shoue.
Ye chéers their spirits with spéech, & of himselfe to his men doth crie.
That ye haue long desired, lo here it is with swords to trie,
Euen to your hands is Mars descended sirs, let each man néds
Duke Tarchon. Now think on wife, on house, your liues, your lands, ỹ valiant déds
And honour of your ancestors, encounter them at land
Whilst fearefull they come forth, and their first steps do sage in sand.
Fortune is friend to venturers, and cowards hateth most.
When this was said: he doth deuise who shall defend the coast,
And who shall still the Troian wals besiege with armed hoast.
Therewhiles Aeneas from his loftie ships his mates to shore
By planks conueyes, bnt diuerse stay till flood the sea restore.
And some by setters short, to set themselues to land applie,
And some by Ores. Tarchon, the coast along doth searching trie,
Where he ne ford doth find, ne noise of broken surges heares.
But when the calmed sea to swell by force of tide appeares,
Ye quickly wends his ship, and to his mates requeſt doth make.
O chosen crue, now to your sturdy Ores your selues betake.
Hallaw, set forth your ships, and with the beakes cleane out of hand
This enmies shore, let weight of kéle turne vp, and cut the land.
My selfe do not refuse in such a rode my ship to breake,
If once the shore I might obtaine. These words no soner speake

Did

Did Tarchon, but his mates arise in Dares, till Latin ground
The foming ships do touch & keeles ech where dry land haue foũd.
Their beaks do beat the brink, & sand with earth theron they soũd.
Where all in safetie sit, saue barke, O Tarchon thine, alone.
For whilst on sand it smites, and strikes on banks of béech and stone,
Uncertain on which side to fall, and surges sore it beates,
It splits in twaine, and men in midst of waues, and water weates.
Whom hatches, broken Ores, and fléeting sliues of bord, and beame
Do stay, and ebbe puls backe their féete againe into the streame.
Me Turnus sluggish slouth doth stay, but fierce with spéed he bends
Gainst Troians all his power, and on the shore afront them tends.
They blow alarme. Aeneas first the rusticke sort sets on
For happie hansils sake, and Latines laies the ground vpon.
Where Theron tooke his bane, the mightiest man in all the field — Theron slaine.
That set vpon Aeneas, whom with sword through brasen shield,
And through his golden plated Jacke he thrust into the side.
Then Lycas next, from mothers wombe cut forth whereof she died, — Lycas.
Auoured Phœbe, to thée, who might in youth haue shund before
Mars doubtfull haps, and Cissee hard, not pawsing any more,
With cruell Gias, who with clubs the ranks to ground did beare,
Ye sent to death: nought Hercles arms which they in fight did wear,
Nought might their valiant hands, nor sier Melampus help that was
Alcides mate, whilst he on earth his trauels great did passe.
To Pharon loe, with boasting talke which doth himselfe advance,
Into his gaping mouth his hugie dart he threw by chance.
And thou likewise, with yellow tender downe on chéekes in prime
O Cydon whilst sir Clitie thou pursuest in luckless time,
By Troian hand yslaine, quite careless of thy wonted loue
To boyes stil borne, poore wretch, ỹ force of death wast like to proue,
Had not a troupe of brothers rescued thée, sir Phorcus séede,
Who seuen in number were, and darts they seuen did cast indéed,
Whereof some from his shield, some from his helmet backe do glie
All voyde, and Venus noble dame directeth some awrie
As they were throwne. Aeneas then to good Achates spake. — He harteneth himselfe by remembrãce of former proweſſe.
Reach me my darts (for none in vaine with right hand he did shake
Against the Rutils) which sometime in Grætian bodies ran
In Troian fields: a mightie speare he ketcheth quickly than
And throws it forth, which flying strikes of Mœons shield the brasse,

And

And piercing through, wᵗ brestplate strong, into his brest doth passe.
To whom Alcanor steps, and downe his brother falling stayes
Up wᵗ his hand, through whose arme straight ẏ speare flies forth his
And all wᵗ blood imbrued his course he kæpes yet still amain, (waies,
The arme from shoulder hanging staies by sinews one or twaine.
Then Numitor from out his brothers corps doth pull the dart,
But lawfull tis not sure like wound on him againe t'impart,
Achates wounded in the thigh
Where through Achates thigh he forced it, and forth it flies.
Then Lausus stout of lim, and trusting speares him thither hies,
Where Driopis with sturdy launce full fore he strikes from far
Right underneath the chin, ths bloody wound his throat doth mar,
And with one blow, of language both and life him rænes, that hæ
With forehead beats the ground, & black blood spues that all may sæ.
And thræ like wise in Thracy borne in fartherst northren coast,
Thræ also which of Idas ster, and Ismare soile might boast,
By diuerse meanes he throwes to ground. Halesus in that space
Comes on into Aruncas hands, and of Neptunus race
Sprungforth Messapus braue wᵗ stœds, now these, now they do striue
In euery brinke of Latine land each other thence to driue.
Like as contrary winds amid the aier that roue about
Do striue among themselues, with equall force and courage stout,
Not one to others power, not cloude, nor seas do yæld a whit,
The battell doubtfull hangs, each thing aduerse so close doth sit.
None otherwise the Troian bands, and Latin ranks they ran
Togither, setting foote to foote, and thronging man to man.
On thother side, where as the streame of pibble stones great store
Togither rolled had, and throwne træs vpon the shore,
The Archadians put to flight
Th'Archadian band whose wont was not on foote their force to trie,
When Pallas saw to Latines turne their backs, and fast to flie,
Whom sharpnesse of the place had forst from horses to alight,
The last, and only shift which serues for men in such a plight,
With prayers oft, and oft with taunts he them prouokes to fight.
O whither flie ye mates? now by your selues, and dæds of might,
And by your prince Euanders name, and battels won or this,
And by my hope which match vnto your countrey prayses is,
Trust not vnto your fæt, through midst of foes a way we must
Breake forth, where now the thickest rout of foes vpon vs thrust.
Ths way bely ye, and Pallas, and your native soile requests.

No

No gods againſt vs fight, tis mortall foe that vs moleſts
Mortall like vs, as many ſoules, and hands we haue as they.
Behold we are beſet by mightie ſea that ſtops our way,
By land we cannot flie, ſhall we to Troy by ſea againe?
This ſaid: into the thickeſt of all his foes he thruſts amaine.
And firſt by cruel deſtnies thither brought he mæteth ſtreight
With Lagus, whom whilſt he plucks at a ſtone of hugy weight,
With bended weapon ſticks, in middle ſpace the ribs betweene
As backbone would permit, and forth he puls the ſpeare agéene
Earſt ſticking in the bones, on whom ſir Hisbon falles not iuſt
Though hoping ſo to do, for whilſt in rage to ground he ruſht
Unwares of fellowes chance, with cruell death him Pallas ſlew,
And ſoone his mighty ſword quite through his ſwelling lũgs he drew
At Helene next he goes, of Rhoets eke ancient ſtocke offpred
Anchemolus, that durſt with inceſt ſtaine his ſtepdames bed.
And ye likewiſe, O Twins, your fall in Rutil fields ye toke,
Of Daucie impes, Larid, and Tymber, who moſt like did loke,
And ſcarce could be diſcernd, to parents kind a ſweét deceat.
But Pallas now vnto you both hath giuen a difference great.
For why, O Tymber, thy head off, Euanders ſword did ſtrèke.
Thy right hand Larid, once chopt off, thy corps doth forthwith séeke,
And fingers halfe aliue do moue, and weapons downe let fall.
Th'Arcadians thus hartned on, and viewing therewithall
His valiants déeds, both griefe and ſhame, do them to battell call.
Then Pallas ſonne ſir Rhoetee whiche in charet fled him bie
Throughgirds, and tarience like he giues to Ilus ere he die.
For he at Ilus did from far direct a mighty dart,
On Rhoetee, which, (betwéene that came) did light, & ſtrake his hart,
Whiles Teuthra thée, and brother Tyren thine he flies, and réeles.
Downe from his charet, beating Rutil ground with both his héeles.
And like as wiſhedly when winds in ſommer ſeaſon blow,
The ſhépheard doth his fiers in diuerſe parts of woods beſtow,
Which quickly taking hold, togither ioyntly run apace
Through largeſt fields, ſir Vulcans power doth take his cruell race.
Ye like a conquerour his fiers doth ſitting loke vpon:
None otherwiſe their fellowes force togither métes in one,
Which Pallas, thée delights. And ſtout Haleſus fierce in field
Sticks ſuch as do withſtand, and cloſe defends himſelf with ſhield.

Pallas ſlaughters after his exhortatiõ.

Laryd and Tymber ſlaine.

Ye

The Ladon slaies, and Pherecus, and Domodocus quite,
Strimonies right hand eke he sone strikes off, with sword full bright
Raught to his throat, and Thoas face he batters with a stone,
And goary blodie braines togither dashes with the bone.
The father telling things to come, in woods Halesus hid,
But when to anncient fier, cold death his vitall twine vndid,
Destnies. The destnies hands laid on his thræd, and him bequeathed they
Vnto Euanders armes, whom Pallas mæting first doth pray.
Grant father Tyber to this dart, which here in hand I rest,
Good fortune, and a readie way into Halesus brest.
This armor, and the spoles of this the man thine Oke shal haue.
Couetous-nesse cast him away. The god did grant. Halesus whilst Imaons spoyles would saue,
Vnhappily his bared brest yælds to Archadian stæle,
But Lausus, at so worthy a persons death lets nere a dæle
His ranks to feare, himselfe the greatest part of warre, and right
Against him Abas slaies, the force and stay of all the fight.
Downe fals th'Archadian brod to ground, Hetruscan youth is slain,
And you O Troians of the Greekes vnhurt, there take your baine.
The ranks togither run, with captaines match and equall might,
The rerewards fast approch, so that the throng in midst of fight
Ne weapons wæld, ne hands can moue, Pallas sore bigeth hære,
Comparison betwen Pallas and Lausus. There Lausus, youths, that verie much of semblant age appære,
Of passing beautie both, to whom fell fortune had denide
Their countries more to sée, and Ioue that all the world doth guide
Would not consent that they togither mæte their force to trie,
But vnto each their chance remaines through greater foe to die.
Iuturna sister to Turnus. There while Iuturna faier, her brother Turnus puts in minde
To rescue Lausus, be through midst of routs flies swift as winde.
When he beheld his mates, leaue off from fight, he saies, anone,
My selfe will Pallas match, for Pallas vnto me alone
Belongs, whose father present here I wish his chance to vievv.
This said, his mates thus chargd, w̄ spæd thēselues frō field wārdevv.
At Rutils quicke departure thence, and charge so full of pride,
The youth much wondring, stoind at Turnus stands, & eies both glide
His mightie corps vpon, and fierce each thing he doth behold,
And thus replies vnto the king with words, and courage bold.
For princely spoiles I either praise will gaine, well won in fight,
Or for a noble death, my fier esteemes of both aright,

Leaue

Leaue off thy threats he said, and forth proceeds amidst the plaine,
A chilly colde th' Archadian hearts do feele through euery vaine.
From charret Turnus leapes, and forth on foote he drawes him nie,
Like as a Lion fierce, when on a mount he stands on hie,
And spies from far in fields a bull prepare himselfe to fight,
He thither hies, such was the looke of Turnus comming, right.
Whom when he thinks within the reach of his darts cast to bee,
Then Pallas first drew neare, good fortunes aide at need to see,
Although in strength not match, and thus to loftie skies he said.
By gestred at my fathers house, and tables vnto thee laid
Alcides, I thee pray, good fortune to my purpose giue,
Halfe dead that he may see me of his armour him beriue,
And Turnus or he die behold me stoutly win the field.
Alcides heard the youth, and from his heart within doth yeeld
A wofull grieuous grone, and frustrate teares lets fall amaine.
Then Ioue with friendly words his sonne recomforts thus againe.
Ech mans day stands prefixt, time short & swift, with cureless breth
Is lotted all mankind, but by their deeds their fame to stretch,
That priuiledge vertue giues. Vnder the loftie walles of Troy
Full many sonnes of gods were slaine, yea Serpedons anoy
My childes was there ywrought. Turnus likewise his destnies call,
And to his fixed terme of granted life run forth he shall.
Thus much he said, and straight his eies to Rutil fields down bends.
And Pallas then with mightie force an hugie speare forth sends,
And glittring sturdy sword from hollow scabbard out doth pull.
That flies, and where the armour on his shoulders rises, full
It lights, and passing forth along on brim of buckler bright
At length it doth on part of Turnus hugie bodie light.
Then Turnus, aiming long in hand a dart of sturdie Oke,
Well tipt with steele, at Pallas forth it flung, and thus he spoke.
Lo, see if that our dart be sharper than thy weapon was.
He said: and through so many linings forgde of iron, and brasse,
And through so many folds of hides of bulles there laid about.
The whirling head through shield at one blow beates a passage out,
And gorgets force throughgirds, and glides into his mightie brest.
In vaine the warmed dart he from the wound doth quickly wrest,
For by the selfesame way, both blood and soule their passage take.
He falles vpon the wound, his armour falling noyse doth make,

And

Palla sis slaine.

And dying, with this blody face falles on his enmies ground.
On whom thus Turnus sitting, sayes.
Ye Archades (quoth he) these words see faithfully ye tell
Euander king, I send his sonne as he deserueth well.
What honour of the graue, what comfort is in buriall most
I graunt, no little price Aeneas harbour him shall cost.
He said, and then amon his left foote to the corps he reight
Starke dead, and quickly plucks away his belt of hugie weight,
With his foule fact therein expressed, how on the wedding night,
A troupe of youths were slaine, and beds embrued with blody spight,
Which good Eurytion did sometime engraue in massie gold,
This boty Turnus vaunts him of, and ioyes he doth it hold.

The storie of Danaides that slue their husbands.

An admonition not to be puft vp in prosperitie.

Vnskilfull is mans mind of chance to come, and future fate,
And knowes no man to keepe, once raisd aloft in happie state.
To Turnus time shall come, when he shal wish he dearely bought
That Pallas were vntoucht, these spoyles, and very day in thought
Shall hate. His mates with wofull dole, and bitter teares him lay
Vpon a shield, and Pallas thence they carie thicke away.
O griefe, and honour great that to the father will remaine.
This day thee first brought to ỹ wars, this tok thée thence again.
Yet dost thou leaue behind thée hugie heapes of Rutils slaine.

Aeneas waxeth wood for the death of Pallas.

By this time had no vaine report hereof but truftie poast
In hast vnto Aeneas told, in what distresse his hoast
Did stand, that time it was his vanquisht Troians for to aid.
Ech thing him next he mowes to ground, and forth a way he laid
Cut with his sword amids the ranks, thée Turnus proud to finde
For slaughter new, Pallas, Euander eke he beares in minde,
And still in sight they stand, and tables which in gestred wise
He first approcht, and righthands ioind, and there anon he spies
Foure valiant youths at Sulmo borne, and foure which Vfens bred,
Whom thence he hales aliue, and offreth vp vnto the dead.
And burning bonefier flames he all bedewes with captiue blod.
At Mago next a whirling speare he threw a far that stood,
But stouping he escapes, the quiuering dart forth flies his waies.
Then suppliant on the ground his knées embracing thus he praies.
Now by thy fathers ghost, and if Iulus hope to thée
Be déere, preserue this wretched life both to my sonne, and mée.
An haultie house I haue, wherein there lie déepe hid in ground

Great

Great summes of siluer coine, of gold like wise full many a pound
Some formed, and some not, in mée ne Troian conquest lyes
My selly life in no respect so great aduentures tryes.
He said, to whom Aeneas thus replies with words full fell.
These summes of siluer, and of golde wherof thou late didst tell,
Kéepe for thy children, Turnus first these customes toke away
Of war, when he erewhiles in cruel wise did Pallas slay,
This doth Anchises soule, this doth Iulus vnderstand.
And speaking thus, his helmet fast he roughly raught with hand,
And bended downe his neck by force, and treating still for life
Into his throat he thrust vp to the hylt his fatall knife.

Aeneas is tempted with mony, but nothing could appease him after that Pallas was slaine.

Mago is slaine.

Not far from thence Aemonides, to Phœbe, and Diane préest,
Whose head with myter bound, and sacred stoales was brauely drést,
All glittring in attire, and well beséene in armour gay,
Him méeting, out the field doth chase, and on him field doth stay,
Whom offring vp he couers with his shade. Sereslus takes
The armour vp, wherof to thée a trophey, Mars, he makes.
The ranks do then reskore sprong forth of Vulcanes noble séede
Syr Cœculus, and Vmbro, sprong from Marsi hilles indéede.
Gainst whom Aeneas stands in rage, and some stricks of to ground
Anxures left arme and therwith falles to earth his buckler round.
The same some lofty words had spoke, and those he firmly thaught
In time should take effect, his minde perhaps to heauen he raught,
And promist to himselfe hoare heares, and race of many yeares.
Syr Tarquitus on th'other side, that braue in armes appeares,
Whom Driope Nimphe somtime had borne to Faunus siluane god,
With him thus raging métes, who with his launce in length full od
His brestplate, and his shield of hugie weight he breakes in twaine,
And strait his head, that now begins to pray, but all in vaine
He swaps to earth, and down to ground the corps yet warme he kest,
Wheron he stoutly stode, and thus he spake with hatefull brest.
O terrible lye there, thy noble mother shall not haue
Thy corpes for to entumbe, nor lay thy bones in natiue graue.
To foules thou shalt be left, or surging sea shall beare away
Thée to the hungry fish, a very swéete, and deyntie pray.
Antæus, and syr Lycas eke, king Turnus vowards, hée
Pursueth strait, with Numa strong, and browne Camertes thée
Of valient Volscens borne, most rich of ground in Latine land

Amicli, men of few words.

Of all that were, and whilſt Amicles ſcepter held in hand.
Like as Briareus, that an hundreth armes had, as men ſay,
An hundreth hands likewiſe and fiftie mouthes wherewith alway
Fier from his breſt he ſpet, when Ioue againſt him lightning threw,
So many bucklers vp he held, ſo many ſwords he drew.
None otherwiſe Aeneas victor chaſes, the field about,
When once his ſword wart warme, but loe againſt Niphoeus ſtout,
His charret horſe againſt, and gainſt his breſt his courſe he toke.
But when the horſes ſpied him comming far with eger loke,
For feare they do retyre, and foundring backward downe full ſore
They throw their lord to ground, and draw the charret to the ſhore.
In charret drawn with milkwhite ſteeds comes riding in that tide
Syr Lucagus, with Liger that his brothers horſe doth guide.
There Lucagus full fierce his naked ſword about doth glide.
Aeneas then no longer could their frantike rage forbeare,
But to them hies, and vp in light doth hold an hugie ſpeare.
To whom thus Liger ſpeakes.
Not Diomedes horſe, nor yet Achilles charret héere
Thou ſeeſt, nor the Troian fields, of war, and life ſo déere
Thou in this land ſhalt finde an end. Theſe words of Ligers ioy
Abroade flie forth at large, howbeit the noble prince of Troy,
Meanes not with wordes to wage but forth a dart at him he keſt,
As Lucagus downe ſtoupes to fetch his ſtroke with weapon preſt,
And forth his horſe doth beat, and liftſote quickly putting out
Prepares himſelf to fight, the lance by th'utmoſt brim about
Of glittring ſhield ſlides by, and way into his flancke it found.
He beaten from his charret falles halfe dead vnto the ground.
To whom then good Aeneas prince with bitter language ſayes.
O Lucagus, it is no ſlouth of horſe that thée betraies,
Ne yet no ghoſt,, nor dredfull ſhape of foes enforct thée flie.
For thou thyſelfe thy charret leſt, downe leaping from on hie
This ſaid: the charret raignes he takes, the other brother cries,
And holding vp his hands on earth faine from the charret lies.
Now by thy ſelfe, and parents which thée bred ſo worthy a wight,
Syr Troian ſpare my life (I pray) from dreadfull deathes deſpight.
And praying more, Aeneas thus replies. Such words of late
Thou dieſt not ſpeak, now die, and ioyntly taſt thy brothers fate.
The harbour of his ſoule, his breſt forthwith he perſt with blade,

And

And many a valiant slaughter moze about the field he made
The Troian duke, when here and there he ran in furious wise,
Much like a running streame, oz when a whirlwinde black doth rise.
Ascanius yong at length comes fozth abzoad into the plaine
With all ỹ youth, and tents they leaue that were besiegde in vaine.
Then Iupiter therewhiles, to Iuno speaking thus he bowes. Iupiter to Iuno.
O sister mine, and eke the same to me most louing spouse,
As thou diost thinke, came Venus (foz deceaud thou art not sure)
The Traians welth sustaines, els warrs they might not thus endure.
In hands no foze, in harts no might they haue, no paines abide
They could, vnlesse some heauenly weight did them suppozt, & guide.
To whom thus Iuno lowly then, most fairest lozd, and king. Iunos reply.
Why dost thou greeue me stil, & aye w̃ wozds great dzeading bzing?
Such foze in loue as I haue had in yoze, oz ought to haue
If now I had thou shouldst not sticke to graunt that I do craue,
Almighty since thou art, both Turnus now from fight to take,
And him foz euer safe to auncient Daunus sier to make.
Howbeit let him die, and yeeld his blood to Troyans hands.
Yet in direct discent of kinde of gods he rightly stands.
Pylumnus fozth is from his sier, thy temples largly hée
With gifts adozned hath, which furnisht wel with pzesents bée.
To whom Olimpus heauenly king againe this answere gaue.
If stay of pzesent death, oz time foz moztall youth you craue.
Which so you thinke I may determe, take Turnus then away,
And do by flight, his dangers pzest which destnies thzeat, delay.
So long I am content to liue, but if you farther craue,
By subtil treatie sure redzesse of all this war to haue,
Oz that the fates may altred be, your hope is spent in vaine.
To whom then Iuno whining ripe, In wozd which you no daine,
What if you that in hart would graunt, and Turnus life pzolong?
But giltlesse now an heauie end him bides, oz would I wzong
Did iudge, and O with nedlesse feare I were deceiued quite,
And thou which canst, these things a new wouldst turn to better rite.
Whẽ she these wozds had said, frõ heauen on hie she down descends, Iuno Lady of storms and clouds.
And with her bzings a winter stozme, and cloudes about her bends,
And to the Troyan hoast, and Laurent tents she fast doth hie.
And there an hollow cloud, a fozceless shadow, by and by,
Much like Aeneas shape (a thing most strange, and rare tos ée)

In Troian armes she frames, his hugie shield, and creast doth she
Unto his head diuine in semblant fit, and gloasing talke,
And sound without a minde, and feines his gate as he did walke,
Such one as fame reports, dead shapes of men departed flie.
Or like to dreames that do delude such as in slepe do lie.
This shadow brauely stands, and vaunts it forth the ranks before,
And Turnus stil with weapons egs, and tempts with language sore.
To whom then Turnus steps, and at it sone he forth doth cast
A whirling dart, that turnes the back, and thence it flies in hast.
When Turnus then supposd Aeneas fled him fast away,
Much troubled then in minde, vaine hope conceiuing, thus gan say.
Aeneas where away? do not thy promist wife forsake,
This hand to thée the land, which long by sea thou soughts, shal take.
Thus crying fast he followes on, with fauchon ready bent
In hand, ne spies how these his ioyes with wind away they went.
By chance there rode a ship, fast ioyned to a rocky ridge,
With ladders lying forth, and plancks prepared a ready bridge,
In which Osmius king, from *Clusium* citie thither came.
Aeneas flying shape strait thither hies, and in the same
It selfe doth shrowd, and Turnus after hies himself apace,
And lingring none he makes, but bridges hie doth ouertrace.
Who scarce the ship had toucht, but Iuno strait the cabel brake,
And lainsht the ship from shore, and did to boistrous sea betake.
Him now Aeneas absent much in battaile séekes, and sends
The bodies of the Rutil youthes vnto their fatall ends.
No lenger then this senles shape in corners séekes to lie,
But strait aloft doth mount, and to the darkened cloud doth flie.
Therwhiles into the midst of seas the whirlwind Turnus brings,
Both thākles se for his life, and quite vnwares of all these things,
And both his folded armes with these words vp to heuen he flings.

Turnus complaint, for breach of estimation.

Almightie Ioue, and dost thou iudge so much I do offend,
This punishment on mée, which same haue not deserued, to send?
O where, or whence go I? what sight? or whom shall it restore?
Shall I againe Laurentum walles, or tents sée any more?
Or els those men which mée, and eke my quarrell ayded haue?
Whom all (alas) I now haue left vnto their death, and graue.
And now I sée them stragling quite, and heare their wofull cries
As they be slaine, what shall I do? what earth may now suffice

My corps with gaping to receiue: you windes some pitie take,
Gainst rocks (for willing Turnus I to you my praiers make)
Do strike my ship, or beare me hence where cruelst quicksands bee,
Where neuer Rutil wight, ne yet report may follow mee.
Thus speaking, in his minde to this, somtime to that he flits,
The present shame for to auoid, like one distract of wits
Where it were best his naked sword betweene his ribs to driue
Or cast himself amids the flods, so to returne aliue,
By swimming to the crooked shore, vnto the Troyan fight,
Thrise whilst both waies he did attempt, thrise Iuno full of might
Withheld him, and with pitie moued his purpose did restraine.
He driues vpon the sea, with happy streame, and tide amaine,
At last arriues at aũcient towne where Daunus king doth raigne.

Ther whiles, at beck of mightie Ioue, Mezentius burning mad
Into the battaile comes, and sets vpon the Troians glad.
The Troian bandes togither run, and with one hate they fall
On him alone, and with their darts they do assaile him all.
He like a mighty rocke, amid the seas aloft that lies
With all aduentures mãtes, and fretting rage of surge abies,
And forces all sustaines, what so by heauen, or sea are done
That firmly fixed stands. Sir Heberus Delicaons sonne
He throwes to ground, and Latagus, and Palmus swift in flight.
At Latagus an hugie fragment of a mount in fight
He raught, and strake him in the face, and Palmus ham he rines
In twaine, and lets him softly roule, and armes to Lausus giues,
Who same vpon his shoulders fits, and plume on helmet weares.
Euantes eke the Troian borne, and Minas match in yeares
To Parris, and companion his, Theano whom the same
Vnto his sier Amicus bare, when noble Hecube dame
A burning brond sir Paris brought to light, he found a graue
Within Troy towne, but Minas thee Laurentum fields now haue.
Like as the Boare, which from the hils the houds bring down in chase,
Whom Vesule pine mount hath fostred well a mighty space,
And Laurent fields in couert kept, of reds full long haue fed,
At length when he himselfe perceiues in tangling toyles besped
Still stands, and fiercely whets his tusks, and bristels vp doth set,
No courage any to be wroth, or neare to come doth let.
With borespeares flung frõ far, & hallowings loud the beast they tire

Mezentius cometh to battel.

Euen ſo all thoſe gainſt whom Mezentius ſtout hath cauſe of ire,
None hath the heart in equall fight to méete him hand to hand,
But throwing darts, and raiſing hugie noyſe, aloofe they ſtand.
He fearleſſe lookes about, and doubts which way his courſe to make,
And gnaſhes with his téeth, and on his backe their darts doth take.
From auncient coaſts of Coritus, a Grætian Acron hight
There came, who promiſt wife, and wedding had forſane by flight.
Whom when Mezentius ſées, amid the rankes moue ſtir and ſtrife
In purple plumes full braue, and ſcarlet wéede of promiſt wife:
Like as an hungry lyon fierce the foreſt round doth praunce,
(So hunger mad conſtraines) if he a roebucke ſwift by chaunce,
Or elſe a Boze may finde, whoſe tender hornes begin to riſe,
He rampes for ioy, and wide he gapes, and vp his briſtles flies,
And falles vpon him cloſe, and ſtrait he bathes in goary blood
His grædie iawes:
Mezentius ſo him hies againſt his foes in haſtie mood.

Acron ſlain Vnhappie Acron falles to ground, and earth with héeles doth beat,
Whilſt vp he yéelds ỹ ghoſt, and ſpear not burſt with blood doth weat.
Ne ſir Orodes would he daine, that thence apace did flie
To caſt to ground, ne at his backe his trembling dart to wrie,
But full in face him méetes, and man for man with him doth fight,
Inferiour in craft, but not in déeds of martiall might.
On him then proſtrate on the earth both ſetting foote and ſpeare,
Of war no portion ſmall, loe tall Orodes lyeth there.
His mates againe a doubled ſound ſend forth with ioyfull hart.
He dying ſpeakes, ſure vnreuenged my death what euer thou art
Thou ſhalt not finde, ne long enioy, like deſtnies thée do call,
And where I lie, theſe very fields ſhall ſée thy fatall fall.
To whom Mezentius ſmiling, mixt with anger, anſwered then.
Thou now ſhalt die, as touching me, the father of gods and men
Looke he to that, and with ỹ ſword the ſpeare from corps he driue.
Vnto his eyes doth bitter reſt, and deadly ſléepe enſue,
With aye enduring night, and neuer more the day to view.
Then Cædicus Alcathous ſleies, Hidaſpis eke at length
Is by Sacrator ſlaine, Parthenie eke by Rapo, in ſtrength
Right rough likewiſe he Orſes, and Meſſapus réeues of breath.
Sir Clonie ſtrong, Ericate Lycaon ſends to death,
Who now by fall of frantike iade lies on the ground, the tother

A foote.

A footeman him now sleies on foote, and who from Argos thither
Sir Lycius came him gainst of grandsiers force not frustrate quight,
Braue Valerus downe throwes, sir Sale Antronius kills in fight,
And him Nealces sleies, in casting darts of noble skill,
That could from very far strike with an arrow what he will.
The grëuous fight like sorows now, & mutual deaths had wraught,
Ech others slew, and they themselues were soon to slaughter braught,
Both conquerours and conquerd sort, ne these will flie, ne thay.
The gods from Ioues supernall court their bootlesse wrath do way,
And pitie on both parts do take, and mortals heauy plight.
On th'one side Venus faire lookes downe, on th'other Iuno bright
And pale Tisiphon fretting fumes in thickst amid the fight.
Mezentius fierce, a mightie dart then shaking in his hand,
Comes flying to the field, much like Orion great from land
When he on foote through midst of dëepest seas and surges walkes,
And cuts a way through lakes, and to the necke in waters stalkes.
Or when an auncient Oke from highest hils he home doth fetch,
And walking on the ground with loftie head the cloudes doth retch.
Mezentius so right fierce in monstrous armour in comes hee.
Aeneas straight when him within the rankes afar doth sée,
Prepares against to go, but he awhit not dreading staies,
Untill his foe approach, his mightie corps he there do paies.
And measuring with eye the space how far his dart could glide,
This righthand this of mine, and flying launce which here I guide,
Be happie God to me I pray, and here a vow I make,
The spoiles which now from of the corps of this same thëefe I take
Thou for a monument, shalt Lausus haue, that said, a launce
He straight casts forth, that flies, and from Aeneas shield did glaunce
And worthie Anchor strake, and twirt his ribs and guts it went.
Anthor to sir Alcides mate, that was from Argos sent,
And to Euander claue, and auncient Irayle towne possest,
With others wound vnhaply slaine, his face to heauen he kest,
And yëelding vp the ghoast, swëete Argos oft doth call to minde.
Aeneas then a dart doth cast, that flies as swift as winde.
And where the hollow bosse about with thrëefold plates of bras,
With linen strong, and thrëefold plaites of bulles hide couered was,
The whirling dart through flies, and in his flanke doth fiercely light,
No force might it withstand. He gladly drawes his fauchon bright

Tisiphone which signifieth desire of reuenge.

Huge hanging down his side, when Tirrhen blood he doth espie,
And to him trembling all in rage he quickly draweth nie.
Then Lausus for his fathers chaunce doth mone in piteous wise
When he the deede beheld, and plenty teares ran downe his eies.
This hatefull hap of death, and eke those valient factes of thine,
(If therto later Time to credite giue do not repine)
Thy passing deedes, O noble Youth, in silence shall not lie.
Mezentius hurt retires, and back vnwieldy fast doth hie.
And with his shield his enmies speare away with him he drew.
The sonne came to rescue the father. Forth Lausus sprang, and strait himselfe amid the weapons threw,
And now his righthand vp he cast, his mighty stroke he set,
When vnderneath Aeneas sword the stroke doth comming let.
Their mates with mightie noise, and shout, this worthy deede pursue.
Then hid with Lausus shield the father himselfe frō thence withdrue,
And darts they thicke do throw, and foes from far prouoke to fight.
Aeneas raging frets, and shields himself with buckler bright.
And like as when a cloud, fulfraught with haile to ground doth fall,
The ploughmen rough from out the fields with speed conuey them al,
The husbandmen thence hie, the waifairer some harbour takes,
Some riuers bancke, or hollow stony cliffe his succour makes
Whilst down it poures, that when the Sun returnes againe in sight,
To wonted trauell fall, and labour lately left they might.
So stands Aeneas still, on eth side sore with toles oppresst,
On him whilst thick this cloud of war, and raging all doth rest,
And Lausus then begins to checke, and Lausus thus to threat.
Wher desperat runstes dost attempt things for thy power to great?
This foolish loue of thine hath thee vnskilfull quite forlorne.
And he likewise against his foe, no lesse doth brag, and scorne.
Unto the Troian prince great fury now in breast doth raigne,
And destnies had the vitall threed of Lausus cut in twaine,
For through his bulck Aeneas sone his mighty fauchon draue,
And hid it in him whole, his shield, and armour all he claue,
His coate like wise his mother which of soft fine gold had knit
Aeneas pitieth him, for he resembled Anchises face. And fild his bosome full of blood, his life away doth flit,
And woefull hasting to the soules, his body leaues behinde,
But when he saw his face which now to gastly death resignd,
His face which pale in wondrous sort did looke, he wofull stands,
And heauily bewailing vp with griefe doth cast his hands,

The semblant dèpe of fathers loue comes oft into his mind.
What prayses due O youth, shall I for these thy mercies finde
What may Aeneas worke so worthy nature to requite?
Thine armour kèepe, wherein alwayes thou tookest most delite,
Thy soule vnto thy grandsiers ghosts, thine ashes to the graue
I send, if so thy friends hereof some due regard will haue.
This one thing yet a comfort to thy dolefull death shall bée,
That great Aeneas thée hath slaine: His fellowes straggling hée
Much blames, and vp the corps hs lifts, begoaring all with blood
The curious kembed locks, as then the finest fashion stood.
Therewhils his father on the banke of Tyber noble flood
His wounds with water wipes, and fèble bodie there doth rest
Against a bending trée, his brasen helmet, and his creast
Far off hangs on a bough, his armour great lies on the grasse,
And chosen youths about him stand, and panting where he was
His fèble necke doth ease, his beard hangs downe vpon his brest,
And much of Lausus he enquires, his mind can take no rest,
And many forth to him he sends from fight him to recall,
And of his fathers carefull heart him to enforme withall.
Then Lausus dead his mates bring home, with griefe dubled paine,
Lamenting sore so mightie a man, so mightie a wound had slaine.
The minde that mischiefe did abode, his sonne a farre did know,
His hoarie haires with filthie dust he daubes, and vp doth throw
Both hands vnto the heauens, and fast vnto the corps doth cleaue.
O sonne, had I such lust here still to liue, ne life to leaue
That I should thée to cruell enmies rage obiected sée,
Whom I begat? and with thy blood preserued aliue to bée,
Thus liuing by thy death? To me poore wretch doth nought remaine
Haue exile sharpe, this bitter wound my wofull heart hath slaine.
And I (my son) thy noble name with foule reproch haue staind,
Pulst forth through spite frō princely throne, and place where father
Due punishment haue wel deserud, at countries hands to die (raind
All kinds of death, which (but to glose) I cannot sure deme.
Howbeit, as yet, I liue, ne men, ne light I do forsake,
But shortly so will do, and with that word he doth betake
Him to his wounded thigh, whereon he stands in painfull case,
The dèpely stroken wound doth cause him much to slacke his pace.
But nought in courage quailo, for stèd he cals, his onely stay,

More honourable to be slaine by a noble cōquerour.

Mezentius lamentatiō for Lausus death.

And onely comfort still that was, whereby he went away
He speaketh to his horse. Still conquerour from the field, and to his steed thus gan to call.
O Rhœbus, long (if ought to mortall men belong at all)
We liued haue, this day with bloodie spoyles returne againe,
Or with Aeneas head thou shalt, and so of Lausus paine
Reuenger be with me, or else if force no way can finde
With me togither shall be slaine, since thou of valiant kinde,
Canst not abide (I thinke) a strange, or Troian lord to know.
This said: vpon the wonted backe himselfe he doth bestow,
And each hand strait he armes with deadly dart, and piercing speare,
The brasen helmet glittering shines, and creast of horses heare,
And swift he throngs into the thickst, great shame his hart doth freat
Deepe lodge within, and madnesse mixt in breast with sorrow great,
And loue incenst with rage, and priuie touch of enmies might.
Then thrise Aeneas there with mightie noyse he calles to fight.
Aeneas knew his voice, and glad in minde began to pray,
The king of Gods, Apollo eke do graunt thou say not nay,
To deale with me in fight.
This much he said, and with an hugie speare him straight doth meet.
To whom then he, O cruell wretch with threats why dost thou greet
Since thou my son hast slaine? this was the next, and onely way
For thee to frame my fatall fall, and weaue my last decay.
No loue to loathsome beare I beare, for life I do not care,
He regardeth not the gods. Nor is there any of the gods whom I regard, or spare,
Leaue off, I come to die, but first this gift to thee I bring.
He said: and strait a quiuering dart against his foe doth fling.
Then forth another, and another throwing, round doth ride
A mightie race, the golden shield can well their force abide.
And thrise the Carrire round about him standing in the fielde
In casting forth his darts he rode, the Troian lord his shielde
Thrise beareth round, with cruell wood of darts quite ouerspred.
But when he shames so long to stay, so many a sticking head
To pull away, and nede compels vnequall fight to trie,
For he on foot, fought against an horseman. Mezentius falleth. And foes incensed rage, aye bent to blood, and death doth spie,
Much casting in his minde, at last breakes forth, and doth enforce
A dart into the hollow temples of the warlike horse.
Vpstands the steed on end, and beates the aier his heeles withall,
Then down he tumbling turnes, and faultring on the man doth fall.

He

He groueling on his face with shoulder wrest from ioynt there lies.
The Troians, and the Latines eke, with clamour touch the skies.
Aeneas flying comes, and from the sheath his blade drawes out,
And thus he speakes. Where is I pray you now Mezentius stout?
Wheres now that cruell force of minde, and courage bold in fight?
To whom Mezentius, when he larger breath, and heauens sight
Had drawne, and daunted spirits began refreshed well to bee,
O bitter foe, why brags thou thus, and threatnest death to mee?
My slaughter is no wrong ywrought, ne came I so to fight,
Ne did for me my Lausus deare, such league or bargaine smite.
This one thing I request, of lords, if vassels grace may craue,
My bodie let entombed be, I wote my subiects haue
Great hatred me against, their rage defend from me away,
And do vouchsafe in one selfe graue, my sonne and me to lay.
He spake: and strait the sword aduisde into his throat receaues,
And gushing goarie blood, the life amid the armour leaues.

DEO GRACIAS.

Inchoatum per Thomam Phaer, finitum Londini
per Thomam Twynum. 23. Maij. 1573.
Opus 7. dierum per interualla.

THE

THE ELEVENTH
Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Conquerour Aeneas ſetteth vp a monument to Mars for Mezentius ſlain. Pallas corps is with great pompe ſent to Euanders towne. Embaſſadors are diſpatched from Latinus, to intreat for truce of twelue daies, during which time they ſeeld the dutie of ſepulture to their dead, on both parts. And this while Venulus that was ſent at the beginning of the war, to require aid of Diomedes, returneth with denial. Then Latinus deſtitute of hope calleth a councell, and conſulteth to ſend Embaſſadors to Aeneas with conditions of peace. Drances and Turnus vpon ancient hatred inueigh one at the other. Therewhiles Aeneas diuiding his army in twaine, ſendeth his light horſmen before directly to the towne: And he himſelf with the reſt of his power, marcheth through woods, and ouer hils towards the hieſt part of the town, which being once knowne within Laurentum town, they leaue the councel, and prepare ſuch things as are neceſſarie for reſiſtance. Then Turnus vnderſtanding Aeneas intent, by ſpies diuideth likewiſe his power in twaine, and giueth Meſſapus, and Camilla charge of the horſemen. Himſelfe taketh the ſtraits, wherethrough Aeneas muſt needs paſſe to the towne, and there lieth in ambuſh. The horſmen on both ſides meet, & the victory is a great while vncertaine. There Camilla after many ſlaughters, whileſt vnwarely ſhe purſueth Cloreus Cybeles prieſt, moued thereto by the beauty of his armour, is by Arnus ſtroke through with a dart. Whoſe death neuertheleſſe Arnus bare not vnreuenged. For not long after he was ſtroke through likewiſe with an arrow, by Opis, a Nymph of Dianas traine. The Rutilians diſmaid at Camillas death, commit thē ſelues to flight, the Troians prepare to beſiege the town. Theſe heauy tidings being told by Acca, Camillas mate vnto Turnus. leauing the ambuſh, he haſteneth to come ſuccor his men. Aeneas followeth after, and becauſe the night drawing on, they could not fight, both pitch their tents before the towne.

Care ouer the dead, the part of a noble

THe dawning day thiſwhile, ỹ Oceā ſea had cléerly left,
Aeneas though ſome time on thoſe whom warres of liues had reft,
Vis care conſtraines him to employ, their graues for to prepare.
And now his minde, & ſenſes all on funerals fixd are,

To

To gods, yet natheleſſe, at riſing of the morning gray
For conqueſt great obtaind, his vowes, and ſeruice due doth pay.
A mightie Oke, whoſe bowes were quite ſpread of from euery ſide
Upon an hill he pight, and armour braue thereon he tide,
The duke Mezentius ſpoyles, a trophey mightie Mars to thée,
And fits thereto his creaſts, which yet with goreblod dropping bée,
And trũcheõs burſt of ſpears, his breſtplate xii. times I roughly ſmit
And in ſo many thruſt through, and buckler bright of braſſe doth fit
To his lefthand, his blade with Iuery trimd hung downe his nicke.
Then there his mates (for all the troupe of lords about him thicke.
There ſtood) reioycing he exhorts, and thus to them gan ſay.
A mightie déed we ended haue, all feare expell away,
Here now remaine the ſpoiles, and hanſell of that hautie king,
Mezentius loe here lies, whom to his death theſe hands did bring.
Next go vnto the king we muſt, and to Laurentum wall,
Chéere vp your hearts to fight, and hope the war will haply fall.
Let lingring none vnwares, ſo ſone as enſignes we aſſay
At Gods commaundment to remoue, and youth from tents conuay,
Vs hinder, or elſe feare from purpoſd fact vs hartleſſe ſtay.
Therewhiles our mates, and bodies which vnburied lie, to graue
Let vs betake, this onely due departed ſoules do craue.
And go (qd he) theſe worthy wights which with their blod this land
For you haue bought with laſt rewards to honour out of hand,
And to Euanders wofull towne let Pallas firſt be ſent,
Whom not deuoyd of courage ſtoute, miſhap his life hath rent,
A dire, and diſmold day hath drencht full déepe in deadly lake.
Theſe things he weeping ſpake, and to the place his way doth take
Where Pallas bodie dead Acetes auncient ſier did tend,
That was Euanders page in youth, but not vnto the end
With like good lucke allotted was companion to his ſon.
About him ſeruants all the rout and troupes of Troians run,
And dolefull dames of Troy, with haire of cuſtome quite vntruſt.
So ſone as into loftie dores himſelfe Aeneas thruſt,
A mightie ſcritch they raiſe vnto the ſkies, and beats then beat
With wofull cries, and plaints reſoundes againe the pallaice great.
But when he ſaw the head of Pallas faier held vp his face,
And wound in breaſt ſo ſmoth, broad gaping wide a mightie ſpace
Which Turnus lance had made, & trickling teares ran down his eies.

Captaine and of a good man.

Aeneas lamentation at the ſight of dead Pallas.

And

And wretched lad (quoth he) when luckie fortune gan to rise,
Enuide she thée to me, that our kingdome shouldst not sée,
Nor yet vnto thy fathers coasts as victor borne to bée?
Not I this promise to Euander king thy sier did make,
When him I parting fro, in folded armes he me did take,
And to a mightie raigne me sent, and warnd me what might fall.
The men were fierce, the nation hard that I should deale withall.
And now deceiued much with frustrate hope, and vaine desier,
Perhaps he praters makes, and altars heaps with blood, and fier.
Unto this youth now dead, and to no gods beholding, we
With heauie hearts do honours giue that nought anailing be,
Unhappie man, thy deare sonnes wofull buriall shalt behold,
These are our glad returnes, and triumphs after warres so bold,
This is the trust in me repoasd, yet sure thou shalt not sée
With shamefull dastard wounds thy son (Euander) slaine to bée.
Re with him dead whilst he did liue, O griefe and sorrow most,
How great a stay Ausonia, and Iulus hast thou lost?

A notable description of a warlike buriall as is either of a captaine, or some noble man.

When he for all these things had wept his fill, the corps anon
He bids them vp to take, and from his army many a one
A thousand men in tale doth chose the funerall pompe to guide,
To present be at fathers teares, some comfort to prouide
Though small in his so great a griefe, which wofull fathers take.
Some hurdles thicke with force do frame, the coffin some do make
Of tender twisted twigs of trées, and slender slips of Oke,
And on those builded beds, with boughs thick shadows do prouoke.
Hereon the lad aloft on wad of country straw they lay,
Much like a flower which virgins thombe frō stalke hath nipt away,
Where it were tender violet, or dafdill withring white,
Whose glittring hue not yet is gone, nor passing beautie bright,
Though mother Tellus yéld no sap, and strength be vaded quite.
Two mantels then with purple fine, and gold that stiffe did stand
Aeneas forth did bring, which once Duéne Dido her one hand
In happie state for him had made, with web of gold full small.
The one of these vpon the youth for honour last of all
He putteth on, and locks that must be burnt therewith doth hide.
And many a worthy spoyle reserud since Laurent war beside
He heapes thereon, and bids the spoyles be borne in long aray,
And horse, and weapons ads, which from his foes he toke away.

And

And certaine captiues bound for sacrifice therewith he sent
Vnto th'infernall gods, whose blood the fiers should all bespreut.
And truncheons great of spears, with armour tane from foes theron,
He bids the captaines beare, with foes names fastned thervpon.
There goes Acetes sad (good man) with store of yeares oppresst,
His face eft mangling with his nailes, eft bounsing of his brest.
With faintnes downe he fals, and corps along on earth doth rest.
And charets also forth they lead, embrued with Rutils blood.
Then Aethon next, his courser faire, bereeud of trapping stood, Aethon
And after weeping comes, and weates his face with mightie teares. Pallas
Some beares his speare, his helmet some, the residue Turnus weares steede.
Since him he slue, the mournfull bands of Troians do ensue,
And Tyrrhen captaines, Archads eke, with weapons turnd ascue.
But when this goodly traine afar, was marched on the way,
There still Aeneas stood, and mourning wise these words gan say.
The semblant wofull chance of war doth vs from hence withcall
Of many another valiant youth to waile the wofull fall.
For euermore alhaile, for euer, Pallas, now adieu.
He said no more, but to the walles his steps he strait withdrue.
And now Embassadours were come from Latine towne so great,
With branch of Olive bough in hand, for licence to entreat,
Such bodies as lay dead in fields with mortall wounds oppresst.
For to require, that they in graues might take their finall rest.
Gainst conquerd wights, & wanting breath, no fight remaines at all,
His hoasts that he would daine to spare, whō fathers he once did call.
To whom then good Aeneas, since but iust, and rightfull they
Did aske, doth license grant, and more vnto them thus doth say.
What fortune foule, O Latines, hath you to such warres betake,
In such rash wise and foolish sort our friendship to forsake?
And doe you leaue, and licence now for men departed craue,
Whom I do wish, that liuing they the same should rather haue?
Ne had I come, but destnies here a place for vs did chuse,
Nor I against your nation fight. Your king did me refuse
To entertaine, and rather claue vnto king Turnus might.
For whom more equall it had bin to trie this deathes despight,
If so with hand this war to end, and Troians hence to shoue
He doe prepare, in armes with me his fatall chance to prooue,
Then he should liue whō gods, his life, or his right hand wold spare.

But

But now depart, and for your peoples buriall rights prepare.
These words Aeneas spake. They stood astoind, and nothing said,
Drances was great enemie to Turnus. And each on other glauncing eft their eies, their mouths they staid.
The auncientst then that Drancus height, for crime, and iust desart
With Turnus that offended was, his words thus gan impart.
O pærelesse prince of great renowme, in armes of greater fame,
How shall I shew thy praise, or to the gods compare the same?
Thy laud for Iustice shall we first, or martiall feats admire?
These things vnto our citie we will shew with great desire,
And thee vnto Latinus king, if fortune grant, will ioyne,
Let Turnus in some other place for leagues anew purloyne.
And furthermore the hugie moale of fatall walles to reare
We shall be glad, and to that worke on shoulders stones to beare.
He ended had, with one consent the same they all allow,
And for twelue dayes they truce doe take, and peace a space to bow.
The Troians and the Latines mixt in woods do wander frée,
And round in tops of hils they rome, and holts full huge that bée.
And here with stroke of mightie axe the brittle Ash doth sound,
There lofty Pines that touch the stars are throwne vnto the ground
The mighty Okes, and Cedars smelling swte the wedges teare,
And sturdy carts do cracke, full heauy lade them home that beare.
Report of Pallas death commeth to Euander, and his towne. And now the flying fame of griefe so great, and tidings ill
Euander wofull man, his house, and all his towne doth fill,
That Pallas late in Latium a victor did report.
Th'Archadians run vnto the gates, as is their wonted sort,
And funerall brands doe beare, the waies along echwhere do shéen
With ranks of flaming fiers, and seuerals make the fields betwéen.
The Troians rout approching fast do ioyne their wofull lay.
Euanders wofull lamentation of his son. Whom when the ancient dames perceiud to court to take their way,
With wofull cries, and piteous shouts the towne they do repleat.
No force Euander then than stay, nor reason him entreat,
But forth vnto the thickst he throngs, and downe himself doth lay
Vpon the beare where Pallas was, and there doth wéeping stay,
And scarce vnto his spéech with much adw could ope the way.
Dids not, O Pallas, thou to me thy fier this promise make,
That charely thou wouldst thy selfe to cruel war betake?
I knew right well the nouell prise, and glory first in fight,
And pleasant honour won in armes how much prenaile it might.

O hard beginnings to a lad, and wofull martiall traine,
My sacrifice and prayers fond, to gods powrd forth in vaine.
And O most holy wife and Nuæne, by death thrise happie thæ,
That hast not liu'd vnto this day, this wretched sight to sæ.
But I by sæing this, my fatall terme haue passed quite,
That father yet remaine aliue, and sæ this wofull sight.
More mete had ben the Troian armes I followed had in field,
And ouerwhelmd with Rutill dartes, my life to death had yeld,
And only mæ this noble pompe, not Pallas home should bring.
Ne can I you, O Troians, blame, your league, ne yet the thing
Which we w̄ righthād giuen on both parts swore, whē in my groūd
Most faithfull harbour, and in court you intertainment found.
This chaunce vnto mine elder yeres, I sæ, alotted was
But since my son by death vntimely from this life must pas,
I comfort take, the Troians since to Latium in he braught,
So many thousand Volscans slaine, his fatall end he caught.
Nor other funerall rites shalt thou, son Pallas, get of mæ,
Then good Aeneas, Phrygians eke, and Tyrrhenes giue to thæ,
Great monuments they bring of such as died by thy righthand.
And thou likewise, a mighty corps now dead in armes shouldst stand,
O Turnus, match if that his age, and equall strength to thine
His yeares had made, so much thereat I should not then repine.
But why do I you Troyans now so long from battell stay?
Depart, and to Aeneas king from me this message say.
That I this loathsome life endure, since Pallas now is dead
Thy right hand is the cause, which to the fathers hoary head,
And to the sonne doth Turnus owe, herein thou maist deserue
Alonly well of me, and proue thy chaunce. Not to preserue
The ioyes of life I sæke, ne doth mine age the same requier,
But to the ghoasts below, to beare those newes is my desier.
The morning cleare therewhiles to men restored had againe
The chærfull day, that nought to them but trauels brings, and paine:
Aeneas then, and Tarchon ioynt, the crooked shore along
Great bonefiers build, the bodies dead of all their friends the throng
As countries custome bids do bring, and fier thereunder make,
The loftie heauen anon with thicke and smuthy smoke lokes blake.
And thrise about the burning fiers they ran in armour bright,
And thrise on horsebacke rode about the fiers with hollowing right,

He is glad of reuenge.

The custom of burning the dead in olde time.

And wofull wailings forth did send, and teares let fall amaine
Vpon their weapons, and vpon their harneis like the raine.
The crie of men to heauen ascendes, and ratling Trompets sound.
And some the spoyles of such as there lay slaine of Latin ground,
Their helmets faier into the fier, and guilden swords they threw,
And bridles braue, and charret wheeles yet warm, wherof they knew,
By others some cast in, their shields and weapons void of lucke,
And many an ore thernigh, they done to death, and thither plucke,
And many a brisled Boare, and cattaile fore the fields throughout
They slay and sling them in the flames, then all the shore about
Their fellowes burning they behold, and bones halfbrent do keepe,
And scarce from thence can be withdrawne, till moistie night ỳ steepe
Prouokes, the heauen inturnd, and whole with stars replenisht had.
Now on the other side in semblant sort, the Latines sad
Innumerable bone fiers built, and many a body thay
In graues deepe digd bestow, and many a corpes they send away
To neighbours nigh at hand, and to Lauinium towne againe.
The residue, and the hugie heape of such as there lay slaine
Both numberlesse, and honourlesse they burne, the fields full wide
With plenty flaming fiers bright shining shew on euery side.
The third day had from heauen nights chillie shade erpeld away,
When heauily the Ashes heapes which there confused lay
In vrnal pots they put, and mouldring mould theron do sling.
They buried the ashes in pots called Vrnæ. And now within the walled towne of ritch Latinus king,
The greatest noise was heard, and far the worst, and wofullst cheere,
Of mothers, daughterslaw, mixt with the plaints of sisters deere,
And babes be reft of fathers sweet, this cruell war detest,
And Turnus promist spousals, and that he aboue the rest
In single fight was sought, that he his force must trie in fight,
That for Italia sceptre seekes, and honours due of right.
These thinges good auncient Drances fiercely tells, & record bares
That Turnus tis alone whom Troian prince in fight requeres,
With diuers things besides, which many against him did dispute,
Embassadours returne without effecte from Diomedes. Howbeit the countnance of the Queene doth them at full refute.
Though fame of many boties tane do much his name aduaunce.
Then in these sturres, amid this tumult hot, by wondrous chaunce,
Behold, from forth the mighty towne of Diomedes king,
Embassadours with answere do returne, that they nothing

With

With so great trauail spēt, with gifts, & gold to end haue brought,
Nor earnest praiers taue effect, new means there must be wrought,
Or of the Troian prince som league of peace there must be sought,
With sorow great in soundings then downe falles Latinus king,
And that Aeneas destinies there, and power of gods did bring
The wrath of gods there shews, and graues fresh digd before his face
Wherfore assembly great of nobles all to come in place
By writs hee warnes, and to his princely house doth them transport.
They all doe mēte, and to the place ech way they thicke resort.
Latinus then in midst amongst them all, of auncienst yeares,
With carefull countnance sits, and chiefe in hand his scepter beares.
The legates there that from Ætola towne with answere came
Ye bids declare their charge, and orderly requires the same.
When whust was once proclaimd, & men were bid not silence breake,
Sir Venulus with due tie due, thus then began to speake.

The maner of calling to a princes parlament.

The Embassadors answere.

We Diomede, O citizens, and Argiue tentes haue sēne,
And dangers all we passed haue which in that Iorney bēne.
And we that hand haue toucht wherby proud Troy to ground did fal
His towne he Argiripe by name of natiue soile doth call,
Which conquerour he built in Oarganus Iapix land.
When in we came, and leaue we had to speake where we did stand
Our presents vp we yeld, our names, and countrey we declare,
Who war on vs haue made, and why to Arpos come we are.
Whē we our message heard, with calmed speech these words gan say.
O happy people where Saturnus king sometime bare sway,
And auncient Ausonians, while liues in rest ye lead,
What fortune causd you then the pathes to straūgy warres to tread:
So many of vs all, as Troyan fields with war did foyle,
(Such things I passe, as vnderneath the walles with woful toile
Were done, and what kind men do vnder Simois water lye)
The same with wofull punishment throughout the world we bye,
And all of vs great penaunce for that foule offence sustaine,
Whom Priame, if he liued, now of pitie sure would daine.
This doth Minerus cruell tempest tell, Euboia rockes,
And Capharees reuenging hill, and many deadly knockes
Against the shore, to diuerse coastes when we dispersed were.
And Menelae Atreus son, far hence is banisht, where
Done Protees pillers stand, right wel the Cyclops all were knowne

Vnto Vlisses and his mates vnhappie thither blowne.
Neptolems realme what shall I name, and cities ouerthrowne?
Or else the Ozoly that dwell on shore of Lybie land?
Yea Agamemnon king, the leader chiefe of Grætan band,
At first his comming home was by his spouse despightfull slaine,
So when he Troy had raisd, Aegisthus in his seat did raigne.
And shall I shew the spite of gods my selfe I did endure?
When home I came in hope to finde my lady chaste, and sure
My citie faier that Calidona hight, now monstrous sights
Still conuersant before mine eyes my senses much affrights.
For why? my mates which I haue lost, ỹ aire wᵭ wings haue raught,
And turnd to foules the flods do haunt, (O plagues that I am taught
To know of mine) and hollow cliffes with weeping voyces fill.
And since that time all other things I doubt and feare as ill,
When like a bedlam beast, celestiall wights with steele I smit,
And into Venus hand a greeuous wound did hastly hit.
Do not I pray you, friends, mee to such battaile euer call,
For neuer I since first great Troy downe fell by fatall fall,
With Troyans would haue ought to do, ne doth it me delight
When of these mischeeues I do thinke, though they be finisht quite.
As for the presents which to me you bring from out your land,
Vnto Aeneas beare them backe, with whom we hand to hand
Or this haue fought, and him against in open armes haue stand.
Beleeue me that haue tried, in shield with what force he doth rise?
And with what deadly dint his mightie speare in fight he wries?
If that besides this man two other such Troy towne had bred,
Themselues forth to Inachus towne the Troyans sure had sped,
And Grætia with contrary fates should waile her heauy plight.
For whatsoeuer lingring time was made in Troyan fight
Through Hector, and Aeneas hand the conquest still was stayd,
Whereby that war to tearme of ten yeares complete was delayd.
Of valient courage both, and in armes of worthie might,
In good lines yet this exceld, do peace with right hands smight
Whilst good occasion offred is, by all meanes do eschue
In war with him to wage, least hapless hap do make you rue.
And thus sir king, the answere of that mightie prince you haue,
And of this great and wofull war the iudgement that he gaue.
Scarce had the legates done, whē mumbling mūming much doth rise
Amongst the Latines all, as when great stones in semblant wise

Called Diomedes foules, se Plini lib. 10.

He compareth Aeneas with Hector.

Some riuer swift do stay, the streame within doth ratling sound,
And all the bankes about with crackling noise againe redound.
So sone as were their mindes appeasde, and mouthes at rest did stay
The king to gods first praying from hie throne these words gan say.
Before this time, O Latines, to determine of this case
More mẽte had ben, and I my selfe therof desirous was.
And not as thus at present time, a counsell now to call,
When foes be fast at hand, and enmies round besiegde the wall.
A battlesse war, good Citizens, with stock of gods we beare,
And with a man whose valient force no wars could euer weare
Nor weary once in fight, nor cause him leaue though he were won.
If in Ætolian armes some hope to put you once begun
Whom now for ayd ye call, henceforth looke that reposed bée
The hope of ech one in himselfe though small, as all do sée.
For other things, how they on ground do lie with woful fall
Before your face you sée, and in your hands are daily all.
Nor do I any man accuse, echone hath done his best,
The bodie whole of all the realme within this war was prest.
And now at last what sentence in my doubtfull minde doth lie
I meane to shew, in few words (giue eare) I will discrie.
There lies an auncient field to Tyber riuer neare about,
Forth butting on the west, and vnto Sicilia stretching out,
Arunci, and the Rutils till the same, and hillockes smart
With ploughes they turne, and moũtains sharp to pastures do cõuart.
This countrey whole, and hilly coast with Pines that doth abound
For Troians friendship let vs giue, and equall leagues compound,
And make them fellowes in our land, and place vnto them yéeld,
Since that so great desier they haue, and cities let them build.
But if to other coastes to cut, straunge nations to assay
They doe attend, and from our land they may depart away,
Twise ten tall ships of Itail Oke to build them by and by
Or moe we may for néede, the stuffe by Tybers side doth lye:
Let them the number point, and for their ships the fashion show,
And we the kéeles, and workmanship, and tacklinges will bestow.
Moreouer these our words to tell, and leagues of truce to frame,
An hundred legates forth to send to them in Latines name
I thinke it best, and Oliue boughes of peace in handes to hold,
With gifts of price of Iuery fine and talentes great of gold,

Precious gifts of the Romaines.

And kingly cloath of ſtate, and mantel, badge of all our land,
To publique welth downe tore almoſt, ſet now your helping hand.
Then Drances wroth (whom ſecret hate of Turnus fame did prick,
And fame of great exploites atchieued againſt him cauſd to kick,
In gods right ritch, but more of tongue, in war of baſtard minde,
But yet in ſad, and counſell graue, not far the beſt behinde,
Full fit ſedicious ſéede to raiſe, whom mothers noble blood
With pride hath prickt, but of his ſier vncertaine ſtil that ſtood)
Vpſtanding, him in wordes doth blame, and aggrauates with ire.
A thing well knowne, and no mans helpe to ſhew that doth require
Moſt mighty king you do perſwade, and all do know full well
What thing the people moſt deſier, but that they feare to tell.
But let him giue me leaue to ſpeake, and lay apart his pride,
By whoſe vnhap, and dealings far from honeſt maners wide,
(For ſpeake I will, though ſwords to mée, and cruel death he threat)
So many valient lords are ſlaine, and all this citie great
With mourning ſits amoapte, whilſt Troian tentes he doth aſſay,
Then takes him to his héeles, & welkin wines with armes to fray.
Among theſe many giftes to Troyans which you ſend, one thing
Do cauſe moreouer likewiſe to be borne, O mighty king.
Let no mad rage of any man ſo much your mind peruart,
But that vnto ſo worthy ſon in law, you would impart
Your daughter bright in mariage, perpetuall peace to make.
But if ſuch feare of Turnus in your trembling breſt do ake,
Let vs intreat him earneſtly and to him let vs ſue,
That to our king and countrey, he would yéeld that is their due.
Why doſt thou thus our citizens in doubtfull daunger bring
So often, thou of Latium plagues that art the only ſpring?
By war no ſafetie ſure we get, for peace we all do craue
At thy hands Turnus, and the maid Lauinia young to haue.
And firſt my ſelfe, whom ſcarce (I know) thou thinkſt thy frend to be,
Nor care to bée, for pitie loe entreating come to thée.
Take pitie on thy countreymen, lay down thy Peacockes traine,
Depart, ſince thou art vanquiſhed, too many bodies ſlaine
We do already ſée, our broad wide fieldes forlorne do lie.
But if ſuch great renowne, or courage bold in breſt on hie
Thou doſt conceaue, or princeſſe yong thou doſt deſier ſoe,
Allay him then, and with bold hart encounter with thy foe,

Drances oration.

That

That Turnus may by meanes thereof enioy a Quéene to wife.
We silly soules, vnburied sort, and vnbewayled, rise
About the fields shall lie. And thou, if any force remaine
Or sparke of fathers valiant vertue in thy breast, againe
Loke him in face that thée doth call.
Hereat then Turnus all in rage doth boyle in burning brest, Turnus reply.
And giues a grone, and from his hart full déep these words doth wrest,
Great store of talke is readie, Drances, euermore with thée,
When bloody warres do hands require, and first in place to bée
Thou wilt be sure, to parlament when Senators resort.
But still the court must not be fild with words, and vaine report,
Which in abundance great from thée do flow, whilst citie wall
Betwéene thée, and thine enmy stands, nor ditches blod withall
Do flow about. Wherefore as is thy wonted guise persist,
And thunder out thy twatling talke, as long as thou shalt list,
And do of feare me then accuse, when thy courageous hand
So many heapes hath slaine of those that came from Troian land,
And all the fields about with trophies faire braue decked stand,
And there what can thy mightie manhod do thou maist assay.
And as for foes, we néed not to go séeke them far away,
For round the walles they do besledge. Come on, and let vs goe,
And still through dastard cowardice continue not so sloe.
What? with thy prating tong alone thus alwaies wilt thou fight?
And shall thy foolish féete be prest alwaies to shamefull flight?
Was I repulst? or is there any (wretched varlet) well
The same can proue, with Troian blod when Tyber stream so swell,
And all Euanders stocke, and house to ruine brought to bée,
And all th' Archadian hoast, of armes, and force despoyld shall sée?
Not so did Bitias finde in me, nor yet Pandarus fell.
Nor thousands, whom this right hand in one day sent downe to hell
When I was cloasd with walles, and hard with heapes of foes beset.
By war no safetie shall we get? these vaine deuises let
Be boded to Aeneas head, and to thine owne estate.
Nor cease not still to trouble all with foolish fearefull fate,
And to extoll that nations force, that twise was won in fight,
And by that meanes for to debase great king Latinus might.
And now the valiant péeres of Greece the Phrygian armes do dread.
Prince Diomede, and in Larrissa towne Achilles bred.

Or els Aufidus riuer swift runnes back vnto his head.
See, this dissembler vile great feare doth feine for dread of mée,
And aggreuates the crime that it might séeme more big to bée.
But neuer thou by mée thy life shalt lose, hold thée at rest,
Let that abide with thée, and still remaine within thy brest.
Concerning thée, and those the counsels great thou dost disclose
Most mightie prince, if in our strength no trust thou do repose,
If so we be forsane, and when our force is once subdued,
We quite away ben cast, and fortune cannot be renued,
Then let vs treat for peace, and yélding handes to him submit.
But, O, if any iote of wonted valure bide as yet,
The same aboue the rest for happie paines, and courage bolde,
He speaketh of Mezentius. I will extoll, in him who left the like he should beholde,
Himself did yélde to death, and with his téeth did teare the grounde.
But if some sparkes remaine, and youthes vntwicht may yet be foũd,
And frendly townes in Italy, and peoples maine of might:
And if our foes with losse of bloud haue won the price in fight,
And equall slaughter they sustaine, and like lucke them attaint,
Why should we thus like dastards vile, at first beginning faint?
And feare before we do beginne to fight, thus vs appall?
Longe tract of Time, and sundrie happes, which in our life befall,
Time, and Fortune. Chaunge thinges to better state, and Fortune whom she did disgrace,
Oft times againe doth raise, and prinkes him vp in prouder place.
Though Diomede, Arpenses eke to vs no help will bring.
Mesapus will, and happy prince in warre Tolumnius king.
And Dukes from many nations sent, ne is it simple praise
Which all the mustars tane through Latium lande are like to raise.
And from the noble Volscan blouds the maide Camilla hight,
A troupe of horsemen that conductes in brazen armour bright
But if the Troyans me alone do séeke for hand to hand,
And so you please, and publique weale so much I do withstand,
So conquest (as I trust) from these handes will not part away.
That any hazard for this hope I dread for to assay.
With courage gainst him will I go, though he Achilles pas,
And weare like armour strong, that made by hand of Vulcan was.
This life, I Turnus, to you all, and to Latinus vow,
To any of mine aunce stours in prowes that will not bow.
If me alone the Phrygian prince do call, I am content.

Or if against me (wofull wretch) the wrath of god is bent.
I would not for my sake, that Drances die, or harme sustaine,
Or if the field I win, one iot of praise get by my paine.
These words among themselues they do debate of doubtful things
Aeneas then remoues his campe, and forth his battell brings.
When loe, into the pallaice strait with dread, and tumult great,
A scoat approching comes the towne with feare that doth repleat,
How Troians now from Tyber shore come fast in battell ray,
And Tyrrhen bands in ranks, there round about the fields they lay.
Then strait amazed were mens minds, & peoples breasts with feare
Astoind, with most feruent flames of ire incensed were.
They trembling then for armor call, the youth for weapons fret,
The wofull fathers weepe, and mumbling moning voices set.
An hugie noise of sundry tunes into the aier doth rise,
None otherwise then when a shole of foules aloft that flies,
And on a thicket lights, or when by Padus riuer shore
The horcey swans do lift their lay, the banks the same doth rore.
Then Turnus taking present time, O citizens, he sayes,
Go call a councell now, and fitting speake of peaces praise
Whilst foes into our realmes do run: no more thereof he said
But flinging forth full soone, himselfe out of the house conuaid.
Thou Volusus, commaund (quoth he) the Volscans, armes to take,
And thou thyselfe the Rutils lead, Messapus, readie make,
And with his brother Coras ioynt the coastes about to scoure,
And some go fortifie the gates, some furnish euery tower,
The rest with me, as I haue told, into the field shall yede.
They by and by vnto the wals doe fling with flying spede.
Th'assembly then, and conncels there begun, the king forsakes,
And with vnwilling minde them to another time betakes,
Himselfe much blaming then, that neuer by his owne accord
He called to the towne his sonne in law the Troian lord.
Some trenches cast before the gates, some piles aloft do raise
Of wood or stone, alarme the trumpets call to blodie frayes.
Anon with sundry troupes they compasse round about the wall,
The matrones with their babes, for daunger calles to labour all.
No lesse vnto the sacred church of Pallas goddesse strait
The Queen is borne, a beuie braue of dames on her doth wait.
Great gifts she bare, and next her side Lauinia bright of hue,

He diuideth the charge to his captaines.

The cause of all the strife, and downe to ground her eies she threw.
In throng the Ladies thick, the church with incense swet doth reake,
And from their lostie thrones, with wofull voices thus they speake.
O thou that onely art of warres, Tritonia virgin, chiefe,
Confound the weapons with thy hand of this proud Troian thief,
And strike him dead to ground before our gates ỹ works our grief
King Turnus raging then obstrues forth, to the field is prest,
His braue Rutulian armor now was buckled to his brest.
With brasen scales right rough, his thies wᵒ plates of gold were clad
His head as yet vnarmd, his sword to side he fited had,
All glittring bright he shines, and from the pallaice forth he goes,
Triumphing in his minde, and whole in hope hath sold his foes.
Like as some noble horse that from the stable is start away,
And frely flinging forth in open fields, and pastures gay,
To others heaze, and heards of Mares doth headlong running dash,
Or hies him hastily to some wonted streame himselfe to wash,
His mane then vp he lifts aloft, and wanton runnes his way,
The crisping curling locks vpon his necke do wauing play.
Camilla of Volsca. With whom Camilla méting there with guard of Volscan rout,
Against him comes, then there the Quéene her self the gates without
Downe lights, of whom did all the armed rout example take,
And softly from their horse they leape, and thus to him she spake.
If noble harts may any hope repose in valiant hands,
O Turnus, both I dare and bowe to mét the Troian bands,
And with the Tyrrhen horsmen eke encounter on the way.
Let me the onset giue of former fight this present day,
Still stay you here on foote, and manfully the walles defend.
Then Turnus speaking, on the virgin fierce his eies doth bend.
O virgin flower of Latium land, what thanks to yeld to thée,
Or kindnes to requite, shall I deuise may worthy bée?
But since thy valiant heart doth all aduentures great excéde,
I pleased am (O Quéene with thée this paine to part in déde,
Aeneas, as the same and scoutes doe tell, for this intent,
Before him well arayd, his troupes of horsemen light hath sent,
To sacke the fertile fields, himselfe through craggie hilles on hie,
And desarts déepe, in haste vnto the towne approcheth nie.
In secret ambush I, in yonder wood, in place not wide,
That so both wayes I may besiege, my selfe entend to hide.

Do thou vpon the Tyrrhen horſmen ſet with ioyned band,
With thée ſhall sharpe Meſſapus yéede, and troupes of Latine land,
And ſtrong Tiburtus power, and take to thée the charge of all.
He ſaid, and with like words Meſſapus forth to fight did call,
Him with his captaines all alike he kindleth gainſt their foes,
And forth himſelfe anon before them all with courage goes.
There lies a vallie low, with croked turnes a craftie place,
And fit for ſleights of war, whom thickets blacke on each ſide trace.
The ſides do narrow ſhut, a little path thereto doth lie,
And paſſage paſſing ſtreight, or ragged cragged entrance hie.
This plaine lies quite vnknowne, with coorners ſafe to lurke within,
Where on the left hand, or the right, the battell do begin,
Or on the hill you liſt to ſtand, and ſtorme of ſtones downe caſt.
By readieſt way in coaſt well knowne, doth Turnus thither haſt,
And quickly takes the place, and thicke in woods himſelfe he hides.
There whiles Diana faire in loftie ſkies aboue that bides,
Dame Opus ſwift to her doth call, a chaſt and fellow maid,
And one of her vntouched troupe, and thus to her ſhe ſaid
With heauie cheare. O virgin pure, Camilla forth doth pas
Vnto a bloodie war, armd with our toles in vaine, alas.
Her doe I loue aboue the reſt, ne to Diana new
This liking lately ſprang, nor ioy in minde on ſudden grew.
Pulſt out through ſpite from natiue realme by ſubiects hauty might,
When Metabus from old Priuerna towne did take his flight,
This infant vp he snatcht, when rage of war was thickſt of all,
A mate in exile ſharpe, and her by mothers name did call,
And of Caſmilla, her by ſhorter name Camilla hight.
Her in his armes he bare, when through the deſart tops his flight
Of waſt forlorned hilles he toke, and darts about him flew,
And him on euery ſide, thicke troupes of Volſcans did purſue.
When loe, in midſt of flight Amaſenus with water ſtore
Aboue his banks brake out, ſuch plentie raine not long before
There fell, whereouer whilſt anon to ſwim he doth aſſay,
He feares (alas) his burden déere, pure loue doth cauſe him ſtay.
Then muſing much in minde, at laſt this practiſe beſt he thaught.
A mightie ſpeare which into hand that time by chance he caught,
Whon as he fought, of knotty wood ſhaptforth, and Oke full ſtout,
To this his doughter déere in barke of tree encloſde about

The ſtorie of Camilla & Merabus her father.

Hée

He binds, and fitly to the mids of mightie speare he ties,
And oft it shaking in his valiant hand, thus loud he cries.
Diana bright and virgin pure that in these woods dost bide,
I vow a seruant here to thée, that bound vnto her side
Most humbly holding fast a speare, flies from her foes, receaue
Her (goddesse) to thy charge, whom here in doubtfull case I leaue.
He said, and strait with bended arme the weapon forth he throwes,
The waters sound, aloft the riuer swift, Camilla flowes.
Then Metabus when now the prease began to approch him nie,
The riuer strait he takes, his speare, and babe, therwith doth wrie
Out of a grœngrasse turfe, a gift that great Diana sent.
No people house for harbour him, nor walled cities lent,
Nor if they any offred had, he neuer would consent.
A shepheards life among the sole, and sauage hils he led,
His tender childe in thickest thornes, and beds of beasts he fed
With milke of mares vnmild, and suck of beasts were neuer caught,
And to her tender lips in milking, downe their dugs he raught.
Camillas actiuitie in her infancie.
But when her pretie foote she first began to set on ground,
Her hands, and euery part with sharpned darts he laded round.
A quiuer on her shoulders small he hung with crooked bow.
In stead of golden caule, and mantle braue should hang below,
A Tygers skin downe from her head along her backe doth fall,
With little childish darts her hands he armes to play withall,
Or by a twisted thong about her head she whirles a sling,
Wherwith somtime a Crane, somtime a Swan she down doth bring.
Her many noble dames through Tyrrhen towns wheras she went
Haue wisht in vaine, their daughter law she were, but she content
Alone with chast Dianas grace, herselfe preserueth still
Vntwight vnto her toles, and virgins life leades most at will.
Would god she had with no such fond desier of war bin cought,
When first the valiant Troians to prouoke in fight she sought,
Her do I tender much, and would she yet remaind with mée,
But now with destnies her, and fatall fall oppresst I sée.
Descend dœre Nymph, from heauen, and Latin fields go visite streit,
Whereas with haples hap, and blodie broile this fray they feight.
Take these, and from this quiuer, shafts of sharpe reuenge addresse,
And whosoere her sacred corps with wound shall once oppresse,
Where he of Troy or Latium be, his blod shall that repay.

Then

Then in an hollow cloud anon her wofull corps away,
And armour vndefilde, I to her natiue soyle will beare,
And in a worthy sepulcher my selfe interre her there.
She said, thē through ẏ flickring aier w̄ wings she downward slides,
And giues a rush, and with a tempest blacke her bodie hides.
There whiles the Troian bands vnto the walles approched nie.
Hetruscan captains with thir troupes of horsemen, by and bie
Themselues bestow in good aray, the palfreys stamping fret
Throughout the field, and raignd with sturdie bits forth softly iet
Now here, now there, the field rough stands w̄ many a pike & launce
And from their loftie helmets far the glittring Sunbeams glaunce.
On th'other side Messapus sharpe, and Latines fierce to fight,
And Coras with his brother, and Camillas wing so bright
Stand forth against them in the field, and launces fast to make
Within their rests, & points of trembling speares fast charged shake,
Their foes abode, and noyse of stēdes them sore on fier do set.
But when both armies were at cast of dart togither met,
There still a while they staid, a shriching shout they sudden raise,
Their champing horse they harten forth, ẏ darts flie euery waies
Like snow ẏ thick doth fal, black shade the heauen quite ouerlaies. } They gine the onset.
And first with spitefull speares, Tyrrhenus with Acontie tall
Encountring fiercely mēte, and first with mightis noyse do fall
To ground, the stēds echothers breast with breast doth sqēzing iolt.
Acontie there vnhorst as swift as thickest thunterbolt,
Or like some stone by engine great of warre forth flung down lights
And into thin and flickring aier exhales his vitall sprites.
Incontinent the ranks are broke, and Latines put to flight
Cast backe their shields, and headlong horses pricke to citie right.
The Troians then, and first Asilas sharpe the chase pursue,
And now to gates they nēre were come, the Latines then anew
A mightie noyse extoll, and horses necks about do wrie.
The Troyans turne their backs, and largely yēlding raines, do flie. A doubtfu battell.
Like as the sea with altring course that forth doth running freat,
Somtimes it flowes to wore, & rocks with rolling waues doth weat,
And foming on the sand and beach, along doth tumbling glide:
Sometime doth swiftly ebbe, when force doth faile, & backe doth slide
From rocks and shore with bailing stream, and failing flood it falles.
The Tyrrhens twise the Rutils chase in fight vnto the walles,

And

And twise repulst loke backe, & backs with bucklers broad defend,
But when they to the fight a fresh and third assault descend,
The ranks togither run, and man to man doth stifly sticke.
Then shouts are heard of such as fall, and in the blood wart thicke
Both men and armour diepely waultring fall, and steeds halfe dead.
The battell growes, when Orsiloch sir Remulus did dread
Himselfe to set vpon, into his horse a speare he thrust,
And vnderneath the coursers eare the head leaues sticking iust.
Then strait the steed enraged stands on end, and vp doth throw
His legs with breast erect, nor in no wise could bide the blow.
He fall vnhorst to ground, Catillus driues to earth downe right
Iolas stout of mind, of nature eke a goodly knight.
And great in armes Harpinie hard, whose head with golden heare,
Lies bare with shoulders bare, nor of his wounds doth stand in feare,
So great in arms he lies, ỹ spear prickt throgh his shoulders quakes
And twise throughgirt his back, his deadly pain twise double makes.
Gore blood on euery side is shed, by sight are numbers slaine,
And by their wounds each seekes a glorious death for to obtaine.

Slaughters committed by Camilla.

And now this manly Amazon in slaughter much doth ioy
In midst of fight, whose pap, least vse of war should her anoy
Cut off, vnto Camilla quiuerd was in tender yeares,
Her slender shafts about she shootes from quiuer which she beares.
Sometime her sharpned are vntierd she takes into her hand,
Sometime her golden bow, the toles of chast Dianas band.
And if perchance repulst, she to retyre pursued in chase,
Her bow she turnes behind, and strikes her followers in the face.
About her chosen mates do ride, Latina, and Tulla bright
Pure virgins, with Tarpeia weilding glittring are in sight
Italian trulles, and chast Camilla of speciall purpose those
For honours sake, for time of peace, for trustie seruice chose.
Like as Amazones of Thracie land when waters they
Of Thermonoon beat, with armour painted passing gay,
About Hyppolita their Quæne, or when the virgin stout,
Penthesilea home in charet comes, the female rout
With shritches shril reioysing cries, & shields like mones cut out.
Whō dost thou first, whō last, O virgin fierce, by force down throw?
Or O, how many corpses slaine on ground dost lay full low?
Eumenie first of Clytie father borne, whose naked breast

Against her there that stood with launce of firtrée through doth threst,
He floods of blod out spuing, fals, and earth with téth doth teare,
And where he fell vpon his wound, lies tumbling dying there.
Next on him Lyris she, and Pegase throwes, but Lyris while
His bridle raigns he raught, from horse to ground he doth requile.
But Pegase comming him to aid, with fæble hand forth held,
Both ioyntly headlong wise with doubled fall to ground she feld,
To these Amastrus neare she laies, vnto Hyppota sun,
And couching downe vnto her speare from far doth fetch her run
At Terreus, and Harpalise, and Demophoon stout,
And Cronie strong, and many a captaine more of Troian rout.
And loke how many shiuering shafts forth from her side she drew,
So many carkases to ground of Troian knights she threw.
There Ornitus a far in armour strange, and hunter wise,
Upon a proud Apulian stéd about the battell flies,
Whose necke and shoulders broad, an hide late hald from Dres back
Dis couer, on his head the large wide gaping iawes there stack
Pluckt from a wolf, with grinning, glittring grædy téth ful white.
A clownish club in hand he bare, he throngs in thickst of fight,
In stature all the rest by height of head he doth exceede.
Him she (nor was it when her foes retierd a glorious déede)
Strikes through, & thus she speaks w̄ hatefull hart as there she stood.
Thoughtst thou some beast in chase, thou, Tyrrhen hadst w̄in a wood:
The day is come when as a womans armour shall refute
Thy boasting brags, yet no small fame to this thou maist impute,
That by these hands thou dying with Camillas launce art slaine.
Orsilochus, and Butes next, two bodies mightie maine
Of Troian rout, but Butes her against with dart she strake,
Which forth a way betwirt his helmet braue and gorget brake
About his neck that glittring shines, his shield hung downe his side.
And feigning from Orsilochus as though she fled, doth ride
The Carrire round, and craftily she kæpes the middle place,
And whilst he thus pursues, ther whiles she followeth him in chase,
And through his armor strong, the flesh, & bones, an are she beates
Highrising at her blowe, and whilst he twatling much entreates,
She dubleth stil the wound, & w̄ warm braines his face he weats.
Here with comes in, and at first sight astoined much he stands
Sir Aunus sonne of Appenine, a martiall man of hands,

And

And not among the Lygures worst, whilst fates did him permit
Ligurs were great dissemblers and liers.
By subtile colourd shifts vnto each purpose fine to fit.
When he perceyud from fight he could no wise escape away:
By treacherous traine he thought, and glosing guile her to assay,
And thus began. A woman thou if a trustie stœde
Thy selfe thou do commit, it is a great and valiant dœd:
Forsake thy horse, and match on ground thy selfe to me betake,
And vnto equall fight on foote thee quickly readie make,
Then shalt thou know to whom this glory fond due praise shal bring
He said, but she enragde whom griefe with sharpe desire did sting,
Vnto her mate her stœd she toke, in armes on ground she stands
With blade on foote forth drawne, & buckler pure fast hent in hands.
The yonker then supposing thus by craft he thus had quit,
Away strait swiftly pricking flies, not lingring euer a whit
His nimble stœd with raignes he quickly turnes, & thence him hies,
His partly prancing beast with spurres of steele apace he plies.
O Ligur vaine, and to no purpose brag, and proud of hart,
In vaine sir subtile thou assayes to trie thy countreyes art,
No slipprie shift shall thee aliue to craftie Aunus saue.
These words the virgin spake, and fierce on foote a spring she gaue,
And swiftly soone outran the horse, and fast the raigns she raught
The Ligur is slaine.
And at him strake, and glad on enmies blod reuenge she wraught.
Much like a falcon faire from loftie tower his flight that takes,
And at a twigging doue aloft to clouds swift towering makes,
When her at souse hath tane with tallents sharpe her guts puls out,
The goatie blod, and feathers plumed flit the aire about.
These things the father of gods and men in heauen that sits on hie
Doth heedfully behold, and warly weighes with watching eie.
Then Tyrrhen Tarchon stout to enter fight he did prouoke,
And with no gentle rage of frantike anger forth him stroke.
Wherefore in thickst of slaughters great, and ranks enforst to flie,
On horsebacke Tarchon throngs, and sundry voyces lifts on hie.
The wings he hartneth on, and by his name each man doth call,
And such as were repulst, he makes afresh to fighting fall.
What feare is this: that neuer will repent your foolish flight
O Tyrrhens dastards stil: what daût within your harts doth light:
A woman straggling you pursues, and doth discomfit quight.
Vnto what end these swords and weapons do you beare in hand?

Not

Not so at Venus games, nor warres by night you lingring stand,
Nor when god Bacchus crooked pipe to dauncing you doth call,
And vnto costly cates, and tables lade with wine to fall.
That is your ioy, that your delight, when as the prophet god
With sacrifice, and fatted ost, doth call you to the wood.
This said, into the thickest foes himselfe forth thronging flings,
And mad, he meets with Venulus, whom chaunce against him brings.
There raught from of the horse with his right hand he held his foe,
And forcibly him wringing to his breast, away doth goe.
A noyse vnto the heauen they raise, the Latines turne their eies
Vpon this fact, and Tarchon swift about the field he flies
Both bearing man and armour stil away, and from his speare
The head he wrested off, and euery place he searcheth wheare
A deadly wound he may bestow, he wrestling doth rebell
To saue the sword from out his throat, and force by force repell.
And as the Eagle fierce which in the aire aloft doth flie,
When vp some snake hath snatcht that late a slæpe on ground did lie,
And gript him fast within his foote, enclaspt with talents round,
The snake about him wrigling winding wreads with grief of wound,
And scales doth roughly raise, and angred with her mouth doth hisse.
With crooked beake he wrestling nippes her neretheless for this,
And flying forth his wayes aloft with wings the aire doth beat.
None otherwise his praie from Tyburt oste sir Tarchon great
Triumphing beares away, their captaines dead, and happie chaunce
The Lydians do following pursue: then swift with launce
Camilla comes, whom Aruns due to death by sleight full slie
Doth ride about, the fittest tide for this behoofe to trie.
And loke through thickest rankes whereas the virgin fiercely flew,
Sir Aruns thither hies, and secretly her steppes doth view.
What way she conqueresse returnes, and fote from foes doth bend,
That way the youth by stealth his nimble reignes about doth wend.
And now this way, now that againe, and round about the place
With fatall, certaine, speare in hand doth following after trace.
By chaunce vnto Cybele sacred priest, sir Chlorie hight,
From far aboue the rest in Phrygian armes did shine full bright.
A foming courser forth he prickt, whose breast, and buttocks wide
A skin beset with brazen studdes, and glittering gold did hide.
Himselfe in purple sad, and scarlet pure full fine beseene,

Aruns murderer of Camilla.

In Lycian bow his shaftes he shot in Creta made that béene,
His golden bow from shoulder twangs, a guilden helme he beares,
A yealow silken wæde, with boughting bosomes wide he weares,
Whose lappets ratling large in knot of costly gold were tyde
His coat with nædle broyded was, his sturdie thies did hyde
A skirt of purple silke and gold in forrein ccuntry wrought.
The virgin him, for cause his armour braue wherein he fought,
And Troyan spoyles on temples hang she would for honours sake,
Or else her selfe in huntres wise, with gold full braue would make
With blinde desire pursues, and all incenst through thickest rout,
With grædie womans lust of spoyles, she flies the field about.
When Aruns long in wait that lay, had fit occasion spies,
A whirling dart he threw, and thus vnto the gods he cried.
Most mightie god Apollo guide of dread Soractis hill,
Whom we aboue the rest adore, to whom sote smelling still
Of Pinetrees hugie flames we fæde, and through whose only might
Thy seruants dare to walke on fiery coales hot burning bright.
O father graunt that by our toles this shame be tane away,
Almightie since thou art: not for the virgins spoyles I pray,
Nor monument I sæke, nor pillage proude from her to take,
Some other dæd hereafter, this shall me right famous make.
But let this cruell plague fall downe with dint of this right hand,
And I deuoyd of fame wil hence returne to native land.
Apollo heard his wish, and part to graunt he was content,
And part to be dispearst in flickring aire abroad he sent,
That Quéen Camilla fierce with deadly wound down slayn should be
Ye graunted, but with safe returne his native soyle to sée
Ye did not graunt, that voice he bid the windes abroad confound.
Then when the whirling dart forth throwne in aire had raisd a sound,
Both armies gan attend, and eyes vnto the Volscan Quéene
They all do cast, she minds no whit the things thē wrought that béen,
Nor ayre, nor yet the sound, nor dart aboue full swift of flight,
Till vnderneath her sacred pap the fatall launce doth light,
Camilla is slaine. And dæpely entring in at full in virgins blod doth baine.
Her fearefull female guard together runs, and doth sustaine
Their fainting ladies corpes, fast Aruns flies before them all,
Whom as did ioy refresh, so feare admixt did much appall.
And now he dares no more vnto her dreadfull launce to trust,

For

Nor yet into the sight of her againe himselfe to thrust.
And like a Wolfe before the hatefull hunters him do chase,
Unto the wast forlorned hils forth hies himselfe apace,
When he some heardsman stout, or heckfer great of grease, and lim
Devoured hath, and guiltie of that fact, and déede full grim
His trembling tayle betweene his legges lets fal, & woods doth séeke:
Sir Aruns so him out of sight withdrawes in maner léeke,
And with his sight content amidst the thickst himselfe doth hide.
She dying drawes the dart which in the wound did déepe abide,
The mortall tole in wound full wide sticks fast within her side.
Shée falutes for wont of blood, her eyes to death yéeld up their due
Strait from her face departs the stained chéekes, and purple hue
And dying thus to Acca trustie virgin fellowes sayes,
A virgin to Camilla true before the rest alwaies,
With whom she wonted was her cares and sorrowes all impart,
And thus to her began to speake with failing fainting hart.
Untill this time, O sister Acca deare, of force I was,
A cruell mortall wound my life abridges now, alas,
And all things round, me seemes, looke rustie dustie darke as hell.
Flie hence, and doe with speede, my message last to Turnus tell,
That he to battaile come, and kéepe the Troians from the towne.
And now farwel, and with that word the raignes she yéelded downe,
Herselfe to earth not willing sinkes, and waring cold, unt wines
By small and small her selie out of her corps, and then resignes
Her lithie head and necke to death, and armour doth forsake,
Her ghost flies fast with griefe and great disdaine to Limbo lake.
Forthwith a mightie noise the golden starres in heauen doth touch,
And since Camillas death the battell fierce encreaseth much.
They thick come running on, both all the bandes of Troyans stout,
And Tyrrhen captaines, with Euanders twings th' Arcadian rout.
And now Dianas darling bright, Nymph Opis sits on hie
Upon the toppe of loftiest hilles, the battaile to deserie.
And when from farre she saw in raging noise of youthfull traine
With doleful breath, and wound on worthy far Camilla slaine,
She set a sigh, and déepe from out her brest these words she said.
Too deare O virgin, thou to deare a cruell price hast paid,
That thou the valiant Troians durst prouoke in open fight.
That thou Dianas grace in woods diost serue forsaken quight

The'conflict of death with life.

It nothing thée auailes, or that our quiuer thou didst weare,
Or glittering golden bow vpon thy tender shoulders beare.
Howbeit thy noble Quéene meanes not to leaue thée voide of fame,
Nor that thy drierie death shall lurking slépe for lack of name,
Amongst all nations farre and wide, or vnreuenged bée.
Thy corps with mortall wound that did defile, what euer hée,
With death deseru'd shalbe requit. Beneath on hill full hie
The tumbe of old Dercennus king raisd vp aloft doth lie
With mightie mount of ancient Laurent ground, an Ilex trée
With glummish darkish shade he spreds the same, that none may sée.
Here first this goddesse fayre, with passing spédie course doth light
And from this hillock farre at Aruns aimes within her sight.
Whom when she glittring saw in armes, and vainly puft with pride,
Why fliest thou hence (quoth she) approach, thy steps do hither guide,
Come neare that now must die, and due desert receiue againe
For Quéene Camillas death, and with Dianas shafts yslaine,
So vile a wight so worthie a death for fact so foule must bide?
She said, and strait in Thracian huntresswise, from by her side
A golden slight forth of her quiuer plucks, her bow she bends,
And drawes him déepe vntill the nocks méete iust at both the ends,
And both her hands do leuell stand, and arrowhead doth twight
The bowhand, and the string round to her eare she drawes vp quight.
Immediatly the singing shaft, and whirling aire doth cracke.
Sir Aruns heard, and fast at once the shaft within him stacke.
Him yéelding vp the ghost, and fetching déepe his finall grone,
His mates forgetfull in the field abroad do leaue alone,
And Opis strait with wings to loftie heauen doth take her flight.

At Camillas death her souldiours were put to flighte.

First at their ladies death do flie Camillas horsmen light,
And Rutils run amoat, and fierce Atinas flies apace,
And captaines all are quayld, and standarbearers forcst in chase
For rescue runne, and to the towne do fast on horseback hie.
None dare the Troyans stout, that following after fast do flie
With fetled foote withstand, nor yet in warlike armes resist,
But bowes vnbent on shiuering shoulders beares with fainting fist,
And coursers with their houes the rotten dustie fields do shake,
Vnto the walles an whirlewind black with tumbling dust doth rake.
And matrons toting out the loops their breasts there beat strait waies
And forth a womans shritch vp to the starres in heauen they raise.
Where those that first into the open gates most swiftly prest,

The mingled enmies power in thickeſt routes did moſt moleſt,
Ne wofull death they doe eſcape, but at firſt entraunce in,
And euen within their citie walles, and when as houſd they bin,
Throughgirt with ſpeares they die, ſome ſhut the gates, and do debar
Frée entrance to their mates, nor dare for life the dores vnſpar
Though wofully without the gates they waile, a direfull death
Amongſt defendants falles, and ſuch in armes as yéld their breath,
And ſuch as were ſhut out before their parents wéping eyes,
When cruell force conſtraines, ſome headlong into ditches flies,
Some blinded with the duſt, and giuing ſpurre, and yélding raigne,
Againſt the gates, and rampiers hard of poſts do run amaine.
The matrons from the walles when they beheld Camilla dead,
Their trembling dartes caſt forth (for ſo their contrey loue them lead)
And ſtaues of oke yſtæld, and poales of length forebrent at end,
And dare the dread of death aſſay, whilſt they their walles defend.
Ther whiles within the woodes, an heauy meſſage Turnus frayes,
And to the valient youth amazing great doth Acca rayſe.
How that the Volſcans vanquiſht are, Camilla ſlaine in fight,
And enmies faſt approching come, and all in battaile quight
Haue ouerthrowne, that feare vnto the citie walles doth goe.
He then enragde (for why the power of Ioue would haue it ſoe)
The hilles poſſeſt of late, and thickets ſharpe doth ſtraitt forſake,
Who ſcarce was not come forth, and large abroade the fields did take,
When lord Aeneas to the foreſt wide himſelfe doth ſpéde,
And hilles doth ouertrace, and from thick woods doth forth procéde.
So both vnto the walles in haſt with all their power doe flie,
And both the marching troupes not many paces diſtant lie.
But when the ſmoaking fields with duſt Aeneas did behold,
And marching bandes in battaile ray of towne Laurentum old,
And Turnus did from farre Aeneas yrefull countnance view,
And trampling of their feete, and neighing of their horſes knew:
Immediately they had their armies ioynd, and battaile tried,
Had not ſir Phœbus bright with purple mantle brauely died
His horſes dipt in ſeas, and bringing night erpulſt the day.
They pitch their tentes before the towne, and trenches dœpe do lay.

Slaughter of the Latines.

Night keepeth them from battaile.

DEO GRACIAS.

Finitum Londini, Per Thomam Twynum 14. Iunij. 1573. Opus 20.
Dierum plus minus, per interualla.

THE TVVELFTH

Booke of the Aeneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶When the Latines were vanquiſhed, Turnus ſeeing all his helpe to be repoſed in himſelfe, contrarye to the perſwaſion of Latinus, and the Queenes manifolde teares, determineth to fight hand to hand with Aeneas, and ſendeth ſuch word vnto him by Idmon his meſſenger. Aeneas is therwith pleaſed, and with ſolemne othes on both ſides they make the league, which Iuturna through perſwaſion of Iuno in the ſhape of Camertes, diſturbeth. Firſt of all, Tolumnius the Soothſaier, that by a falſe ſhew proficied victorie to his ſide: ſtriketh through with a Darte one of Gilippus ſonnes. Aeneas likewiſe, ſeeking meanes to appeaſe the tumulte: is wounded by an arrow, vncertayne by whom it was ſhot, and is conſtrayned to leaue the battaile. Which Tutnus vnderſtanding, ſuppoſing he had gotten a great occaſion of good ſucceſſe, maketh great ſlaughter on his foes. Venus cureth her ſonne with Dittany of Ida. Aeneas, amended, commeth againe forth and reſcueth his mates, and namely calleth for Turnus in fight. But Turnus ſtill withdrawing himſelf, (for Iuturna his ſiſter in ſhape of Metiſcus the wagoner, carrying him alwaies aſide, would not ſuffer him meete with Aeneas in battaile) he determineth to beſiege the towne, and leading his army neare to the walles, caſteth fier vp to the Turrets, & houſes. The Amata ſuppoſing that Turnus was ſlaine, through extreame ſorrow hangeth her ſelf. Theſe thinges being told vnto Turnus by Sages, ſeeing that he muſt needes fight, or ſuffer his confederate towne come into his enemies handes before his face, volentarily prouoketh Aeneas to the combat according to the tenure of the league. In which fight, Aeneas hauing the victory, and being almoſt mooued to take compaſſion, and graunt life to his enemie: yet when he ſaw the girdle vpon his ſhoulder which he had taken from Pallas, whom he had ſlain before, ſodenly moued with anger, thruſteth him to̅ harr.

With dauted force, & fight vnlucky late, whē quaild to be
His Latines ſtout of yore, moſt valiant Turnus Prince did ſée,
Himſelf a marke to eche mans eies, outragious gan to boyle
And riſe in rage, much like a Liō fierce of Affrick ſoile,
Whoſe breaſt, when firſt with dint of hunters ſpear is wounded deep,
He then prepares himſelfe to fight, and curled lockes doth keep

With

With wrath erected on his neck, the hunters launce with pawes
Fast sticking bold he breakes, and foming frets with blody iawes.
None otherwise the rage of furious Turnus forth doth breake,
And to Latinus King thus gan with troubled mind to speake.
In Turnus is no stay, why dastard Troians should forsake
Their word there is no cause, nor breake the bargayne they did make.
Him will I matche, bring sacrifice, our league come understand.
The Dardan Lord will I send hence to hell with this right hand,
That run away from Asia land, let Latines kepe them still,
And countreys common shame, with sword alone cut off I will,
Or quite he vs shall ouerthrow, and wife Lauinia haue.
To whom with sober mode, Latinus then this answer gaue.
O most couragious youth, how much the more thou dost excede
In valiant hart, so much the more is mete I should inede
Giue graue aduise, and charely for chaunces all prouide.
Thou hast thy father Daunus realmes, and many a towne beside
Wonne with thine hand, Latinus welth and courage hath likewise,
In Latium land, and in Laurentum soile right large that lies,
Are many more vnmaried dames, and not of basest line.
Now giue me leaue the trueth in open words for to vntwine,
And print it depe in minde what I hereof to the shall show.
On any of her auncient loues my daughter to bestow
I was forbid, so all the goddes and men to me haue told.
Bold yet for loue of thee, and for our kindreds sake as bold,
And for our heauy spouses teares, all promise made I brake,
And from my sonne his wife, my selfe to wicked armes haue take.
Since which time, Turnus, thou hast seene, what chaunces did ensue,
What warres, what paines to thee as cheefe amongst ỹ rest there grue.
Twise ouerthrowne in battailes great, scarce in the towne we kepe
The hope of all Italia land, and Tybers channell depe
Yet with our blod doth warmed run, & fields with bones loke white.
O where turne I so oft? what madnesse moues my minde to light?
If Turnus die, and straight for them as for my peres I send,
Why rather doe I not whilst he doth liue, this quarrell end?
What will my cousins Rutils say, what all Italia land
If thee to death I shuld betray (which chaunce the gods withstand)
Which dost our daughter craue, to ioyne with vs in wedlock bād?
Regard the doubtfull happes of warre, and do some pittie take

This was Faunus forewarning.

Upon this auncient sire, whom wofull warres do carefull make,
And Ardea countrey deare, full far from hence doth now disioyne.
But Turnus all these wordes cannot perswade for to resigne,
His rage which waxeth more, and still in healing doth augment.
But when he once could speake, these words from out his mouth he sent.
O father deare, this care which you in my behalfe do take,
Cast off at my request, nor be so carefull for my sake,
And suffer me in steed of praise a famous death obtaine.
For we our darts do throw, and swords do draw not still in vaine,
And strength in hands we haue, & frō our wounds blod runneth red,
Far shall his mother be, that flying him with cloude shall spred,
And vaine in flickering shade withdraw her selfe sone out of sight.
But now the Quéene at nouell guise of battaile much affright
With wéping like to die, her sonne in law in armes she hent,
O Turnus, by these teares of mine, or euer if thou were bent
Amatas honour to preserue (for hope of elder yeares
Thou art, and of our rest alone, and honour which vpbeares
The state of Latine realme, our shakened house on thée doth lie)
Graunt me this thing, with Troians stout thou do not battell trie.
For whatsoeuer chaunce in this conflict thou doest sustaine
O Turnus I sustaine the same, and loathsome life refraine
Therewith determined I am, for sonne in law to sée
Aeneas shall I not abide, and captiue Quéene to bée.
Lauinia then with teares her mothers talke did vnderstand,
The beautie of Lauinia.
With burning blushing chéekes, whom colour much had out of hand
With heate inflamed, vp which to her face forthwith did spred,
Like as when Iuery white by chaunce is staind with scarlet red,
Or purple roses pure with Lilies white lie mixt in place,
Such was the virgins hue, such were the colours in her face.
Him loue disturbeth much, and on the mayd his eyes he stayes,
And burnes to battell more, and to Amata shortly sayes.
O mother, do not now with wofull teares me thus pursue,
Ne giue me cause hereby to dread that lucke shall light ascue.
In Turnus power, if destnies will, it lyeth not death to fly.
Go Idmon, tell the Phrygian king this message by and by
Which wil not please him wel, whē first to morrow in welkin bright,
In purple charet drawne, the morning cleare shall rise in sight,
His Troyans forth he do not leade against the Rutil bands,

The

The Troians still do hold, and Rutils eke their blades in hands.
But in that fight with our two bloods shall ended be the strife,
And in that field be tride, who shall Lauinia wed to wife.
When he these words had said, and hied him thence to court apace,
He calles for stéeds, and ioyes to sée them some before his face,
Which to Pilumnus once for present gaue Orithyia faier,
In whiteneſſe passing driuen snow, in swiftneſſe nimble aier.
The kéepers quick there stand about, and them with hands prouoke,
With sounding blowes on brest, & curled manes wt combs do stroke.
Anon his gorget gay with gold, and siluer damaskt bright,
And scarlet worke ywrought, about his necke he fitteth tight.
His sword and target next, and ruddie plumes of feathers braue,
The sword which vnto Daunus old sometime god Vulcan gaue,
And firy flaming hot in lake of Stix did déepely quent.
Then strait a mightie speare, which to an hugie pillar hent
Erect amid the house, with valiant force in hand he toke,
Sir Actor of Aruncans spoile, and fiercely forth it shoke
Thus crying out, O speare, whom neuer yet I cald in vaine,
The time is come whē thou with me this brunt muſt néeds sustaine.
Thée mightie Actors hand somtime, but now doth Turnus hold.
His carkas grant that I may ouerthrow in battell bold,
And with a valiant hand from of the necke the gorget teare
Of that same Cockny Phrygian knight, and drench in dust his heare,
And locks with bodkins frisled fine, and moist with Mirrhe, & oyles.
These furies forth him pricke, & from his face with rage that boyles
The sparkles sprinkling flie, and eyes with flaming fier do glow.
Like as a mightie Bull sends forth his voice, and loud doth low
When first he comes to fight, and proues his hornes in rage to whet,
And spying far a trée, himselfe thereto doth closely set,
And rough with strokes prouoking winds the grauell flings about.
No lesse therewhiles in mothers armor strong Aeneas stout,
Himself to war prepares, and sharpe prouokes himselfe with ire,
And ioyes the warre with league so ended is, his great desire,
Then to his mates, and faire Iule he comfort great doth bring,
Instructing them in destnies all, and legates to the king
He bids with certaine answer to returne, and to declare
The whole conditions of the league, what they in order are.
The dawning next the hilles with light had scarcely ouer spred,

Orithyia, daughter to Erichtheus, wife to Boreas.

When first sir Phœbus stéedes forth of the sea to lift their hed,
And from their loftie nostrels wide did blow the broad day light
When strait before the citie walles they measure for the fight
An equall plaine, both Rutulmen and Troians mixt a vie,
And fiers in the midst they make, and altars built on hie,
Of earthen turues yframd, vnto the equall gods to stand.
And fast some water fetch, some crackling fier bring in their hand,
In surplesse white of linnen clad, and temples compast round
With wreath of Vervaine sote, and holly herbes togither bound,
The Latine army issueth forth, and bands with darts that fight
In clusters thicke to gates do throng, and Troians armie bright
With Tyrrhens armd in sundry sort, with spæd they forth do flie,
None otherwise in armour prest, then if that by and by
They should to battell fierce discend, and thicke in thousands told
The captaines scoure about, in scarlet braue, and glittring gold:
The offspring of Assaracus, Mnesthee, Asylas wilde,
Messapus eke a tamer stout of stéedes, Neptunus childe.
And when at certaine signe ints their place they drew them all,
Their pikes they pitch on groũd, & down their shields they let to fall.
The matrones then with great desire to sée, and rascall rout,
And men vnwéeldie old, the turrets hie, and tops about
Of houses do bestride, and loftie ridge of gates to clim,
And vp the walles they slide, and couch them thicke vpon the brim.
But Iuno from a loftie hill, that now Albanus hight,
(For then it was deuoid of name, renowme, and glory quight.)
Downe loking all the campe at length, and bredth she did behold,
And both the armies viewd, both Latines stout, and Troians bold,
And Laurent towne, and strait to Turnus sister gan to speake,
One goddesse to her fére, that standing lakes, and flods that creake
Doth ouerrule. This honour great the king of heauen aboue
For maidenhood bereft bestowed on her in dulcet loue.
O Nymph, the glory great of streames, beloued most of mé,
Thou knowest of all Latine ladies bright, how onely thée,
That to almightie Ioue ingratefull bed ascended haue
I do estéeme, and willingly a place in heauen I gaue.
Now learne thy griefe, and do not me hencefoorth, Iuturna, blame,
So far as fortune would permit, and destinies grant the same,
Both Latium state, and Turnus, and thy walles I did defend.

Iunos talke to Iuturna.

But

But now the youth with partiall fates I ſée to battell wend,
Now fatall deſtnies day, and cruell force, at hand they bée,
Ne may I with mine eies abide this fight, or league to ſée.
Thou, if thou canſt deuiſe ſome meanes, thy brother to aduance,
Aſſay, perhaps in time powre wretches may haue better chance.
Scarce had ſhe ſaid, but ſtraight in teares forth faire Iuturna brake,
And thriſe or fouretimes her comely breaſt with fiſt ſhe ſtrake.
This is no time for teares (quoth Iuno then) but make ſome ſpéede,
And Turnus ſaue from death, if meanes may be deuiſde, indéede.
And doe them ſtrait to war prouoke, & breake the league they make,
Let me be author of the déed, this ſaid, ſhe did forſake
Her doubtfull much, and troubled ſore with wofull wound of mind.
Therewhiles the kings (Latinus with an hugie traine aſſignd,
In charet drawne wt foure horſe rides, whoſe ancient temples round
With glittring beames of gold in number twelue were bound,
The ſon his grandſiers badge, in charet drawne wt two horſe whight
Forth Turnus comes, with lances twaine, broad armd wt iron bright
On th'other ſide Aeneas, founder firſt of Romaine blood,
With burning buckler bright, and heauenly armor ſtrong and good,
And next Iúlus yong, of mightie Rome the ſecond hope)
Forth of their tents procéede, a prieſt beſéene in pureſt cope,
A yongling yelt of briſtled ſow, and twinling ſhéepe vntwight
Brings forth, and hales the beaſts vnto the altars burning bright.
They turning then their faces forth vnto the riſing ſun,
Do ſprinkle bran and ſalt about, the ſciſſers round do run
About the temples of the beaſts, and wine on altars lay.
Then lord Aeneas with his fauchon bright forthdrawne, doth pray.
Beare witnes of my words, O ſonne, and tho Italia land,
For whoſe alonely ſake theſe trauels great I toke in hand,
And thou almightie Ioue, and thou no leſſe, O Iuno bright,
Pore gentle goddeſſe now I truſt, and Mars of warlike might,
Who as it ſéemes moſt beſt to thée, all bloodie warres doſt guide,
Pou ſprings and riuers eke I call, and whatſoere doth bide
Religious to heauens high, or blewiſh ſea below:
If ſo on Turnus happy lucke the conqueſt doe beſtow,
Tis méet that to Euanders towne we conquerd go againe,
Iúlus ſhall depart the realme, and from all war refraine
The vanquiſht Troians ſhall henceforth, nor armes hereafter take,

The conditions of the truce.

Nor

Nor yet molest this land with war, that they shall hap to make.
But if through force of armes to vs the conquest lotted bée,
As so I hope it shall, and gods vs grant the same to sée,
I neuer shall Italians force the Troians to obey,
Nor doe I sécke to be their king, but this, that ioyntly they,
Vnuanquisht nations may in euerlasting league abide.
My selfe will gods, and reliques tend, Latinus warres shall guide,
My fatherlaw his wonted crowne shall weare, my mates they shall
Build vp a towne for me, and by Lauinias name it call.
Thus lord Aeneas first, then next bespake Latinus old.
His eies to heauen he casts, and vp to starres his hands doth hold.
Aeneas, by the same, both land, and sea, and starres I sweare,
The sun & moone are Latonas children.
And by Latonas impes, and Iane that faces two doth beare,
And power of gods eternall grim, and cruell Plutoes seates,
Let Ioue heare this, that breakers false of leagues w̃ thunder beats.
I touch the altars here, and fiers that stand before vs all,
And all the heauenly powers hereof to record I doe call,
No day shall once this peace disturbe, nor concord frustrate make,
How ere the case do fall, nor cause mée willing it forsake,
Not though the land into the sea he threw, and drencht vs all,
Or should enforce the loftie heauen in Lymbo low to fall.
Like as this mace (for in his hand by chaunce a mace he had)
Gréene leafe shall neuer burgein more, nor spray, nor pleasant shade
Since first in woods it grew, and from the stocke was cut away,
Now rote it lacks, the knife doth cause both leafe and branch decay,
Sometime a trée, howbeit the workemans hand, the same in gold
Hath now inclosde, and giuen it the Latine kings to hold.
With such like words, among themselues their leagues they stablish
Amid the rout of all the lords, the beasts then sacred pure (sure
Within the flaming fiers they slay, and from them spralling quicke.
Their trembling entrals take, & altars heape with launces thicke.
But now to Rutil crue this match right much vnmeet doth séeme,
And straight w̃ wauering minds in sort perplext hereof they déeme.
But chiefly when more neare their far vnequall strength they view,
His secret walkings forth augments the same, and low he threw
His eies on ground whilst he in sacring was, his heauy chéere,
The image of one in feare.
His hollow chéekes, and paleneße in his face that doth appéere.
His talke when sad Iuturna saw, now more and more encrease,

The

The common peoples harts now quailing from this league to cease,
Into the thickest throngs in semblant of Camertes face,
Whose stocke right noble was of grandsiers old, and fathers race,
And name with vertue fraught, himselfe in armes of valiant might,
Into the thickest ranks she comes, enforcmd of all aright,
And sundry rumours forth she blabs, and babling thus doth say.
Is it not shame, O Rutils, things of so great waight to lay
Upon the life of one? are not in number wee, or might
Their matches? loe the Troians all, and Archades in sight
Here stand the fatall armie, and Hetruria Turnus foe.
Scarce haue they man for man, if them against in fight we goe.
Ye to the gods aboue, whose altars now he praies
By flickering fame shall flie, and liue in mouth of man alwaies.
But we with losse of patiue soyle, proud lords for to obey
Shalbe constraind while lingring now here in the fields we stay.
With such like words the soldiers minds with rage he kindleth sore,
And murmur great throughout the field encreaseth more and more.
The Laurent peoples minds are changd, and Latines harts likewise,
And those that late for truce of war, and safetie did deuise
Wish now for armes, & conenants al ful faine would frustrate make,
And on king Turnus ruthfull case compassion great do take.
To this a greater thing Iuturna ioynes, from heauen on hie
A signe she downe doth send, that nothing could be found whereby
Th'Italians minds she more might moue, or more wt monsters guile.
For why, the bird of mightie Ioue, aloft on wing did toyle
Amid the aire, and fierce a shole of fearfull foules pursue,
And twigging forth a page fast on her flight the Eagle flue.
When suddenly she stoopt downe to the streame, and sowling feld
A noble Swan to ground, and griping fast in talants held.
Th'Italian troupes their minds hereat erect, then all the rout
Of foules from flight with noise returne (a strange sight out of dout)
And heauen with wings they do obscure, & thicke a cloud they make,
And on their foe they fiercely set, and round the aier they shake.
And still so sore they him assault, till vanquisht with their might,
For want of force he faints, the pray out of his sote he quight
Lets fall into the streame, and fast to skies doth take his flight.
This warning great of gods the Rutils then with shout accept,
And straight their hands prepare to fight, and forth Tolumnie lept

A false token from aboue.

A pro-

A prophet proud that was, and first, this this (quoth he) and cries
This long for which I lookt, and with my selfe I did deuise.
I both acknowledge, and embrace the power of gods, come all
O Rutuls, and with me your captaine strait to battell fall,
Whō this vile stranger wretch in war like hartlesse birds doth feare
And all your shore along with wofull sword, and fier doth teare,
Ye hence anon shall flie, and to salt seas himselfe betake.
Do you with one consent your ranks strait thick in order make,
And now your king forlorne by warlike prowes seeke to defend.
A sudden tumult. He said, and running forth his dart against his foes doth bend,
Forth flies the whistling Cornell dart, and aier doth swiftly part,
Wherewith a clamor huge doth rise, the bands for feare do start,
And stout courageous hearts through tumult great ware firie wood.
This whirling dart nine bodies faire of brethren where they stood
By chance direct against (whom faithfull spouse, a Tuscan bred,
Unto an Archade, Gilippe bare of yore that her did wed)
And one of them strake through the midst whereas his belt did sit,
Which now away is torne, where fast the buckle holds thong in bit,
A noble youth of beautie braue, in glittring armour strong,
And smit him through the ribs, and laid him downe the sand along.
Then strait the valiant brothers band with griefe accenst in ire,
Some draw their naked swordes, & some their sturdy darts require.
And forth they headlong blindly run, and Laurent bands anone
On th'other side do fast approch, and Troians many an one
In ranks right thicke forth flie, Agillini, and Archads braue,
And all this only lust, to trie with dint of sword they haue.
The altars downe they driue, a tempest sore of weapons flies,
A troublous sturdie storme of iron and stæle obscures the skies.
The Latins strait snatch vp the Boules, and Tensers burning bright.
Latinus takes with gods repulst and foiled league, his flight.
Some stæds from charets do discharge, and mount on horses hie,
And w̄ sharp swords drawn hent in hand forth with do hast them nie
Messapus there, Aulestes king that princely crowne did beare
Of Tyrrhens all, that passing grædie was the league to teare
With courser stout doth ouerthrow, who yēlding backe, doth fall,
And (wretch) against the altars high behind that stood withall
Both head, and shoulders smites, Messapus fierce strait thither flies,
And with his launce much like a beame whilst there Aulestes cries,

And

And humbly sues for life, from loftie stæde he wounds him sore,
And thus he speakes: That sure is thine, this sacrifice before
The gods of greater value is, then that was slaine of yore.
Th'Italians thither ran, and spoyles from carkas panting raught.
Sir Chorinee a flaming brond from off the altar caught,
And to Ebusus comming fast, whilst he prepar'de to fight
Into his face the brond he forst, his huge beard brent a light
And swealing made a stinke, he followeth still, and by the lockes
With lefthand held his foe, whom rolling and amazde he knockes
Against the ground, and with his knée constraines him there tolie,
And with his Fauchon strikes him in the side. Then by and by
Sir Alsus shæpheard earst that was, and fierce in boldard fought
With naked sword in hand, fast followes Podalire stout,
And large him lies vpon, whom Alsus with his sharpened axe
Raught back, frõ brow to chin wõ sturdy stroke right cleauing packs.
Downe strait he falles, & armor large with gore blood doth embrue
Unto his eies doth bitter rest, and deadly slæpe ensue,
With still endeuouring night, and neuer more the day to vew.

But lord Aeneas vp his right hand held vnarmed quite,
With open head and to his mates he cried with all his might.
Whereto run you first? what discord great doth thus your minds inuade?
O stay your rage, the couenants all are drawne, and league is made.
And I alonely lotted am King Turnus to assay,
Let me therewith alone, and all your feare expell away,
With this right hand the league I stablish shall, and firmly tie,
For by this sacrifice is Turnus due to me to die.
Amid this tale, and when these words scarce yet were spoken all,
Behold a singing shaft, with fluttring feathers downe doth fall.
Uncertaine by whose hand forth shot, or by what force forth throwne,
Or what chance Rutils praise hath brought, or els what god vnknowne
The glorie of so worthy dæde lies hid in secret still,
And no man for Aeneas wound himselfe be praised will.
When Turnus saw from out the fight Aeneas to depart,
His captains much dismaid, with sudden hope doth fierce forthstart,
For stæds and teles he calles, and proud by leaping mounts on hie
Into his charet swift, and with his hands the raignes doth wrie,
And many a worthy man to death forth flying mad doth send,
And many leaues for dead, some crusht with whéeles he brings to end

Aeneas is wounded with an arrow.

Or else in fight with darts forth flung doth ſtrike them in the backe.
Like as when bloodie Mars, in rage prickt forth doth make to cracke
The ſtreames of Hebrus colde, and with his buckler them doth tire,
And now to battell preſt ſends forth his ſteedes incenſt with ire.
They in the open plaines more ſwift then wind, their way do take,
And with their ſtamping feete the vtmoſt coaſt of Thracie ſhake,
And round about dame Dreads right direfull looke, and Angers face,
With Treaſon ioyntly ioynt, the traine of Mars, the land do trace.
Such one thē Turnus quicke in thickſt of throngs, his ſmoking ſteeds
Hotgoth, and (wofull caſe) at enmies death vaunts in his deeds.
The ſwift horſhoue a bloodie dew eachwhere doth ſprinkle round,
And ſtampes the goarie blood like morter mixt with ſandie ground.
Now Sthenelus, and Thameris, and Phole he throweth to death,
Him meeting, and with him, him far, for both he reeues of breath
Imbraſus ſonnes, ſir Glauke, and Lades, whom Imbraſus olde
In Lycia foſtred vp, and with like armor them did bold,
In fight at hand to trie, or fight on horſe the winds to win.

Eumedes ſlaine by Turnus.

On thother ſide, Eumedes forth flies faſt, thickſt throngs within,
Right noble Dolons impe, in feates of armes a doughtie knight,
Like grandſier in his name, in heart and hand his father right.
Who once for that to Greekiſh tents a ſpie he ſhould be ſent,
Achilles charret craude to haue for paines in trauell ſpent.
Howbeit Tytides gaue him other hire for ventred paine,
His chaunce was not vnto Achilles horſes to attaine.
Whom Turnus when from far in open field did once eſpie,
When firſt him had purſude with darts right light that faſt did flie,
His coupled horſe he ſtaies, and from his charet downe deſcends,
And to him dead almoſt, and throwne to ground he quickly tends,
His foot on necke he ſets, with right hand forth his blade he drew,
And deepely died it in his throte, and forth theſe words he threw.
Loe here the fields, and which in war proud Troian thou haſt fought
Italia meaſure lying now, ſuch recompence is wrought
To ſuch as me to war prouoke, ſo walles they doe erect.
Next him he Brutes layes, at whom a launce he did direct
Then Cloree ſtout of lim, Sibaris valiant wight of hand,
Daretus and Therſiloch fierce, that ſtiffe did him withſtand,
Tymoetus eke that on his necke from coltiſh taue downe fell.
And as the northren Thracie winde (in ſemblant wiſe to tell)

When

When forth it bloustring blowes, and deepe Ægeum sea doth raise,
The billowes forth doth roule, and to the shore do take their waies
As whirling windes do driue, the cloudes flit fast in heauen on hie:
So Turnus where he takes his course the thronges fast thence do flie,
And headlong troupes retire, a courage fierce him forth doth prick,
The wauering ayre his flittring plumes beares back in creast ỹ stick.
This peartnes Phegee might not bide, nor pride of stomack bold,
But to his charret steppes, and somy raignes in hand doth hold
Of swift forth running stedes, and turnes their heads another way
Whilst proud he forth is drawn, & on their manes doth hanging stay:
A mighty launce forth flung, him groueling to the groũd doth cast,
And armour double lind with plate through gorget thick doth brast,
And pearcing to the quick the vpmost skinne with wound is rast.
But he with bucklar bent before his breast, makes at his foe,
And sharp sword drawne in hand, for more assurance forth doth goe,
Whom there the charret whéele downe dings, & artrée swift in slight
Throws to the ground, and Turnus chasing, sone doth downe alight, Rhegee is slaine.
And twirt the gorget brim, where the helmet closely stands
His head he smites away, and leaues the corps vpon the sands.
These blody slaughters fierce in field whilst Turnus victor wrought,
Therwhiles Mnestee with good Achates both Aeneas brought
Still bléeding to his tent, with yong Ascanius by his side,
And leaning to a speare with limping pace doth slowly stride.
He frettes, and forcing striues the shaft and head forth hole to hall,
And askes their best aduise, & fain would know their iudgements all,
Where it were best the wound wide ope to launce, and arrow hid
To cut quite out the flesh, that so to warre returne they did.
And now Iapis came to Phœbus deare the rest aboue,
Iasus sonne, with whom surprisd sometime in feruent loue
Apollo gladly gaue him gifts, his artes that he should know
In thinges to come, in Musicks swéete, in skill of shaftes and bow.
But he, the rather to prolong his bedred fathers dayes, Phisicke is without honor in the field, where the destruction not the health of men is sought.
Those secret skill in power of hearbes, and Phisicks noble praise,
And such like knowledge dumb deuots of honour to frequent.
Aeneas chafing stod, and to a mighty launce him lent,
With youthes a troupe about him thick, and sad Iüle his sonne.
He at their teares vnmoued stands, as earst he had begunne.
Then auncient leach Iapis gyrds an apron him before

Right Surgeonlike, and forth he fets his oyles, and ſalues in ſtore,
And eft he tries the powers of herbes, which him ſir Phœbus tought,
And trembling ſundrie thinges applies, but all (God wote) for nought.
And eft the ſticking arrowhead with hand he doth aſſay,
With nippers eke ſometime from out the bones to draw away,
But fortune will no way aſſigne, Apollo doth no good.
And now the rage within the field ſtill growing wareth wood,
And fierce doth more ariſe, and now the miſchiefe comes at hand,
And all the ayre aboue with ſmoking duſt full thick doth ſtand.
The horſemen neare approch, and on the tents darts faſt doe fall,
A wofull ſight of Souldiers to the heauens flies vp withall,
Of ſome that fiercely fight, and ſome in fight that now be ſlaine.
But Venus much appalde at this her ſinnes vnworthy paine,
Venus cureth her ſonne. Créene Ditanie from Ida ſacred mount in Creta brings,
The ſtake with tender leaues, and bloſſome purple freſh that ſprings,
An hearbe to Roebucks wild, & beaſts not tame right well be knowen,
Their backs whē ful of darts do ſtick which hūters thick haue thrown
Diſguiſde in cloud obſcure, this hearbe Dame Venus thither brings,
And into water veſſels bright it ſecretly she flings,
And ſtæping large thereof ſhe makes, the vertue forth to take
And of Ambroſies holeſome iuice, thereto doth ſprinckling ſhake,
Wherto ſhe addes the fragrant ſappe that Panax ſote doth make.
Anon the wound with this by chance Iapis auncient baines
Unwares hereof, and loe in ſodaine ſort, ſtie all the paines
From out his bodie quite away, the blood was ſtanched ſtraight,
And gently followeth the ſhaft with hands alonely waight,
And by and by his former ſtrength returnes to euery lim.
Then quickly fetch his armour ſtrong (Iapis cals) for him,
Why ſtand you ſtill? and firſt doth him incenſe againſt his foes.
Not my mans helpe (Iapis cries) this cure thus forward goes
Tis not, Aeneas, my right hand that thee thus ſafe preſerues
A greater god it is that thee to greater deedes reſerues.
Ye greedy then of fight his legges in golden armour ties
All compaſt round, and lets he hates, then for his ſpeare he cries.
But when he fitted was of ſhield, and armd in euery place,
All complete as he ſtood, Aſcanius yong he doth imbrace,
And vp his beuer lift, and ſweetely kiſſing, thus he ſpake.
Learne courag ſtout of mee, my child, and perfite paines to take:

Of others happy chaunce to haue, this right hand shall defend
Thée in this warre, and after this to greater honours send,
And sée that thée when riper yeares haue made a perfite man,
Thine auncetours most famous facts in mind thou carie than,
Let sier Aeneas, and thint vnckle Hector thée incite.
When he these wordes had spoke, forth of ỹ dores he walked right,
Of mightie lim, and in his hand an hugie launce he bare,
Then Antheus and Mnesthee both with thrõging troupes forth fare.
And all the routs do raking run and leaue the tents vnkept.
A smoultring smoaking dust, along the campe with féete is swept.
And all the groũd about with weight of steps then trembling lept.
Then Turnus saw him marching towards fast with great aray
Th'Italians eke beheld the same, and through their bones straitway
A sodaine shiuering ran, Iuturna first of Latines side
Perceiuing knew the noise, and sore affright away she hide.
He flies him forth in open field, his hoast he leades apace,
Much like a bloustring storme, that from the sea to land doth trace,
When dropping cloudes dissolued fall, then husbandmen do wring,
When long before (alas) they sée what harmes the flaw will bring,
For downe it turnes the trees to ground, and corne it layes along,
And althing swœpes to earth, the windes before to shoares do throng,
And cracking latling sound do make, as ruffe they huffe about.
Euen so his bandes against his foes the Troyan captaine stout
Leades forth, and they themselues in wedges thick do flocking throw.
To Thymbree, there with sword Osirie lent a deadly blow.
Sir Mnesthee then Archetie slew, Achates did behead
Syr Epulo, and Gias sharp sir Vfens left for dead.
Then falles Tolumnie calcar slaine to ground, that first in hast,
And furious frantick mode his dart against his foes did cast.
A yelling shoute then to the heauens they throw, and all affright
The vanquisht Rutils turne their dustie backes in sodaine flight.
But he none dayning whom he métes withall on ground to throw,
On horseback none nor to inuade, nor yet on foote below
Though flinging dartes they follow after fast, but he alone
In midst of all the dusky mist, and thickest thronges ech one
For Turnus séekes about, and him in combat doth require,
Iuturna then Virago fierce, whose mind was set on fire.
With painting dread, her brother Turnus wagoner that hight

A fathers exhortation to the child.

Ill counsel, worst to the counseller.

Metiſcus downe from out his place and charge ſhe tumbleth quight,
And from the Sommer far away ſhe leaues him on the ground,
And vp ſhe leapes, and lithie raignes with hand ſhe turneth round,
Reſembling ſhape, and voice and armour of Metiſcus ſtout.
Like as the ſwallow black, that ſtately courts doth flie about
Of lordes, and princes great, and lofty buildings largely tries,
And for her prattling young doth féeding ſéeke on gnats, or flies,
Sometime in entries wide, ſometime about the ſtanding lakes,
With téder houering wings her ſkirring flight ſwift forward takes:
So doth Iuturna through the thickſt of foes her horſes chaſe,
And euery coaſt about with flying charret ſwiftly trace,
Sometime her brother here, and ſometime there, ſhe vanting ſhowes
In quarters far and néere, nor lets him giue nor ſuffer blowes.
No leſſe Aeneas ſéekes with him to méete through crooked waies,
And through his thickſt aſtoined hoaſt, and quailed Latine rayes,
And loud him calles by name ſo oft as him he hath in ſight.
And looke how oft he ment him to purſue with horſes light,
So oft Iuturna ſtrait the charret ſtéedes away doth turne.
Alas, what would he do? his hart in vaine with rage doth burne,
His penſiue minde is much diſtract with diuerſe doubtfull cares.
Meſſapus then that in his hand by chaunce ſo hapning beares
Two lithie quiuering darts, well tipt with ſteele, full ſwift of flight,
The one he ſhaking gripes, and forth it flinges with leuell right.
Still ſtands Aeneas ſtrait and to his ſhield himſelf doth fit
Downe ſtouping low, howbeit the flying dart his helmet ſmit,
And downe his luſtie plume of from his creaſt to ground it threw.
Then ſtrait this rage aroſe, and courage great by Treaſon grew,
The ſtéedes when turnd away he ſaw, and charret backward raught.
Then Ioue, and altars all of broken league he there beſaught.
At laſt he throngſt into the thickſt, and there in lucky fight
Right dreadfull bloody ſlaughter makes he ſpareth none in ſight,
And all incenſt with ire, vnto his rage he gaue the raignes,
What god to mee will now at large this pine, and woefull paines,
And ſundry ſlaughters ſore, and death of dukes in verſe vnfold,
That were by Turnus made in courſe, and Troian captaine bold?
With ſuch ſell force theſe nations ſtout, O Ioue, was it thy will
They thus ſhould méete, that ſhould hereafter liue in concord ſtill?
Aeneas pauſing nothing long but Sucro out of hand

Iuturna keepeth her brother Turnus from meeting with Aeneas.

(That only stroke did cause the flying Troians still to stand)
He strake into the side, and where most spéede of death doth rest,
Betwéene the short ribs déepe, his sword he draue into his brest.
Then Turnus turnes Amycus downe, and Diore by his side,
Two Troian brothers déere, and forth on foote to them doth stride,
And at Amycus when he gan approch, a dart he threw.
Diores with his sword he strake bright glittring which he drew,
And both their heads he cut from corpes, and bloody sprinkling yet,
Upon his charret top with eger moode aloft he set.
Aeneas Tale and Tanais slaies, and next Cethegus strong,
All thrée at one assault, and sad Onytes liues not long
Of Thebans auncient stock, and of Peridia mother deare.
Then Turnus, brethers twaine from Lycia sent to Troy I feare,
Menætes eke Archadian youth, that war did feare in vaine,
And neare to Lerna filthie brinckes an handycraft did traine.
A simple house he kept, and princes wealth did neuer know,
His father hired had a litle lande, and that did sow.
And like as flaming fiers that kindled are in diuerse waies
In drie and crakling woods, or on the boughes of ratling Bayes.
Or as the swift, and foming streames from lofty hilles that fall
A raging roaring raise, and forth to sea they run withall,
Ech findeth out his way, and downe they driue whatso withstands:
No slower forth Aeneas flies, and Turnus stout of hands,
And both within the battaile bide, now now they fret within,
Their brests w courage brast, whose valiant harts no force can win.
And now to wound echothers folke they fret with deadly foode.
Aeneas there, Murrhanus proud of graunsiers great that stood,
And antique names of noble Belsiers old was wont to show,
And Pedigrues far fet from all the Latine kinges arow
He réeues downe with a rocke, the stony tempest layes him low,
And vnder horses feete and charret slings, the whirling wheele
Him prostrate ouerrunnes, and stéeds do stampe with shoes of stéele,
The swift forth flinging howe with mighty poyse oft strikes him hard,
And of their master throwne to ground the horse take no reguard.
Then Turnus with sir Hilus mætes, that headlong running ran,
And through his temples armd with gold, his dart he forced than,
The dart fone through the helmet flies, & strait in braines it stékes.
No, not thy hand stout Crétes, valiest most of all the Greekes

The lusty courage of Aeneas & Turnus.

From Turnus could acquight, nor yet Cupentus Gods him saue,
When once Aeneas came in place, but sone his brest he gaue
Direct against Aeneas launce, the speare on him doth fall,
Nought to the sely wretch his brazen shield preuaild at all.
And thee likewise, sir Aeolus, Laurentum fields did see
Aeolus is slaine. Quite ouerthrowne, and flatly prostrate on the ground to bee.
There now thou lyest Grecian hoast whom neare could ouerthrow,
Noo yet Achilles fierce, that Priams kingdome laid full low,
This was thy time of death prefixt, nigh Ida thou wast borne,
In Lyrnesse didst thou dwell, in Laurent fields thou liest forlorne.
And now the armies all were bent, all whole the Latine rout,
And all the Troyan crue, Mnesthee, and sir Serestus stout.
Messapus eke a tamer good of steedes, Asylas strong,
And Tuscan rankes, and old Euanders swift Arcadian throng,
Eche man now for himselfe with all his might there doth his best.
No stay, nor rest, to cruell fight eche one is ready prest.
There, to Aeneas then his mother Later this mind did send,
That to the citie walles with speede he should his army bend,
And with a sodaine mischiefall the Latines harts affright.
Then while for Turnus round about the hoast he cast his sight,
The towne he there beholds deuoid of warre to stand at rest,
And strait a greater force of warre doth kindle in his brest.
For Mnesthee and Sergestus then he calles, and Serest strong
His valiant captaines all, and all the heape of Troyan throng
Togither runs, he takes an hill, thy shieldes nor weapons lay
From out their hands, but from aloft to them thus gan to say.
Let be no stay in that I bid, Ioue on our side doth stand,
And sodaine though I charge, let none it slackly take in hand.
This towne the cause of all the warre, and King Latinus land,
Vnlesse they do submit themselues, and graunt for to obay,
I meane to sack, and rase vnto the ground this present day.
Forsoth shall I attend till Turnus please with me to fight?
And then againe his leasure wait, when he is vanquisht quight?
This towne is cheefest cause, my mates, and head of all the sore,
Goe set me fire at once, and to the league with flame restore.
He said, and strait with one consent a warlike wedge they make,
The Town assalted. And thick vnto the walles in clustring thronges they forth do rake.
The ladders sodainly appeare, and fire brondes burning bright.

Some

Som runne vnto the gates, and whom they mét they slay downright,
Some sling forth darts, and welkin hie with weapons do obscure.
Aeneas there amongst the first his hand vpholding pure
Vnto the walles, doth much in wordes blame old Latinus king,
And Gods to record calles, that they to warre againe him bring
That twise Italians wart his foes, and brake their couenants twise.
Then strait among the citizens a discord great doth rise.
Some bid vnlock the towne, and open wide the gates to set
To call the Troyans in and king Aeneas in to fet,
Some armour take, and still persist the walles for to defend.
Like as a swarme of Bées that in a rock déepe hollow pend,
By chance some shepheard glad that found, and bitter smoke applies:
They fearefull then within, about through waren castels flies,
And with hot humming sound themselues to anger do prouoke,
Out flies from forth their hole apace in heapes the filthy smoke,
The hollow caue beneath with noise confusde doth rumbling sound,
Which into open ayre abroad at last doth brim rebound.
Vnto the Latines ouer this a misaduenture great
Befell, that all the towne with teares, and sorow did repleat.
For when the Quéene beheld the foe to draw the citie nie,
The walles to burne, and vp to lofty houses fire to flie,
No power of Rutils neare at hand, nor Turnus to resist,
Vnhappy dame, that Turnus had bene slaine in fight she wist.
And mazed much in mind with grieuous feare, she cries, alas,
That of these mischiefes all, her self the cause, and worker was.
And all with ruthfull rage incenst, she blabbes forth many tales,
And dying ripe, with nayles, her purple robes in ragges she hales.
Then on a beame within the pallaire hie, a cord she ties,
And hanges herself thereon, and (fie for shame) there so she dies. Amata hangeth herselfe.
Which wofull chaunce, when once the Latine women vnderstood,
And first Lauinia bright, her daughter déere, as frantick wood
Her golden lockes she rent, and roset chéekes with nailes she tare,
And all the rout in semblant wise right frantickly did fare.
The houses nie with noise resound, and al the towne about
This wofull flame doth flickering fléete within and eke without.
Their courage they let fall, his princely robes Latinus rents,
His hoarie head (good man) and auncient beard with dust he sprents
Amazed at his Ladies death, and at the cities fall.

And grieued much, himself he blames, that he did neuer call
Aeneas to him prince of Troy, his sonne in law to bée.
Therwhiles lord Turnus warriour stout, in open fields doth sée
A few poore scattred souldiers whom he slowly doth pursue,
For why his stéedes with courage lesse to run he now doth vieu.
There to his eare a doubtfull noise the whirling ayre hath braught.
A corsey to Turnus. He listning stoode, and with attentiue eare the sound he raught
Of Laurent sacked towne, and of her pitious clamour thoe.
Alas, why is this citie thus dismaid with grieuous woe?
Or what great outcrie might this be that doth the citie raise?
He said, and therwith welnigh mad, the charret raignes he staies.
To whom his sister then, as she Metiscus countnance bare,
And of his running charret raignes, and stéedes had tane the care,
With these like woordes replies. May rather let vs follow now
The Troyans, Turnus, here, where conquest ginnes on vs to bow.
There others are that with their handes the citie will defend.
Aeneas on Italians sets, and cruell fyre doth bend,
Let vs likewise with slaughter vile the Troyans make to smart,
So thou with equall number slaine, and honour shall depart.
Whereto thus answerd Turnus then.
O sister deare, I knewe this how thou by subtile slight
The league didst ouerthrow, and threwest thy self into this fight.
And now in vaine thou séekste me to deceaue, O Goddesse pure.
But who from heauen thée downe to come, such trauels to indure
Requested, such aduentures wild to bide, and uncontrold?
Was it because thy brothers wretched death thou wouldst behold?
For where about now do I go? what chaunce may me betide?
That to my rent and towne estate, some succour may prouide?
My selfe Murranus saw of late that me by name did call,
Who whilst he liued was to me the best beloued of all,
Of limme a mighty man, and slaine like wise with mighty wound.
Unhappy Vfens eke, lest he our shame should sée, on ground
Now dead he lyeth, the Troyans both his corps, and armes enioy.
The houses spoild (that mischief yet remaind, and great anoy)
Shall I abide to sée? and Drances woords not prowue untrue?
Deepe desperation. And shall this ground faintharted dastard Turnus flying viewe?
Is it so vile a thing to die? O hellish hegges below
Come help I pray, for heauenly powers no fauour me wil showe.

To

To you my soule deuoide herein of crime shall downe descend
No deale vnworthie of the grandsiers great of all my kend.
Scarce had he said, when loe sir Sages lockt on foming steed,
Flies through ẏ thickest foes, whose face déep wouńded sore doth bleed
With dint of arrow falling swift, and thus he crying spake.
In Turnus, thée, is all our hope, one thine some pitie take,
Aeneas rageth now in armes, and threatneth to confound
The turrets of Italia land, and citie burne to ground.
And now the fire to houses flies, the Rutils bend their eies
On thée, and all the séely Latine power doth so likewise,
Latinus king is much in doubt, and murmur great doth make,
Whom he may call his sonne in law, or what league he may take.
And outr this, the Quæne most true to thée, her death hath wrought
With her owne cruell hand, and light of life estœmde at nought.
Before the gates Messapus strong, ioynt with Atinas stout
Alone sustaine the force, and all the ranks them round about
Do stand full thick, and iron throngs of darts do daunt their face,
And thou thy charret here alone in desert fields dost trace.
Then Turnus at the diuerse shape of dangers stoined staid,
And downe his eies he kest to ground, and whusking nothing said.
And there at once great griefe and shame his heanie heart doth freat
Déepe lodgd within, and madnesse mixt in breast with sorrow great,
And loue incenst with rage, and priuie touch of enmies might.
But when from mind he darknesse draue, & brought againe the light,
His flaming eies with ire vnto Laurentum walles he rold,
And from his charet his the goodly towne he did behold.
When lo the flashing flames aloft the battlements had caught
Of Turnus noble tower, and vp to heauen they crackling raught.
A tower right strong of wood, the prince himselfe it build alone,
And choules had vnderlaid, and ladders made to mount thereon.
Ah sister then (quoth he) my death drawes neare hold thée content,
Where gods, and spitefull fortune call, to follow I full am bent,
And with Aeneas hand to hand to mœte, and what our paine
Augmenteth elfe with losse of lothsome life, that to sustaine.
And, sister, after this thou shalt not sée me play the part
Of coward knight, but giue me licence now with all my hart
I thée beséech, before my finall rage, to rage a while.
He said, and as his raging mind with inward wrath did boyle,

One mischiefe commeth on the backe of another.

He becommeth desperate.

From charet downe into the open fields his leape he takes,
And forth through foes he throngs, his sister sad he there forsakes,
And through the thickst of all the hoast holdes on his frantike pace,
And on each side the ray of ennies ranks he doth displace.
Like as a rocke that from a lostie mount doth headlong fall
Enforst with rage of winde, or else with showers, and water gall.
Or when long yeres with ancient tract of time the hold doth lose
The hugie hill fals downe with wondrous force, and forth it goes,
And proudly springs on ground, and woods, and beasts, and men & all
Before it tumbling turnes, and rolling runnes forth like a ball.
So through his vanquisht hoast, forth Turnus mad in hast doth flie,
Where all the ground about with blod doth deeply drenched lie,
And whirling deadly darts in th'aier aboue doth make a cloud.
He beckneth with his hand, and with his mouth thus crieth aloud.
Stay, stay, O Rutils now, and Latines hold your hands, no more,
What euer chance befall, tis due to me, though this goe sore.
This meeter I the broken league with smart deseru'd should bie,
And in your stead my selfe alone with blade the quarrell trie.
They drew now to the combat. They strait withdrew themselues, & roomth they made him by & by.
But lord Aeneas, Turnus name when once in eare he toke,
The sturdy citie walles, and turrets high he then forsoke.
And lingring laid aside, and all attempts left out of hand,
Yee leapes for ioy, and thundring there doth great in armor stand,
As much as Athos mount, or Erix hill, or rough with wood,
And whom with snowie top all yeere to stand it doth him good
Old Appeninus hill, that to the loftie clouds doth rise.
Then Rutils all, and Troians all do bend their heedfull eies,
And all Th'Italian troupes likewise, both those the walles on hie
That keepe, and those with engins great to breake the wals that ply,
And armor downe from shoulders lay. Latinus mazed stands
When such two mightie men he sees of lim, so stout of hands,
In places so farre distant borne, meet there with so great might,
And fullie bent their force to trie in single handed fight.
Then they when first in emptie field each other gan to view,
With trauerse swift about, each one his dart at other threw.
Then strait to hand they come, their swords & targets meeting dash.
There might you hear ỹ ground to grone, their blads w̃ blows do clash
Thicke dubled set, good chance, and prowes fast ioint in one are mixt,

And

And like as when contention fals two mightie Bulles betwirt,
On top of hugie Syla mount, or hill Tabernus hie,
That for dominion euermore, and mastership do trie,
With hornes they doe inuade, the fearefull keepers stand aside,
And all the flocking heard about, deepe silent doth abide,
The heifers mumbling soft do make, who now shall rule the roast,
And whom the heard shall folow, as they fæd about the coast.
They with all force, with mortall wound each other seeke to smight,
And with their parlous croked hornes alone is all their fight.
Their foule black reaking blod, with chanel large doth fal to groũd,
And necke & shoulders bathes, the wood with noises loud doth sound.
None otherwise Aeneas fierce, and stout lord Turnus mæte
With targets readie bent, and round the aier with noise replæte.
Then Iupiter in heauen aboue in equall ballance waies
Their destnies both, and from his sentence graue a while he staies.
And vnto either diuerse chance alots, who shall endure
Moe trauels hard, and who to present death to die is sure.
There Turnus vaunts himself, and hoping wel, with all his might
A sturdie blow he fets, and on his foes he riseth right.
The stroke lights home, the Troians shout, ỹ Latines shake for feare,
And both the armies round about, amazd stand gaping there.
But loe, the false and brittle sword is broke, and at that blowe
His Master quite deteind, and broad in sliuers small it flowe,
And quite vndone he was, had not he tane himselfe to flight.
Thence fast he flies more swift then wind, beholding there in sight
A strange sword hilt, his stout right hand likewise of weapon bare.
Report doth go, that when to battell first he did prepare,
And mounted first his charret hie forst forth with feare and ire,
His fathers sword he then mistoke, and as hast did require
His wagoner Metiscus sword for his he toke in stæde,
Which while the Troians flie in fight, ful well perfourmd the dæde.
But when to armour made by god Vulcanus come it was,
The mortall sword et first flew broken strait like brickle glasse
And little shiuers round about lay shining in the grasse,
There Turnus in his flight, the broad wilde fields do trace about.
Now here he turnes, now there, and courses round fets in and out.
On euery side a ring of Troians thicke inclose him round.
Here stands the citie wall, there lieth a vale of fennie ground.

Turnus sword broke in pecces.

No

No lesse Aeneas then (howbeit full deepe with arrow smit
His faultring failing knees him fast to run will not permit)
Him after hies, and foote to foote at heeles him vrgeth nie.
Like as the Deare, that to the pleasant soyle apace doth hie,
And there in meash of hugie net entrapt, doth quaking feare,
When hunter rough with crie of cruell hounds fast draws him neare
He at the sturdie toyle, and banks full hie right sore agast,
A thousand waies doth turne and wend, the noble hound doth hast
And gaping comes at heeles, and now doth pinch, or like to pinch
He snappes his iawes, and is deceiud his bit by halfe an inch.
Then riseth round a shout, that shoares and lakes the same rebound,
And all the heauen about with thumping thunder doth resound.

He would faine haue his owne sworde.

Then Turnus flying fast, his Rutils all doth sorely blame,
And for his tried sword he calles, to euery one by name.
Aeneas present death doth threat, and great destruction there
If any doe approch, and them still trembling more doth feare,
And threatneth sore the citie towne to raze vnto the ground. (round
And still (though wounded) draweth him neare, and now fiue courses
About they finisht had, and backe fiue course had begun
Both this way now, then that, nor for to trifle tis they run,
But for king Turnus life they striue (alas) and for his blood.
By chance thereby with bitter leaues an Olive wild there stood,
Which vnto Faunus god auowed was, a ioyfull tree
Where such as safe from shipwracke foule, and drenching saued bee
Are wont their offrings vp to hang, and garments knowne at full.
This tree without respect at all the Troians vp did pull,
That without let wherein to fight the whole field they might haue.
There stuck Aeneas dart, him force in casting thither draue,
The roote it holding fast he bends him downe, and there assayes
Thereout to pull the speare, to cast at Turnus on his wayes
As forth he scudes, whom he in running could not ouertake.
Then Turnus raging mad with feare, his praier thus gan make:
O Faunus pitie take I pray (quoth he,) thou worthie ground.
Hold fast the dart, your honours if I euer saued sound,
Whom other wise Aeneas crue by warre haue made profaine.
He said, and to the gods his sute he did not make in vaine.
For though he striuing much at clanged stem long time did stay,
Yet by no strength Aeneas could his speare pull thence away.

Thus

Thus whilst he fiercely forcing ſtands, and ſtill doth pluck & ſtraine,
Into the wagoner Metiſcus ſhape tranſformed againe
Iuturna faire, his ſword vnto her brother doth reſtore.
That Venus at this Nymphs ſo bold attempt diſdaining ſore,
Drew nére, and from the rote beneath the dart ſhe plucked out.
Then they with weapons armed both, and wart with courage ſtout,
This truſking ſword, the other fierce with ſpeare Aeneas bent
Enraged both, with deadly fude each one at other went.
Therwhiles th'almightie king to Iuno ſpeaking thus he told, Iupiter ſpeaketh to Iuno.
That from a yellow cloud aboue, the battell did behold.
What ſhall the end hereof be wife? what now remaineth? ſay.
Aneas is a god thou knoweſt, thy ſelfe canſt not denay,
And that to heauen he longs, and to the ſtars to be extold,
What doſt thou worke? or in what hope abideſte in clouds ſo cold?
For is it méete a god with mortall wound defilde ſhould bée?
Or elſe (for what Iuturna could ſhe doe were not for thée?)
The ſword reſtorde to Turnus be, and force to vaſſals growe
Leaue off at laſt at our requeſt, lay downe thy courage low,
Nor let ſuch priuie rancour fret thée more, this care and ſmart
Let them (good Iuno) from thy ſwéet and pleaſant mouth depart.
We to the laſt are come, the Troians bere by ſea and land
Thou mightſt, and bloody wicked wars to raiſe was in thine hand,
And houſes to deface, and monefull mariages to make,
But further to attempt I thée forbid. Ioue thus beſpake,
And goddeſſe Iuno with a louely countenance thus replied.
Almightie ſpouſe, ſince firſt your heauenly pleaſure I eſpied, Iuno anſwereth Iupiter.
Both Turnus, and the earth, and all I left againſt my will.
Ne ſhould you ſée me now in aier alone to ſit ſo ſtill,
And ſuffer thus ſuch worthy vnworthy things, but armd in fire
In thickeſt throngs would thruſt, & on the Troians wreake mine ire.
Iuturna I confeſſe, her brother ſad I cauſde to aide,
And for his life (alas) I bid what could, ſhould be aſſaid.
Yet weapons none I wild her take, nor yet to bend her bow,
I ſweare be dreadfull ſprings, whéce ſtream of Stix along doth flow,
The onely true and dreadfull oath that heauenly gods do make.
And now I doe giue place, and loathſome wars I quite forſake.
But yet this one thing now, which deſtnies courſe doth not denay
For honours ſake of thine, and for all Latium grant I pray.

That

That when (whereto I yéeld) in perfect peace they wedlockes knit,
And holsome lawes appoint, with lasting leagues of friendship smit,
Of Latine old inhabiters thou wouldst not change the name,
Nor Troians to be cald, nor Teucers yet permit the same,
Nor let them change their spéech, but weare their wéeds they ware of yore,
Let Latium still abide, and Albane kings for euermore,
Let Roman offspring be of power through great Italian might,
Troy downe is falne, and with the name now let it perish quite.
To whom the king of Gods and men thus answered smiling mild.
Thou art my sister deare, and old Saturnus second child.
Why dost thou then such bugie waues of rage roll in thy breast?
But go to, from this late sprung griefe set whole thy hart at rest.
I grant thy sute, and willingly thereto I doe agrée,
Ausonians their tongue shall kéepe, and customes as they bée,
And as it is their name shall bide, in body onely mixt
Shall Troians be, no diffrence more them both shall be betwixt.
Their maners, and their sacred rites I will appoint them all.
And I will cause all nations still they Latines them shall call.
This stocke that of Ausonian blood commixt shall shortly rise,
In vertue men shall passe, and passe the gods that dwll in skies.
Unto thée honour do no nation shall so much as they.
Dame Inno gaue a nod, and glad her mind she turnes away,
And from the aire departs, and leaues the cloud where she did stay

The Furies are childrē of the night.

When this was done, the father of Gods a new deuise doth proue,
How from her brothers aide Iuturna Nymph he may remoue.
Two woful plagues there bēne, that by right name men Furies call,
Whom with Megæra hellish heg, Night darke and dreadfull, all
At one birth brought to light, and with like stings of serpents fell
Them all did arme, and like wings gaue that shift winds do excell.
These Ioue before, and in the seat of pluto dreadfull king
Attending stand, and wofull feare to mortall men do bring
If direful death at any time, or sickne sse vile to beare
Ioue do commaund, or cities naught with blodie warres to feare.
Of these then one frō heauen Ioue down doth send with spéedy flight,
And to Iuturna with ill lucke bid flie her to affright.
Away she goes, and vnto earth with whirle wind flitteth fast,
None otherwise then when a shaft swift forth with bowstring cast
In deadly poyson dipt, through clouds apace doth scudding sling,

Which

Which mortall shaft some Parthians bow enforst, or Cydons string,
The singing toile through shadow flies, that none perceiue it may:
So went this child of Night, and so to earth she toke her way.
The Troian host at hand, and Turnus troupes she did espie,
Transformed to a foule herselfe she changeth by and by,
Such as are wont on grisly graues and desert roufes to sit,
By night, and in thée dare their wofull tunes do charme and chit.
To this foule forme thus turnd, at Turnus face she skirring cries,
And strikes his targat with her wings, as here and there she flies.
This new feare then his drouping lims w̄ dread did cause to quake,
His haire rose vp an end, his trembling voice in iawes fast stake.
But when the Furies hatefull shritch from far, and wings she knew
Iuturna wofull wight, her haire from off her head she drew,
And with her nailes her face she rent, with hands she beat her breast,
Ah Turnus now (quoth she) what may she do that louts thée best?
What way may now thy sister worke, or what meanes is so strong,
That I may practise it, that wofull life for to prolong?
My selfe against such monsters to oppose am I of might?
Nay, nay, the battell now I leaue, nor me with feare affright
Do any more you filthie foules, and hegs of Lymbo low,
Your hellish sound, and clapping of your wings I well doe know.
And well I wot the proud behests of Ioue so great of might,
Now for my maidenhed bereft doth he me thus requight?
Why gaue he me eternall life, and death did take away?
So that by mortall end these lasting griefs I might delay,
And with my brother déere now downe descend to shadowes dead,
If like as he (which would to God) a mortall life I lead.
No pleasure of my pleasures all shall pleasant be to mée,
O brother Turnus déere, and all for lacke and losse of thée,
What ground (alas) will gape below my corps therein to take,
And bring me downe (a goddesse though I be, to Lymbo lake?
This much she said, and straight her head in mantle blew she hid
Sore sighing, and anon she threw herselfe the streame amid.
Aeneas forcing forth a mightie speare in hand doth shake
Of sturdy timber framde, and with great courage thus he spake.
What staying now is this? why Turnus, dost thou linger thus?
In fight we must not striue, but neare at hand in fight I wus.
Transforme thy selfe to euery shape, or else thy best assay

She turneth herselfe to a Shrichowle

Iuturnas complaint.

By

By force of armes, or else by craft to rid thy selfe away.
Or wish vnto the loftie starres by flittring wings to flie,
Or couerd else within some hollow caue in ground to lie,
He shaking then his head, not these thy bitter words to mée
Ought make afeard, but gods me fray, and Ioue my foe (quoth hée.)
He said no more, but strait a mightie stone he there beheld,
A mightie ancient stone, that then by chaunce within the field
There for a Bound did lie, all strife twixt lands for to appease.
Scarce could xii. chosen men that on their shoulders lift with ease,
Such men I meane, as now a dayes the earth to light doth bring.
This vp in hand he caught, and at his foe doth fiercely fling
Arising vp therewith, and forth his wease he fet withall.
But he nor when he came, nor when he went, to mind doth call,
Or when he lifted vp his hand, nor when the stone he threw.
His knées do faile, and through his blood a chilly shiuering flew.
The stone then rolling through the emptie aier his way did take,
But forth at full it did not flie, nor yet the marke it strake.
And like as in a dreame when sléepe by night hath closd our eies,
Sometimes in vaine great coursers forth to run we do deuise,
And in the midst of all our force anon begin to faile,
Our tongue is tied, & through our body quite our strēgth doth quaile
That make no noise we can, nor able are no word to say.
To Turnus so, what euer manfull meanes he doth assay,
Successe the cruell furie doth denay. Then in his minde
A thousand thoughts arise, his eies he backe doth cast behinde,
And on the Rutils, and the Towne he lookes, and doubts for feare,
And trembles when he thinks at hand to come the fatall speare.
Nor knows which way to wend, nor how against his foe to flie,
His charet nor his charet guide, he can no where espie.
Whilst thus he doubts, Aeneas forth his spear doth shake in sight,
And vauntage watcheth with his eie, and strait with all his might,
Afar he flings it forth. Not so doth cast the hugie stones
The engin great, that wals of towne to breake is made for nones,
Nor w̄ such clap ỹ lightning bright frō heauen high forth doth brast.
The murdring speare fierce flies, and whirlwindlike, doth flit as fast
And through his armor braue of prowfe it beats, through buckler bright
With seuen thick linings laid, into the thigh it strake him quight.
Then Turnus wounded down to groūd with dubled knées doth fal.

The

The Rutils wofull ſhoutes do raiſe, and round the hilles withall
Reſounding make, and all the woods the noyſe beat back againe.
He then on ground, his yéelding eyes, and hand of pardon faine
Entreating vp doth hold, and ſure I haue deſeru'de (quoth he)
Nor pardon aſke I none, vſe now thy chaunce at will on me.
But if regard of aged ſire, thy minde ſomedeale may tuch,
(For vnto thée of late thy father Anchiſes old was ſuch,)
Vpon king Daunus auncient yeares do thou ſome pitie take,
And me, if ſo thou meane deuoyd of vitall life to make,
Reſtore vnto my friends, for thou haſt wonne, theſe hands of mine
The Latines ſaw to yéeld, and faire Lauinia now is thine,
No farther let thy rage proceéd. Fierce there in armes did ſtand
Aeneas caſting downe his eyes, and ſtil he ſtaid his hand.
And more and more the gentle ſpéech to ſwage his minde began:
When loe, (alas) the luckleſſe Belt that on his ſhoulders than
Aloft with buckles glitting bright with gold that garniſht were
Appeared, which he knew right well, that Pallas yong did beare,
Whom Turnus with a mightie wound had ſlaine not long before,
And now the pillage of his foe vpon his ſhoulders wore.
But when with eyes thoſe tokens great of griefe he did behold,
And ſpoyles with rage incenſt, in furie wood, and vncontrold,
Ah wretch (q he) thinkſt thou, that wearing ſpoiles of mine, from mée
Thou ſo ſhalt ſcape? Now Pallas with this wound, now Pallas thée
Doth offer vp, and on thy wicked blood reuenge doth take.
This saying, déepe him to the heart with naked ſword he ſtrake
Incenſt with ire, the natiue heate his limmes doth ſtrait forſake,
His ghoſt flies faſt with griefe, and great diſdaine, to Lymbo lake.

Diſſolution of life.

DEO GRACIAS.

Finitum Londini, Per Thomam Twynum. 6. Iulij. 1573.
Opus 20. dierum plus minus, per interualla temporum.

Maiſter Phaers Concluſion

to his interpretation of the Aeneidos of Virgil,

by him conuerted into english verſe.

THVS far forth (good Readers) as well for defence of my countrey language (which I haue heard diſcommended of many, and eſteemed of ſome to be more then barbarous) as alſo for honeſt recreation of you the Nobilitie, Gentlemen and Ladies that ſtudy no latin, I haue taken ſome trauel to expreſſe this moſt excellent writer, as farre as my ſimple abilitie extended. And if God ſend me life and leiſure, I purpoſe to ſet foorth the reſt, vnleſſe it may like ſome other that is better armed with learning, to preuent my labours, whereof I aſſure you, I would bee right glad, contenting my ſelfe ſufficiently with this, that by me firſt this gate is ſet opē. If now the yong writers will vouchſafe to enter: they may finde in this language, both large and abundant campes of varietie, wherein they may gather innumerable ſorts of moſt beautifull flowers, figures, & phraſes, not only to ſupply the imperfectiō of me, but alſo to garniſh al kinds of their own verſes with a more cleane and compendious order of meeter, then heretofore cōmonly hath bene accuſtomed. And if any further helpe I may doe to that purpoſe, I ſhal more gladly beſtow my trauaile hereafter, if I may know that theſe my beginnings be of you gently taken and imbraced. Truſting that you my right worſhipful maiſters and ſtudents of Vniuerſities, and ſuch as be teachers of children and readers of this Authour in Latine, will not bee too much offended, though euery verſe anſwere not to your expectation. For (beſides the diuerſitie between a conſtruction and a tranſlation) you know there bee many miſticall ſecretes in this writer, which vttered in Engliſh, would ſhew little pleaſure, and in mine opinion are better to bee vntouched, then to diminiſh the grace of the reſt with tedioufneſſe and darkeneſſe. I haue therefore followed the counſell of

Horace

The concluſion.

Horace, teaching the dutie of a good interpretour, *Qui quæ deſperat niteſcere poſſit, relinquit*, by which occaſion, ſomewhat I haue in places omitted, ſomewhat altered, and ſomething I haue expounded, and all to the eaſe of inferiour readers, for you that are learned need not to be inſtructed. I meane not to preiudice any that can do finer, only I deſire you to beare with my trauel, & among other to pardon my firſt booke, wherin I found this new kinde of fingering ſomwhat ſtraunge vnto me, and to ſay the trueth, I had neuer any quiet from troubles, to confer or peruſe that booke, or any of the reſt, as I moſt deſired. You may therefore accept them, as things roughly begunne, rather then polliſhed and where you vnderſtand a fault, I deſire you, with ſilence patiently paſſe it, and vpon knowledge giuen to me, I ſhall in the next ſetting forth indeuour to reforme it. And if any with this will not be contented, then let him take in hand, and do it anew himſelfe, & I nothing miſtruſt, but he ſhall finde it an eaſier thing to controll a peece or two, then to amend the whole of this interpretation. Thus I commit you to God gentle Readers, and I pray you correct the errours eſcaped in the printing.

THE THIRTEENTH

Booke of Aeneidos, ſupplied by Maphæus Vegius Laudenſis,

The Argument.

So ſoone as Aeneas had ſlaine Turnus, the Rutilians ſubmitting themſelues are receiued into the mercy of the Conquerour, not without deſerued reproaches for reſiſting the prouidence of the Gods, concerning his arriuall and ſetling in Italy. Thé Aeneas taketh Pallas belt from about Turnus, which was partly the cauſe that he ſlue him, determining to ſend it for a token to king Euander. After this, honour being duly perfourmed to ſuch as were ſlain in fight, Aeneas congratulateth to his ſonne Iulus and mates, their happy victories, and quiet peace purchaſed at laſt, after ſo many tempeſts and troubles. But king Latinus bewailing the death of Turnus, with confutation of the fond entiecments of Ambition, and vncertainty of honour and kingly eſtate, ſendeth the dead body vnto Daunus his father, who moſt pitifully lamenteth the raſhneſſe & hapleſſe ſucceſſe of his ſon, as alſo the deſtruction of his citie Ardea, which being conſumed with fire, is trāſformed into a byrd of that name. Immediately Latinus ſendeth Oratours vnto Aeneas, Drances being chiefe, who after diſcommendation of Turnus whom he hated, and the excuſe of king Latinus touching the breache of couenants, deſireth him into the citie & pallace, where with great ſolemnitie Latinus coupleth vnto him in mariage Lauinia his daughter, and onely child, both Troyans & Italians much reioycing at this league of amitie. Shortly after, Aeneas buildeth a citie, which by the aduiſe of his mother Venus, he calleth after his wiues name: and king Latinus dying, he ſucceedeth him in the crowne and gouernment. And when he had raigned ful three yeares, his mother Venus cleanſing him from contagion of mortalitie in the riuer Numicius neare Laurentum, ſhe carrieth him vp into heauen, and tranſlateth him into the number of the ſtarres.

The repreſentation of men diſcomfited in battell.

When Turnus in this final fight down thrown, his flitring ghoſt
Had yelded vp into the aire, in midſt of all the hoſt
Aeneas valiant victor ſtands, god Mauors chāpion bold
The Latines ſtoinisht ſtanding, from their harts great grones vnfold,
And deeply from their inward thoughts reuoluing cauſe of care,
Their daunted minds they do let fall: Like as thick woods that are

Of

Of bignesse huge, lament their losse when first their leaues do fall
Through furious force of northen blastes, of green that spoiles thē all.
Their weapons then on ground they pight, & on their swords do rest,
And from their shoulders lay their shields, and battle do detest.
The frantike loue of war, erewhile well liked, now they hate.
No pleasure of the victour they refuse, nor captiue state.
But paroon craue, and rest require, all mischieses to abate.
Like as when two couragious Bulles togither run in fight,
With stoare of blod redoubling stripes, ỹ heards there prest in sight
As they pertaine, encline ech to their bull, but if one quaile,
They earst which lou'de their foyled guide, to him that did preuaile
Submit thēselues, & though great grefe their harts no doubt possesse,
Do willingly yeld vp themselues as subiects naithelesse:
The Rutils so, though sorowes great their harts did then molest,
Through feare of thus their captaine slaine, in mind did then protest.
The victour armes for to pursue, and Troyan Duke obey,
And leagues to craue, and peace eterne from warres for to enioy.
On Turnus corps Aeneas sitting then, thus mildly spake.
What fury great from modestie thy minde so madly brake,
That Troyans by the heastes of Gods, and domme of loue on hie,
Ariuing here, thou wouldst not let to dwell in Italie,
O Turnus, but in vaine from promso houses wouldst expell?
Learne Ioue to feare, and what the Gods do will, to like that well.
For mighty Ioue in wrath will burne, and what thing worthy blame
Is done, the Gods will not forget for to reuenge the same.
Loe here the end of all thy rage, wherby gainst faith and right
Disturbing leagues, the Troyan bands thou didst prouoke to fight.
Loe here the finall day, which vnto such as shall be borne
In time hereafter may a mirrour be, not Ioue to skorne
That they presume in vaine, and hatefull broyles of warres to brēde.
But in thine armour now reioice: A noble corps indēde
Here Turnus dead thou liest, but yet Lauinia cost thee deare.
No shame that with Aeneas hand yslaine thou liest heare.
Now Rutils hence conuay your Lord, his armour, and the man
I franckly yelde, do honours to the dead the best ye can.
As for the weightie belt, which vnto Pallas did belong,
To king Euander will I send, that comfort great among
For death of foes he may conceiue, and ioy for Turnus slaine,

The punishment of periurie.

And you Ausonians these things repose in mindfull braine,
Henceforth to learne some iuster cause of battaile to ensue.
By starres I sweare, that neuer field nor armes I did pursue
In willing mind, but forced forth through this your frantick mode,
With Troyan strength your headlong force at wish & will withstode.
Aeneas said no more, but to the loftie walles with cheare
His steppes did turne, and to the Troyan houses drew him neare.
Him after all the troupe of Phrigian youth reioycing trace,
And wightfull steeds with force of nimble foote prick forth apace:
Reprouing sore the Latins all by dastardes loathsome name,
With shouts and noises great, that ayre and skies resound the same.
And though the bodies yet vntombde to burne with great desire
Within his mind doth rise, and his dead mates to waste with fire:
Aeneas yet reuoluing greater matters in his brest,
To yéld the Gods their honours first, right due he déemde it best.
Then Heifers fat, as countries guise hath taught forthwith they kil,
And hogges they cast on heapes, and shéepe they driue the temples til,
And trãpled earth with streams of blood shed forth they purple stain,
And intrailes forth they pluck, & frõ the flock their felles they strain,
And corpses forth they cut, and broches lay to roast at fire.
Then wine in bowles they forth do fill, as custome doth require.
And gifts to Bacchus vp do heape, and with full cuppes adore
His sacred alters fuming fat with cense and flesh good store.
Then in the houses shoutings loude they make, and Ioue betwéene
They doe extoll, and Venus thée, and thée, O Iuno Quéene
More frendly and more louing now with greater praise they confesse.
And Mars himselfe, and all the troupe of Gods both more and lesse
Are there recited, and with laud extolled to the skie.
But Lord Aeneas péere of price to all the standers bie,
His doubled handes in humble wise did stretch into the aire,
And clasping fast his childe, he spake thus to Iulus faire.
O sonne, thy fathers only hope, whom through distresses strange
My selfe haue led, with destnies diuers drawne inforst to range.
Loe, rest at length is found, loe now that day the last of paine
And troubles great ỳ bringes an ende, most pleasant now we gaine.
Which day most wished still, when me to warres hard happe did call,
By Gods good will, I know, to thée I oft did tell, would fall.
And now whẽ first the morning bright shall shine with purple wéede,

Thanks to God to be yeelded before duty to men.

Vnto

Vnto the Rutil walles I thée will send aduancde indéede.
Then to the Troyan nation next he turnd and déepe from out
His breſt theſe words he drew, and mildly ſpake to all the rout.
O Mates, ý through ſharp dangers thick & oft haue paſt, through broyls
Of warres ſo great, through winters many fierce and bitter toyles,
Through what was feareful, grœuous, wofull, huge, and what vniuſt,
Vnfortunate and cruell tw, pluck vp to better luſt
Your minds as now, the end is come, here ſhall that end be fixt
Of miſchiefs all, and wiſhed peace be ſetled vs betwixt
And theſe the men of Latium. Then ſhall Lauinia deare
My wife, whom I in battaile fierce haue won, to Troyans cheare
Aduance our ſtock with Italie blud commixt to bide for aye.
This one thing Mates, the Auſonians, with equall mindes, I pray,
To beare and vſe, and eke my ſire in law Latinus King
For to obey, for he the ſcepter ſhall enioy, this thing
I haue in minde: but you in warres and fight
Learne godlineſſe of me, and trace therein my ſteppes aright.
What glory great is gaind thereby to vs, you plainly ſée.
But by the heauen and glittring ſtarres I ſweare, eterne that bée:
I that preſerued haue your liues before from dangers hard,
Will after this requite your toyles with greater far reward.
Such talke he treated then, and ſundry chances in his breſt
Forepaſſed did reuolue, not ſmally reckoning of his reſt
Through trauaile late obtainde, and tender loue in breſt he bare
Vnto his Troyans, whom to haue eſcapte from dangers rare
He did reioyce. And like the Hen her brode that clucking guides,
When in the aire a kyte that ſoaring round in compaſſe glides
She doth eſpie, which ſtouping ſwift to grounds with grœdie bill
With furie ſéekes to pray, and threatneth all the birds to kill.
The combed Dame then toucht at heart, doth ſtrait her ſelfe aduance,
Affrighted with the ſodaine feare, and chickens heauie chance.
She whets her bill, and with her greateſt force withſtands her foe,
Vntill with ſturdie ſtrength ſhe make him voyd away to goe.
Then cackling thence, ſhe haſts to ſéek thé earſt diſturbde with feare,
And flocks them much amazde, ſuch loue ſhe to her ywng doth beare.
None otherwiſe Anchiſus ſonne with words and ieſture milde,
The Troyans did appeaſe, while former feares, and dangers wilde
Outworne he doth reuolue in minde, and ioyes by troubles long,

Recirall of calamities maketh reſt the more pleaſant.

The carefulneſſe of Aeneas by compariſon.

Obteyned yet at length, which though in bearing dread him wrong
In former times, the memorie thereof yet bringes delight.
But Lord Aeneas farre excelling all in vertue bright,
Due thankes vnto the Gods for gifts receiued earst he payes,
And Iupiter almightie God extolles with worthie praise.

Ther whiles the great and wofull corps, the Rutils thick in throng,
Duke Turnus bodie dead haue brought to towne in pompe along
With heauy harts perplext, & sheading streames of trickling teares,
The clamour great with greefe had filled soone Latinus eares
All tired now, and casting sundry chaunces in his breast.
Who after that he heard the mone encrease with mournefull quest,
And Turnus with a mightie wound ystaine did there behold,
His teares he could not stay, but méekely all the troupe controld.
And with his handes and speeches sad deepe silence did commaund.
And like as when the foming boare with tuskes fierce forth that stād,
Some noble Hound the chéete of all the kennell, through hath stuck,
The barking crue doth back retire, dismayd with dreadfull luck,
And thronging thick about their maister round, do make their mone,
And houlings great send forth with dread and griefe commixt at one.
But then the maister holding vp his hands and bidding hush,
Their noyse they straight restrayne, and silent sit at present push.
The Rutils so, in voices whust did inward sorrow presse.
Then king Latinus shedding teares, his words thus to adresse
Frō hart deepe drawn began. What troubles great, what often chāge
He bewaileth the inconstancie of Fortune, and the tickle estate of honour.
Do mēs affaires allay, & tosse their minds with whirlewind strange?
O foolish fancie fayne to rule, and scepters brittle pride.
O frantike madnesse graft in men, desirous realmes to guide.
To what distresse dost thou enforce mens blinded hearts to run,
And glory got with dangers great our puffed mindes to wun?
How many treasons, deaths, and perils dread of mischiefs fell,
How many gleaues & swords before thine eyes (if thou couldst tell)
Attending wait on thée? O deadly poyson dulcet swéete,
And worldly honours pestilent. O wofull trauailes méete
For such as crownes do weare, that cost them deare, and heauy sway
Of charge, which neuer suffers them to liue a merry day,
Nor any time of rest permits. O wofull princely state,
And miserable chaunce of kings subiect to dread and hate.
What hath it, Turnus, thee auaild the whole Ausonian land

With

Which tumults great to stur, and Troians armd thus to withstand?
And to infringe the couenants first of sacred peace and rest?
Whence could so great impatience inuade thy séely brest?
That wars with stocke of gods, by will of high Ioue hither brought
Wouldst make, & frō our seats, prouoking vs, to driue hadst thought?
And causde my daughters breake the faith to lord Aeneas swornе,
And wars to raise, which I gainsaying, should haue bin forborne?
What madnes great thy senses so did sot? How often thée
To battell prest, and mounted faire, all glittring bright to sée,
Haue I assaid to stay, thy iourney purpolde to restraine,
And fearing blamed thée parting oft, but all in vaine.
Hereof my gaines the citie shewes with houses halfe downe rent,
And mightie fields about with Latine snowhite bones besprent.
And Latium spoild of all the strenght, and hugie slaughters made,
And riuers staind with blood of men that ruddy running fade.
And feares long time continuing, and labors hardly rid,
Which I my selfe, old man, haue oft with danger great abid.
But Turnus dead, here how thou liest, where is thy noble pride
Of youthly yéeres, thy minde surpassing high? where doth abide
The honour of thy countenance, thy persons comely grace
Where is it now become? Frō Daunus eies what tears down trace,
And sorrowes sharpe his hart assault, shalt, Turnus, thou procure?
What streames of teares, what bitter griefe all Ardea to endure?
But yet with dastard shamefull wound thée slaine he shal not find.
Which will no slender comfort bring vnto his carefull mind
That by Aeneas sword of Troy thy life thou hast vntwind.

Discommodities of warre.

This said, the trickling teares on blubred chéeks he downe let fall.
And turning to the multitude, the corpse before them all
Vnto his fathers wofull towne to beare he them did will,
Where sacred honours due vnto the dead they should fulfill.
Anon the bodie of the youth, the Rutils thicke in throng
Aduauncing vp did lift, and in a coffin laid along.
Then ensignes braue they beare, & spoiles from Troians tane in fight.
And headpéeces, & stéeds, and swords, and shields, and armor bright.
Anon the charets warme with Phrygian slaughter next ensue.
Then wéeping, next Metiscus leades his horse, with trauell true
That trained was, bedewd with teares, and wet with wofull mone,
Which horse before had oft lord Turnus victor borne, alone

Turnus bodie sent to his father.

When

When slaughter great in furious mode he made vpon his foes,
Then others marching on with turned weapons plodding goes.
At last the route of youthes do weeping follow, large with teares
Their breasts distilling wet, & whilst the night forth weary weares.
This while Latinus king into the court his steps had bent,
When much for funerall so great perplext in mind he went.
The matrones all in troupe, the children yong, and fathers graue,
Their teares downe trickling shed, ỹ town with shrikes doth yelling raue.
But Daunus nothing priuie of such woes yet to remaine,
Nor that his noble sonne in finall fight of combat slaine
His haughtie ghost had yelded vp, and now with sad aray
Drew neare the towne, his hart with other sorrowes did affray.
Mischiefs linked together.
For at what time the Latine bands in fight were put to wurst,
And noble Turnus breathing, blood imbrued the field accurst:
That time an hugie fire the towne had caught, and walles on hie,
And Ardea wofull Daunus countrey scorching made to frie,
Which all to ashes was consumde, the flame it was so great,
There was no meanes nor hope remaining left to saue the seat.
I wot nere if the gods would haue it so, or Destnies wild
This token to foreshew that Turnus then in fight was kild.
Forthwith the people much appald in minde, and sore affright
Their breasts did beat, and mourning sore bewaild this heauy plight
So did the matrones standing all a row with like desires,
Where each there vtmost did assay to shun the raging fires.
And like as when the armie blacke of Ants prest het at wurke,
That vnderneath some træ, or hollow roote wherein to lurke
Their dwelling pore haue made, if so by hap thereto at length
And ape be set, and so the trunke be laide along by strength,
On stragling wise anon they startle forth in troupes of striues,
And swift to flight themselues betake fast trudging for their liues.
And like the snaile which crëping on an house with fire oppress.
When first she fëles the heat, with striuing long doth take no rest,
With head and taile she toyles, all meanes of scaping to assay,
The heat her scorching, wiles she none lets passe to get away.
None otherwise, the citizens with daunger like beset
Bestur themselues, when present feare their troubled minds did let.
But Daunus old, with yeres, good man, accloyd, aboue them all
To heauen his voice did lift, and to the Gods for helpe did call.

Then

Then was there séene anon out of the thickeſt flame to riſe
A foule with clapping wings, aloft which mounting cut the ſkies.
The ſigne and name reteining of the towne, which Ardea hight.
So that which late with wals & towres did ſtand full ſtæpe in ſight, Vnfortunat
Tranſformed now into a bird with wings did flie about. foothſaying
Amazed at this wonder all, and heaſts of gods no doubt
Not ſmall aſtoinde, their burned backs & mouthes they ſtill do hold.
But Daunus eſt his countries loſſe in heauie heart doth fold
With raging flames conſumed thus, and griefs in mind reſtraines.
On necke of this, a fame forerunning quicke with rumor raignes,
Which far and wide their mazed minds inuades with clamor new,
That hard at hand approching comes a wofull coarſe to view
With armed troupes accompaned, which Turnus body dead
Are bringing home, whoſe life through fatall wound was lately fled.
Aſtoined all hereat, for with as countrey guiſe had taught, (braught
Thicke threfold thronging fired brands blacke burning forth they
The fields with flames do ſhine, and to the commers ſide by ſide
Themſelues they ioyne, whō when thus all in ray the matrons ſpide
Their hands for wo they wring, and to the clouds they lift their crie.
But Daunus when he ſaw his ſonnes dead corpſe approching nie,
Still ſtanding forth anon did caſt with griefe his ruthfull looke,
And fearing, frantiklike into the throng himſelfe he tooke,
And on on the wofull corpſe him there he keſt, and held it faſt,
And thus when ſpéech to him began returne, he ſpake at laſt.

O ſon, thy fathers griefe, and ſtay from wearied yéares bereft (left:
Through dāgers great me drawn (poore wretch alas) wher haſt thou Affection
Where did thy valure ſtout of mind me lead, but all in vaine mooued frō
In murdrous fight with cruel wound that thus at length were ſlaine? the vncon-
Is this the honour of thy ſtrength, and glory of our crowne? ſtancie of
Is this our Empires maieſtie, and ſtate of great renowne? worldly
Such triumphs, ſon, doſt thou returning bring? is this the reſt things.
Which for thy father afflicted oft to win thou didſt proteſt?
Of all our ſharpe ſuſtained toiles ſo long, is this the end?
Poore man, alas, how haſtly fell fortune forth doth bend
Our cureleſſe fliding time, and with what ſtur do Deſtnies run?
For thou that late to honors high extold didſt ſhine as ſun,
And greateſt in all Latium land waſt held, whom Troian bands
So oft in field did fearfull féele, and flie thy furious hands:

Now

Now Turnus here my childe thou lieſt, a wofull coarſe in ſight.
Thy head depriued is of ſpæch, then which for beautie bright
Not all Auſonia had the like, nor yet for ſpæch thy péere
Soft flowing, nor in peace, that could himſelfe more ſtoutly béere.
Where is become thy gliſtring hue, and countnance comely cléere,
And ſkin as white as ſnow, and dulcet eies prouoking chéere?
The honour of thy heauenly ſacred necke where is it fled?
With ſo ill lucke haue theſe thy firſtling toiles of Mars bin led?
Was this thy longing ſore at parting hence the warres to ſée,
That in this wofull vile aray thou ſhouldſt returne to mée?
O hatefull death which doſt alone the minds puffe vp in pride
With armes reuenging ſtraine, and on our kind both farre and wide
All ruling beare the ſway with equall law, and ſpareſt none,
But great and ſmall doe wearie hence away till all be gone.
The vaſſels with their princes ſtout, the valiant with the wratch,
The olde and yong thou makeſt all alike, and ioynt to match.
O death moſt wretched vile, what cauſe vnworthy ſo to rage,
Enforced the my ſonne to ſlay with wound, in tender age?
Amata Quéene thrise happie with thy death thou maieſt reioyce,
That cauſes to auoid ſo great of griefe, didſt take the choiſe,
And burden hugie great of cares to beare, and chances ſad.
O heauenly gods, what further griefes like this, or halfe ſo bad
For me poore wretched father do ye prepare? My ſon ye haue,
And quite to aſhes lieth conſumde my towne that Ardea braue,
And now with wings the beates the aire: yet ouer this, as chiefe
Then wanting, added is of this thy bloodie death the griefe.
Of all thy fathers luckleſſe haps, this is the fortune laſt.
Of deſtnies ill for this the cuſtome is, this is their caſt.
Loke what poore ſoule vnto ſome hard miſhap predeſtned is,
On him all miſchiefs fiere downe hudling fall, and do not miſſe.
He ſaid, and from his eies the trickling teares ran downe amaine,
Déepe ſighes from breaſt he drew, and hard at hart he preſt the paine.
As when the bird of Ioue, aloft in ſkies with talents kine
That ſwimming ſéekes her pray, when of ſome fawne wt bloodie tine
Doth griping ſtraine the tender corpſe, and eff the fleſh doth teare,
The ſely dambe amazed ſtands oppreſt with woe and feare.
The morning next with ſhining beames the world had ouerſpred,
When his Italian power, good king Latinus, hard beſted,

A ſhort recapitulatiõ of his ſorrowes.

By fatall foyle and fainting all did ſée, and conqueſt wide
To lord Aeneas fortune willing ſo, went on his ſide.
Reuolning eke the tumults vile that bloodie warres enſue,
Right hugie heapes of carking cares in penſiue mind he drew.
When on his promiſt league he thought, & daughters wedding day:
A thouſand worthy men of choice from all the troupes away
He bids to call, the Troian prince of vertue moſt renowne
Attending ſafely to conduct vnto Laurentum towne.
To theſe full many Oratours in gownes, with equall charge
Inſtructing much he ioyneth in this worke with charter large.
That ſince by ſignes and warnings great of gods it muſt be ſo,
That Troian with Italian blood commixed néeds do go,
They would conſent with willing minds for to performe the thing,
And Troian youth with ioyfull harts into the towne to bring.
There whileſt himſelfe the towne in order ſets, and rabble rout
Appeaſing ſtaies their minds, and reſt doth promiſe void of doubt,
And ſacred peace vnto them all for euer to endure.
Then triumphs rightly due, with ſhoutings loud he bids procure,
And honours duly to be done in Court for euery ſtate.
And further willes with chéereſull looke in hope of better fate,
Forgetting ſorrowes all, his ſonne in law they go to méete,
And heartily from friendly breaſts the Troian youth to gréete,
And them with ſhoutings great to entertaine, and welcome make.
Inſtructed thus, Vnto the Troian tents their way they take,
Their heads encompaſt round with ſacred crownes of Oliue spray.
And to Aeneas courtiſe lord they come, and peace they pray.
Whom he into his ſtately court to enter doth deſire,
And cauſe of their repaire, with countnance milde, he doth require.
Then Drances well yſtept in yéres, his graue words thus began.
(Who for the death Turnus prince did ioy not ſmally than.)
Moſt worthy prince, the glory great and hope of ancient Troy,
Whoſe péere for vertuous deeds and armes the world doth not enioy
Pow're conquerd men for pardon, we the pray, and ſue for grace.
And all celeſtiall goddeſſes, and gods, and this thy face
To witneſſe déepe we call, that king Latinus gainſt his will
All Latium land in tumults mad vpſtirde, with practiſe ill,
And league broke of vnwilling did behold, nor honour due
To Troians did denie to yéld miſled with fancie new,

Aeneas is ſent for, to enter Laurentum.

But

But since the gods so wold, that thou his daughter déer shouldst wed,
Thée son in law he cald, and well did wish thy dulcet hed.
The cause of the war is laid vpon Turnus.
But whatsoeuer fierce outrage was done with martiall broiles,
Howeuer Furies forst vs to vnrest, and painfull toiles,
All that did Turnus bedlem rage, and mind with fiends oppresst
Through cankred spite enforce, whose hatefull hart could take no rest
The kingdomes of all Italie gainsaying with ill mode
Allaying armes, he cause to enter field, which thée withstode,
But all the bands did him againe request, that leauing war
He would thée let enioy thy promest wife, without en iar.
This much did good Latinus king with doubled hands require,
Good aged man of valiant hart, but he with raging fire
Of war was kindled too too much, ne could our treates preuaile
To moue his mind, nor mõsters great of gods ought make him quail.
But rather more encenst, wild fires from flaming iawes did spue,
And frankly himselfe, and vs, to causelesse warres he drue.
Howbeit, for his foule attempts due recompence he found.
For ouerthrowne by thée, he toare with téeth the loathsome ground.
Now let this sinfull soule go séeke darke Plutoes seates below,
And vnder Acheron for warres, and weddings there to know.
Thou better heire farre succéede vnto Laurentum land.
On thée Latinus familie, and comfort all doth stand.
Thée all the Italians wish aboue the golden starres to reigne.
Thée great in war, and great thy force in heauenly armes to streine
They do extoll, and with their voice aduance thy worthy fame.
The noble troupe of fathes old, and routs right graue of name,
An amplification of Aeneas praise.
The elder sort of séeble age, and lads of youthfull yéeres,
The antient dames, & tender babes, & maids not matcht with féeres
With one consent most willing thée desire, and do reioice
For Turnus slaine by thy right hand, with loud triumphing voice.
The whole land of Ausonia most suppliant to thée
Doth make request, whom worthy most of sacred praise to bée
They do confesse, and all their eies on thée alone are bent.
Latinus king this onely due reward for numbers spent
Of yéeres, his daughter hath to knit to thée in wedlocke band,
Who offspring great shall yéeld, commixt of Troy and Itaile land.
Wherefore come off with spéede of Troians stout most noble guide,
Approch the towne the honours to receiue which we prouide.

When

When he had said, with humming voice the same they mutter all.
Whom lord Aeneas first with cheerefull countnance far from gall
Doth entertaining comfort thus in words not many spent,
And on this wise from friendly breast declareth his intent.
I neither you, nor good Latinus king, in peace of yore
Accustomed to dwell, doe blame at all, but Turnus sore
Outragies all this stur, I do not doubt, and bloodie broile
Did broach, whose hart too much with youthly loue of praise did boile.
But howsoeuer, sirs, it then befell, I not refuse
With you to ioyne in wedlocke bands, but sacred league to chuse
Of peace eternally to last, I willingly do knit.
My fatherlaw shall wearing still the crowne in quiet sit,
And stately scepter hold in hand: My Troians shall for mée
A citie build, which by his daughters name shall called bee.
And houshold mates I more will ad, and equall lawes ordeine
For aye to last, that loue in each to other may reteine.
There whiles, that which remaineth yet to do, the bodies ded
Commit to fire, whom wofull chance of frantike war misled.
And when to morrow bright in chrystall skie shall first appeare,
Unto Laurentum towne we will repaire with ioyfull cheare,
He said, and with those words, their mouthes amazed all they staid,
With wondring at this worke of vertue great almost dismaid.
Anon, with all their force great mounts of wood they raise in piles.
Some vnderlay the bodies dead, some blow the flames there whiles.
Up flieth the smoke, which all the heauen wt smutchie steame doth fil
Then thousands shéepe from field, & swine full fat they bring to kill.
And heifers large they cast into the fiers, the flames do cleere
The fields of corpses dead, the aire resounds with shouting chéere.
Sir Phœbus now the morning next had brought with golden light
When Troians and Italians commixt, in ioyfull fight
All mounted faire on horsebacke, forth to Laurent take their way,
Unto that citie braue well fenst with walles and turrets gay.
But lord Aeneas first before the rest, then Drances old
Informing him of matters many one which there he told.
Iülus next his onely child, then ripe with elder yeares
Alethes, and Ilioneo right graue, and next appeares
Sir Mnesthee, and Serestus sharpe, and then Sergestus good,
And Gyas stout, and strong Cloanthus, knight of Troian blood.

He excuseth king Latinus.

Then

Then all the rout of Troians and Italians enſue.
Ther whiles aloft the wals full thick the townesmen throng to vew,
And ſignes of great triumphing ioy and praiſe they reare on hie,
Aeneas and king Latinus do meet
Expecting there the Troian traines approch with grædie eie.
And now they came at hand, whom king Latinus glad of chære
Did well attended mæt, to entertaine them drawing nære.
But when in mids of all the troupes he comming did eſpie
Aeneas prince of Troy, (ne did his fancie gheſſe awrie,
For why he farre exceld the reſt in height, and portly grace,
And bare a Maieſtie in looke, and honour in his face.)
And when ſo nære they came, that each to other ſpeake he might,
And heare ech others voice, & iointly hands in friendſhip ſmight,
Latinus firſt thus ſilence breaking, mildly gan recight.
Thou comes at length, ne hath my fired hope my grædie mind
Deceiued ought. O moſt renowmed duke of Dardan kind.
Whom great behеſts of gods through dangers dread ſo many threſt,
Would haue in Italy, and in our houſes here to reſt.
Although the frantike furie foule of man, beyond all right
For breach of league hath wrought the wrath of gods on vs to light.
Yea, many times vnwilling me, when wars I did deſie,
By craft he trained in, the dangers ſharpe of Mars to trie.
This ſo was done indeed, but dære it coſt, for why, in ire
The gods diſdaining ſent reuenging paines on vs for hire.
But now come on, moſt noble Troian lord, ſince all the ſpring
Of ſtrife is gone, and cauſe of fact ſo vile and ſinfull thing,
The ſecond offer of Lauinia in marriage.
Accept thy wife, and marriage erſt promiſed of yore.
Some realmes I haue, and towne with wals full ſtrong ſurrounded ſtore.
A daughter eke of this my tired age the onely ſtay.
And thær my ſonne in law for natiue childe I take for aie.
To whom then good Aeneas thus replied: Moſt mightie king,
No cauſe in thær of all theſe bloodie broiles, ſuch warres to bring
I do beleeue, accuſtoming in peace thy dayes to ſpend.
Wherefore ſuch cares at once, good father dære, here let them end.
I now am come at laſt, and thær with ioy whateuer chance
For father here mine I take, and once againe for to aduaunce
Anchiſes image old in thær I ſhall begin, and hære
Moſt feruenly in ſonlike loue to hold, with dutie dære.
Thus talked they betwæne themſelues, and into houſes went

With

With princely state be deckt, where faine to sée with studie bent
The Matrons graue, and younger wedded wiues in thickest throng,
And fathers old, and youthes more grene of yeres the waies along
There gazing stood, the Troyan troupes of comely lim to sée:
But most of all Aeneas mighty prince, of high degrée
In birth, and comely farre aboue the rest in princely face,
With ioyfull mindes they call, and peace obtainde do glad imbrace,
And frintes of rest long wished for do praise. Like as a raine,
And storme right huge ỹ lõg frõ cloudes resolu'de down pourd amain
The husbandmen long time suspenst hath kept, the crooked plowe
Hath rusting lyne at rest, when strength of beasts was wont to bowe.
But when sir Titan cleare in court right faire, his horses white
Hath lossing set at large, and skies with golden beames are bright,
Profusedly they ioy, ech country lad another cheares.
Th'Ausonians right so, in time so good when ioy appeares,
Their mindes allwaged all. And now therwhiles Latinus king,
To lostie courtes, and Trauerses of state did stalking, bring
Aeneas by his side, and next Iülus bright of hue.
Next whom Italians, and Troyans mixt in course ensue:
The court is filde with mirth of troupes ỹ thick thẽ thither drue.
Therwhiles amids the flocks of matrones graue and yonger frie,
Lauinia the Virgin well attended drue her nie.
Her christiall eyes down casting to the ground, whom there in place
When Lord Aeneas saw, so sad of looke, so fresh of face,
At first amazed gazing still he stood, (most straunge to heare,)
And Turnus wofull chaunce revoluing deepe, him touched neare.
That with so great an hope, forst forth to warres, such bloody broyles
Had moued earst, and glad had vndertane such warlike toyles.
Then were the Princes both in wedlock band eternall knit,
And Hymen songes were sung, with praises great for Princes fit.
Then shoutings shrill, & muttrings loude of men, mount vp to skies
Of such as wish them well, whose voice ỹ court throgh ringing flies.
Therwhiles, Aeneas vnto trustie Achates gaue in charge,
The gifts which once Andromache him gaue, and presents large
With spéede to fetch, the garments partie wrought with silke and gold.
And which herself was wont, while Troyan state in wealth did hold,
To weare about her neck the coller rich beset with stones.
And more then these, the mighty drinking boule which Priam ones

Lauinias comeming and beautie described.

In signe of loue vnto his father gaue Anchises deare.
Achates made no stay, but sone these giftes with ioyfull cheare
Returning brought as he commaundes was: Latinus King
The costly boule receiueth for reward, an hugie thing.
And bright Laurnia his wife, the golden garments gay,
And iewell rich receiuing take of gift without delay.
And ech doth other entertaining greete with friendly minde,
And sundry pleasant meanes to spend the time in talke they finde.
And now the time so late of day departing, asked meate.
When loe, the bourdes they lade with princely cates for men to eate.
And all the inner roomes with gorgeous furniture they fill.
Then all attending there, eche one to set him downe at will
On seats with purple spread they do request, on meats to feede,
And dainties to be set on board to serue hard hungers neede.
From christall Ewers water forth they poure mens hands to wash,
And set on bourdes good store of Manchet fine well clensde from trash.
The wayters then innumerable all, to seruing bent,
Themselues to sundrie chargies do deuide with one assent.
Some see the tables furnished with meate, some cuppes do tend,
And boules do fill wt wine: now here they wag, now there they wend
In troupes full thick, & through the pallace great they wander wide.
But king Latinus on the lad Iülus all that tide
Ententife held his eyes, his face and iesture marking all,
His grauitie in words which from his childish mouth did fall.
His iudgement ripe so far aboue his yeares: and question much
With him he did, and talking to and fro much matter tuch.
At length him sweetely kissing, hent in armes embracing long,
Reioycing, happie thrice for such reward obtaind among
The Gods immortall, Lord Aeneas there he did declare,
Whose happe was such a sonne to haue, of wit and vertue rare.
When hunger slaked was with meates, the slow forth sliding night
With pleasant talke to passe they do begin them to delight.
Sometime of Troian chaunces hard to treat, and Greekish bands.
Sometime of Laurent battailes fiercely fought with bloody hands.
Where were the bands first ouerthrowne, and where they did repell
Their enemies, and who the onset first with courage fell
Upon the battaile gaue, and mounted fayre on warlike steed
His glittring blade did drench with death of foes that fast did bleed.

Description of a princely feast.

But

But chiefly Lord Aeneas there, and good Latinus old
The antike deeds of noble Latine Lordings did vnfold:
And how Saturnus shunning fast the sword of Ioue his sun,
In Italie arriuing hid himselfe, whereof begun
The name of Latium vnto that land: and furthermore,
How all the people wild, that wont to dwell on hills before
He brought to better life, and gaue them lawes to rule them good,
And taught them vse of wine, and how to till their land for food.
And next, how Ioue to this his fathers realme him after drue.
Whereas on Atlas daughter, hight Electra, bright of hue,
He Dardanus begat, that pierst with wrath his brother sine
Iasius by name, and got him sone Phrigie bounders
From Corytus, with nations wondrous store to till the grounds.
And how right haute of minde for being sonne to Ioue diuine,
An Eagle braue he bare, the badge of noble Hectors line.
And was the first that did aduaunce their grandsires worthie fame.
And eke the founder first of Troyan blood so great of name.
With this, and semblant talke, the time betweene them lõg they spẽt.
When mumbling loud mẽ make, whose cheerful charms to laughter
The lofty roofes do reach, and all the pallace fill with din. (bent.
Vp rise the Troyans then to daunce, and Latines thick in throng
Themselues adioyning come, and Troyan youths permixt among,
At sound of harpe they trimbly tread their tricks with nimble feete,
And swiftly fetch their turnes with comely grace for dauncers meete.
And now this wedding feast vnto the ninth day forth had run,
When Lord Aeneas first a citie new with plough begun
To measure put, then houses vp they reare, and trenches wide (spide,
With bankes they cast on high. When loe, a thing right strange they
A thing right strang to tell. A mightie flame brightshining light
Launias head to touch, and to the cloudes to reach in hight.
But Lord Aeneas still aloofe stood, and vp did cast
His folded hands to heauen, and praying thus he spake at last.
O Iupiter, if euer Troyan wights by sea or land
Thy warnings great haue willingly obayde, ne did withstand.
If we thy Godhead euermore with dread, and altars to
Haue worshipped, and by what euer else remaines to do
Or is behinde, with happy southfay bring vs quiet rest,
Confirme vs sure in this, and end these toyles which we detest.

The pedegrew of the Troian Nation.

He laieth out the platform of a citie.

While this he said, there stoode him closely by his mother deare,
Confessing who she was, and thus she spake with gentle cheare.
My sonne, leaue of this care of minde, and take for better blisse
These signes of God for future ioy to thée, and not to misse.
Now hast thou gotten rest, this is the end of mischiefes all,
And wished peace at length by tract of time to thée doth fall.
Ne doe thou feare the flame that from thy dulcet spouses head
To skies doth rise aloft, plucke vp thine hart full far from dread.
For she thy name with famous issue borne shall send to skies,
And Troyan captaines moe bring forth to light that must arise.
And valient Nephues vnto thée shall bring from issue great,
That all the world so wide with vertues praises shall repleat,
And with their mighty power full force shall wholy it subdue,
And draw the spoyles thereof in Triumph braue: whom glory true
Right great, when they the Ocean haue passed, shall conuay
To heauen on high: whom vertues faine great acts for to assay,
And to atchieue, through vertue them as Gods shall lift to skies.
As for this flame, thy noble Nations praise before thine eyes
For future time it showes, by starry fire God gaue this signe.
Wherefore, in lue of all this worthy praise, this citie thine
Which here thou buildest, sée that by thy wiues name thou it call.
And ouer this, thy sacred houshold Gods from Troyan fall,
From fire preserued, place within the walles of thy new towne,
And giue them honours large, for aie to last with great renowne.
For these (a wondrous thing) this towne in loue shall hold so deare,
That if remoued thence to other places far they were,
Shall of their owne accord returne vnto their former place.
Thrice happy man, whom with so good successe the Gods do grace.
The Troyan Nation eke thou shalt detcine in quiet peace.
And when at length thy fire in law all aged shall decease,
Fore wearied with many yeares, and pleasant fields of rest
Among the shadowes shall possesse a place for quiet best,
Immediately thou his crowne and scepter large shalt guide,
And gouern the Italians, and ordaine lawes beside.
For Troyans and Italians commixt, and glad at last
Thy selfe to heauen shalt send, the Gods decrée thus standeth fast.
She said, and into aire departing thin she went her way.
Aeneas then, whom power so great of God did much affray,

Alsoined

He alludeth to the Romaines conquest of Britain.

She comforteth him with immortalitie.

Astonied soze his goddesse mothers hests doth all fulfill,
And now his Troians setled well in peace he rules at will,
And king Latinus dying left his scepter, which anon
Aeneas him succéding did possesse when he was gone.
And all Italia right large and wide did wholy sway.
Now Troians and Italians like customes to obay,
And maners did agrée right willingly with one assent.
And feruent loue in friendly breast was fixt not to relent.
And equall lawes for both they ioyntly made with good intent.
Then Venus glad, in mids of heauen forthstanding Ioue before,
Most humbly there his féete embracing, thus gan him implore.
Almightie sire, that all things dost alone from heauen direct,
That all affaires and cares of men reuoluing dost detect.
While Troians were with luckles fortune drawne, I call to minde
Thou promisedst them rest, and end of troubles all to finde.
Ne hath thy promise, father dére, at all deceiued mée.
For that now all Italia, not iarring once perdée,
For thrée yéeres space in sacred peace hath séene them to remaine.
But furthermore then this, thou grantedst, Ioue, to me againe
My great Aeneas to aduaunce vnto the loftie skie,
And him of due desert to place among the starres on hie.
What is thy minde herein as now? For why, euen ripe by this
Aeneas vertue longs to dwell aboue in lasting blis,
To whom the father of men and Gods, sweét kolling, from an hie
These words drew forth frõ breast: how much, good daughter Venus, I
Aeneas stout, and Troians all incessantly did loue,
Whom perils eft so great by land and sea forth thrust did shoue,
Thou knowest well, and moued oft, my childe, with loue of thée,
I haue bin sorie, gréeuing much in minde thy griefe to sée.
Howbeit yet in tract of time, by Iunos good consent,
I haue them ended all: and now giue eare to mine intent,
Which is, that I the captaine great of Troians to inuest
In heauen haue now decréed, and sure he shall me séeming best
Increase the number of the Gods, and glad I do agrée.
Thou what in him is mortall take away, and make him frée,
And adde him to the mightie starres that shine in loftie skies.
Yea, others that with vertue fraught hereafter shall arise,
And eke themselues adorne with praise eterne not to decay,

Vertuous deeds make men immortall.

Fulfilling eke the world with noble tẽds of glory gay,
Those likewise will I to the skies aduance. All gods said yea
To this, ne did dame Iuno Quæne o. gods, once disagrée.
But gaue aduice that to the heauens Aeneas might ascend,
With other kindly words, which did to loue and friendship tend.
Then Venus through the flitting aire descending downe did slide,
And to Laurentum towne she goes, nére where to sea doth glide
Numicie riuer drenched dépe in réede, and ouerhid.
The bodie of her sonne to wash, and mortall part she bid
The water then to clense, and glad the happie soule on hie
Late losed from the corpse she bare aloft to dwell in skie,
And did amid the starres Aeneas place, whom Iulies line
Their priuate God doth call, adorning him with rites diuine.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Twynum, 26. Octobris. 1583. Lowestæ apud Meridionales Saxones, opus furtiuarum horarum plurium.